

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

# MACLEAN'S

September 1, 1949

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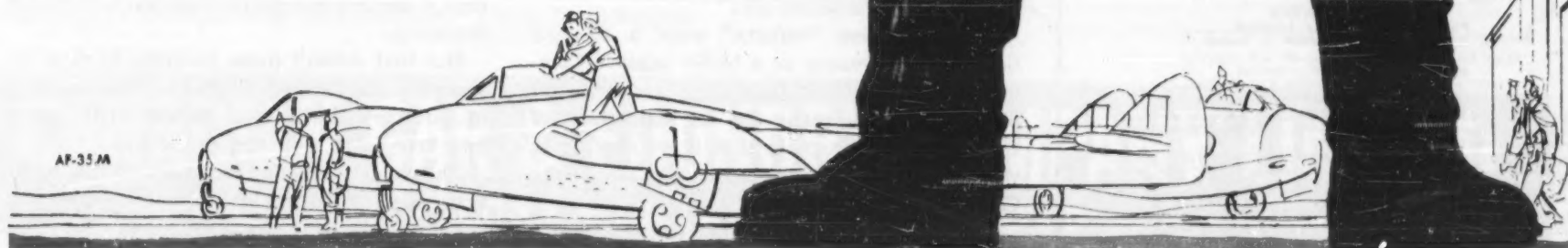
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## MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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## EDITORIALS

## Now Is the Time to Cut Those Hidden Taxes

ACCORDING to President Truman's economic advisers the notorious American "recession" isn't as bad as Wall Street seems to think. Prices have dropped a bit and brought the dollar figures of production down with them, but in physical volume American production in the second quarter of 1949 was only about 4% below the record fourth quarter of 1948.

Canada hasn't suffered even that much. Last January Prime Minister St. Laurent forecast a gross national income for 1949 higher by a billion dollars than the record \$15.4 billions last year. Midyear revisions by Government economists have scaled that down a little, but it still appears certain that our national income in 1949 will be the highest ever.

It now seems clear that one reason for Canadian stability has been the financial policy of the postwar years. Tax reductions were delayed while the boom was climbing to its peak. Those taxes were used to cut the national debt and at the same time they left the public that much less to spend while prices were still rising. Then, as the boom began to flatten out, tax cuts put \$322 millions into the consumers' pockets, to which another \$450 millions was added from compulsory savings and retroactive payments to wheat farmers.

It's true that all this was good politics in an election year. It happened, by a combination of good luck and good management, to be good economics for an end-of-boom year.

All prophets seem to agree that Canada will remain at the boom level for the rest of 1949. It's in 1950 that the horizon is cloudy.

In 1950 our food contracts with Britain run

out. By 1950 Marshall Plan financing of Canadian food exports will have pretty well ceased. We've already lost our sterling markets for manufactures; by 1950 the backlog of demand in the home market will probably be met.

Does this mean we're facing a depression? Not necessarily. It does mean that Canada will have to work harder for markets.

Presumably the Government, after such a ringing endorsement of its budget policy on June 27, will feel it has a mandate to continue that policy on the other side of the hump. Presumably we shall have an increase of Government investment to stimulate industry and employment, even if it means a deficit.

More important, though, is a further decrease in the tax burden on industry itself.

In 1949 the Government, very naturally, took the popular course—it cut the unpleasant, direct income tax which people hated most because they felt it most. Yet actually, income tax is the fairest and healthiest of all forms of taxation.

Now, with the election behind it and the greatest majority in history at its back, surely the Government can afford to do the less popular but more important thing—cut the taxes that bear on the cost of production. Take the manufacturers' sales tax off more items, especially where it pyramids the cost of goods we want to sell in highly competitive export markets. Cut the corporation income tax, the worst of all deterrents to efficient operation.

Those moves won't win any votes. But they will give Canadian producers a chance to compete in a world market that's getting tougher every week.

## No Tears for Poor Fritz, Please

YOU'D ALMOST THINK, to read the dispatches of some American journalists, that the Allies have no business occupying Germany.

Those dastardly French are trying to keep Germany weak and divided.

Those greedy British are doing their best to prevent German industrial competition.

And when the Germans gain a momentary advantage in their perennial disputes with the Russians, there's an ill-concealed note of glee.

How short memories are!

Some of these "experts" want a stronger flourishing Germany as a buffer against Communism and for that they'd apparently forget all that the Germans did in their days of triumph. They explain that if we don't give the Germans what they want they'll join the Communists.

The argument has a familiar ring. A couple

of experts named Hitler and Goebbels peddled the same line. And look where it got us.

The people who are trying to put Europe back on its feet have a hard and delicate task. That task would be simpler if they could follow a policy of Hate-the-Hun, but they can't. It's not good ethics or good politics to kick a man in the face when he's down. Besides, there's an economic reason for helping him to stand again; if Western Europe is to stay in business it needs a self-supporting non-Communist Germany.

But that doesn't mean we have to show the Germans mawkish sympathy. The memories of Coventry, Lidice and Belsen would haunt any love feast with the ex-enemy.

The mobs that heiled Hitler are paying with a few years of hardship for the gamble that they could rule the world for 1,000 years. They lost.



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"YOU'RE not going out with him?" Babs demanded incredulously. After all, Harry was "something special."

"Are you kidding?" hissed Ann, covering the mouthpiece with her hand. "Of course I'm not going out with him!"

Even if it was Saturday night, the idea was unthinkable. Not that Harry wasn't attractive. Or that he wasn't well mannered. Or that he didn't take you to nice places, BUT . . . recently Harry had become something less than "special."

It just goes to show that all a man's good points can be cancelled by one bad one\*. And poor Harry never even remotely suspected what that one was.

*Are you Sure?*

You never can be sure about your breath. It may be agreeable one day

and quite the opposite the next.

And when it is off-color you're down on the black-list. Isn't it foolish to risk offending . . . isn't it folly to trust to make-shifts when Listerine Antiseptic offers an *extra-careful* precaution against simple, non-systemic cases of halitosis\* (unpleasant breath)?

Just give the mouth a quick, delightful rinse with Listerine Antiseptic, and, lo, your breath becomes fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend . . . *stays that way, too, not for seconds, not for minutes, but for hours usually.*

Before any date when you want to be at your best, never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic, the *extra-careful* precaution against offending.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO. (Canada) Ltd.  
Toronto, Ontario

Before any date **LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC** for oral hygiene

P.S. Have you tried the new Listerine Tooth Paste, the Minty 3-way Prescription for your Teeth?

Made in Canada

## In the Editors' Confidence



1944 Maple Leaf Up was down 1949

**K**EN BELL made thousands of pictures as an army photographer during the war from the beachhead to Berlin. At the end of the fighting he was in command of the Canadian photographic unit which helped make the last war the best-recorded fight in history.

When he returned to Europe this summer to travel again the route of the Canadian advance from the water's edge at Courseulles through to the Hochwald Forest and the Rhine we asked him to take along some of those good army photos he made five years ago, find out what is happening in the same places now, and bring back the evidence.

The record of his trip appears on pages 7 through 15. On these same pages is the recollective work of another campaigner who went back this summer. Lionel Shapiro, who hit the beach on D-Day as Maclean's war correspondent, returned to Normandy with a group of war reporters this summer and the moving story he has written for us is the result of a promise he made us before flying out of New York.

"I'll do a piece," he wrote, "if I get a strong reaction from seeing the beaches again. I'll not just write a piece about having been there again. I'll have to feel I must write a piece or I'll forget about the whole thing."

Both of our men report great changes along the route. Gone are the M.P.'s telling you that you can't miss it; the familiar Canadian Army highway signs—Maple

Leaf Up and Maple Leaf Down—have almost gone, and both report sadly, the European countryside is crawling with civilians.

●Dr. George Lawton, who wrote "How to Save Your Husband's Life" on pages 22 and 23, is a psychologist practicing in New York who has specialized in the opposite ends of the age scale. His best seller, "Aging Successfully," has been on the market for some time and his new book, "How to Be Happy Though Young," will be published this fall. He is consultant to fraternal and commercial organizations who are meeting the special needs of older people. Dr. Lawton is also heard on the bright Mutual show, "Life Begins at 80," Sunday evenings.

●Sidney Margolius' story on how to get the most for your clothes dollar (page 31) was illustrated with the help of two Canadian radio actors, one of whom has been in pictures. Susan Fletcher left Toronto for Hollywood two years ago where she was a radio reporter. While she was on the coast she played in an M-G-M movie.

Eric Christmas is an alumnus of the English movie halls who has his own show "Keep in Touch" on the CBC Tuesday nights. Eric hopes to stage "Mother Goose," a full-scale pantomime, in Toronto this Yuletide in the classical holly-decked English tradition. He says there will be 70 people and about 10 years of his life in the production.



**B**ILL WINTER thought back to a boy he once knew in Manitoba before he started to paint this cover. "I could never make one of the darn things work but this boy was wonderful with them," he told us. "He got so he would never use a match in the woods. Said they were corny. This boy and I used to read Chums and the Boys Own Annual and tracked many a Blackfoot through the snow, capguns cocked and ready for action."



THE HISTORY books don't mention the fight for the village of St. Ouen du Tilleul. But the villagers will never forget their liberation. They

raised this memorial to the 13 Canadians who were killed in the battle. Troops of the Third Canadian Division swept into Rouen the next day.

## Ivy in the Ruins — On the Beach, a Bitter Ghost

By L. S. B. SHAPIRO

CAEN, France—It was early afternoon of a beautiful summer's day. At low tide a spacious stretch of beach sloped from the yawning mouth of a broken German pillbox to where little waves from a placid sea ran onto the sand and gracefully collapsed.

There were groups of people on the beach and wandering around the pillbox, plain people, mostly stocky housewives making crochet-work and snapping at their children, for Courseulles is not one of the fashionable beach towns of Normandy. Before the war it was known only to the small wage earners

of Paris as a place which was cool in summer and where the wife and children could live *en pension* for very few francs.

It is a drab town filled with drab boardinghouses, like hundreds of other plain beach towns along the Normandy coast.

It might have remained thus forever in grey anonymity had it not been for an inscrutable finger placed on the location by a staff officer at Supreme Headquarters in London in 1944. Amid the fire and thunder of June 6, 1944, Courseulles and its adjacent beaches of Graye and Bernières became

the immortal landing places of the Canadian Third Division.

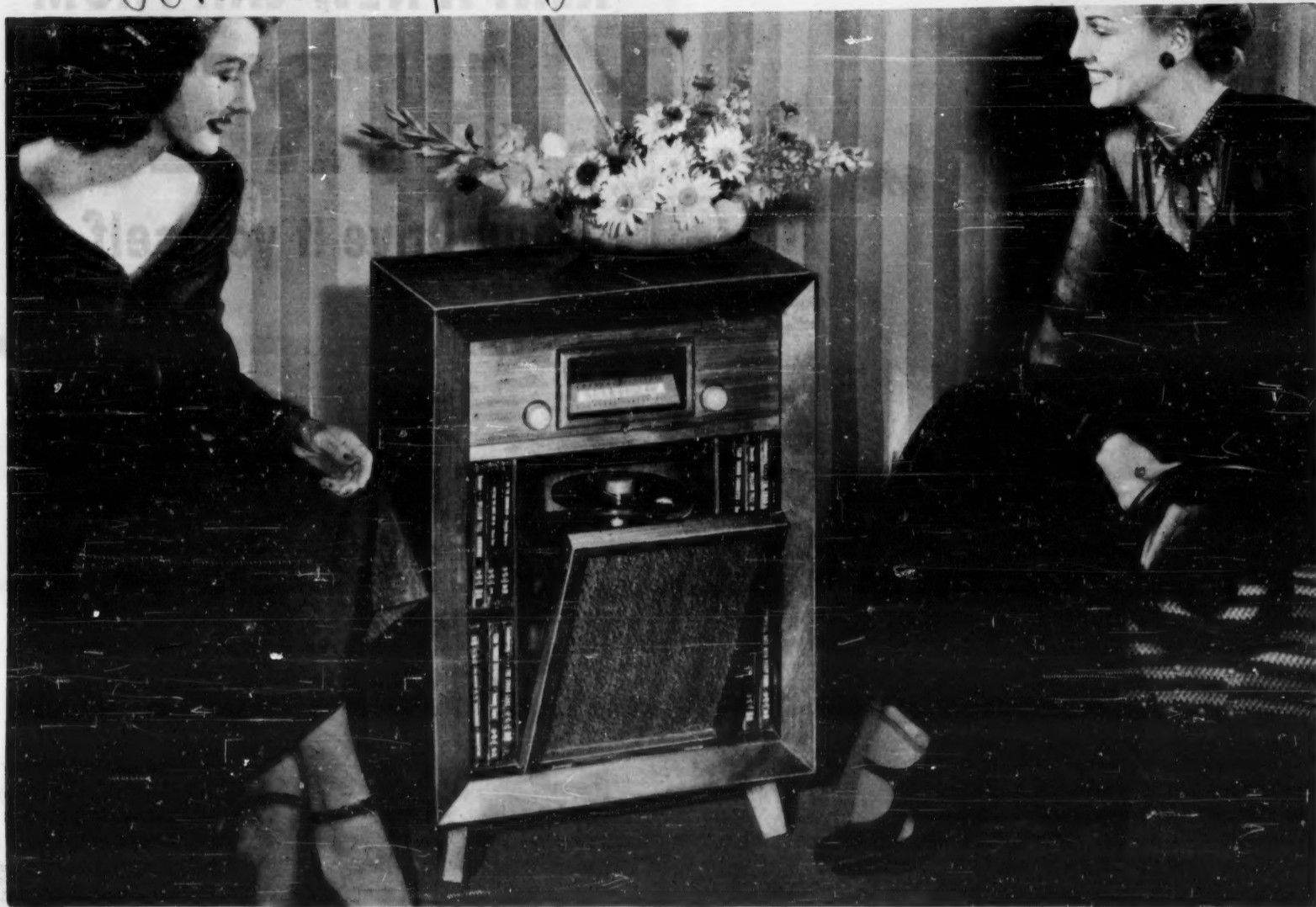
But that was five years ago. On this bright summer's day in 1949 it was once again the same drab lower-class resort town, somewhat more untidy because a few of the buildings remained in ruins and others were pock-marked by shrapnel and gunfire.

In the shadow of the big German pillbox next to the oyster basin, Madame Pinot, wife of a conductor on the Paris Metro, and her four small children sat on a strip of oilcloth spread out on the sand. Madame Pinot knitted and

*Continued on page 9*

**The Beaches and Beyond — The Battlefields Today. Photos by Ken Bell**

What a perfect Combination!



## The Beautiful New **GENERAL ELECTRIC** RADIO PHONOGRAPH



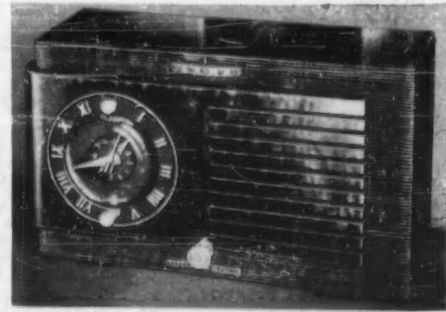
**MODEL C182**... A beautiful Swedish Modern console radio phonograph with six tubes and 12" Dynapower speaker.

Automatic record player plays all three types of records: 78, 33 1/4 and 45 r.p.m. Only one turntable.

A beautiful natural colour tone G-E Radio and the grand new superb quality 45 r.p.m. automatic record player! What a perfect combination! And you can have your new C604 in handsome walnut or blond Korina finish. It's a six-tube set with a big 6" by 9" oval Dynapower speaker and built-in Beam-a-Scope antenna. The new 45 r.p.m. record player is a completely new design, plays eight distortion-free 7" records automatically. Price: \$149.50.



**MODEL C150P**: Sturdy, handsome G-E portable. Exceptional power, tone and performance. Plays on AC, DC or its own thrifty batteries. Alnico-5 speaker. Price: \$59.95 complete with batteries.



**MODEL C66/67**... Wake up every morning to music from your favorite radio station. Set accurate G-E clock for the time you want to wake up. Radio alarm control starts radio playing and you start the day right with music! In rosewood: \$44.95. In ivory: \$47.50.

**CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED**

HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO — SALES OFFICES FROM COAST TO COAST

**"You drive out beyond Caen, across the tortured acres . . . You look for some sign that will make communion with the past. And find none."**

*Continued from page 7*

savored the cool breeze off the Channel, speculating no doubt on how hot it must be in Paris.

The children played in the sand. After a while, one of them simulated the noise of a machine gun and charged against the jagged side of the pillbox.

With a sigh Madame Pinot stretched on her haunches and brought down the child with a well-aimed slap. Amid the child's wailing Madame Pinot unwrapped a paper container and began handing out long thickly cut sandwiches of *saucisson sec*, an operation which stilled the child as if by magic.

Two English couples examined the pillbox, peering wondrously into its dark interior. They took pictures of one another leaning against it and standing on top of it. One of the women shouted, "Now Tony, why don't you lie down like a dead German and let them take a snap of me with my foot on your chest."

The man called Tony mumbled, "No, let's go have a beer. I'm tired of mucking around these ruins."

"Oh, you're an old stick in the mud," the woman said.

And they skipped away laughing:

On the opposite side of the pillbox a boy and girl lay close together on the sand kissing unashamedly.

\* \* \*

**F**OR ONE who stepped on that beach on D-Day, it comes hard to visit the place now. It comes hard because the stranger returned finds himself torn by a cruel and unreasonable resentment.

There was nothing wrong with Madame Pinot and her brood munching sandwiches in the shadow of the pillbox, nor with the gaily foolish remarks of the English trippers, nor with the kissing of the boy and girl (except that the latter might have chosen a more secluded spot). But the stranger returned feels a bitter anger.

I remember that beach and that pillbox. I had landed at Bernières, a mile or so to the west, and by the time I traveled along the shore path to the Courseulles beach the fighting was over in the immediate area. True to Montgomery's cardinal instruction, our troops had smashed through the strip of beach defenses and had established themselves inland. The pillbox and the beach fronting it were deathly quiet.

Half submerged in the surf about 30 yards from the pillbox was one of the swimming tanks of the Second Canadian Tank Brigade. Its canvas fins were shredded, floating back and forth on the breakers; its silent cannon pointed straight for the pillbox; its turret was holed; it was burned out.

Between the tank and the pillbox there were rows of barbed wire, and on the barbed wire, face down, lay the Canadian dead, shattered as they sought to flank the German strongpoint. The dead, face down, were strewn from the water's edge to the shadow of the pillbox where Madame Pinot and her children now sat enjoying the breeze and the *saucisson sec*.

Inside the pillbox the German gun crew lay in grotesque positions. They were horribly mangled by grenade and bullet and knife. A heroic crew, they fought viciously to the end. Only one sought to escape; he lay on his back just outside of the rear entrance and his stiffened mouth was open as if in wonderment. I remember the body well. It lay at the precise spot where the boy and girl were kissing unashamedly.

\* \* \*

The main square of the town of Courseulles is the confluence of a tangle of narrow streets. Only one street is clearly distinguished by a sign which reads: "Caen 18 Km; Paris 270 Km."

If you follow this direction sign for about half a mile, you find the road squirms out of the town and runs through flat fields. The countryside is deserted. There is not a vehicle in sight—and it is almost unbelievable when you remember the tanks and trucks and jeeps and artillery jamming this road in the days of the narrow bridgehead. No one dared make a detour into the fields for there were signs everywhere, "Achtung! Minen!"

But now you drive fast in the bright sunshine. About three miles inland you reach a crossroads and you turn sharp right. You ascend a gentle grade toward a plateau and soon you spy a Canadian flag against the sky.

When you reach the high ground, you see, spread out around the base of the flagstaff, the crosses gleaming white against the deep green grass. This is the Canadian cemetery at Beny-sur-Mer.

It is a magnificent setting, and from it one can see a panorama of the beaches where these men died. Out to the left the ships which formed the breakwater still sit silently on the sea waiting, as these heroes wait, for time and the elements to return them to nothing.

Yet there are other fields to remember, fields more poignant than this beautifully arranged pat-

tern of death. A little farther along the Caen road, where the woods begin, there is a corner of a farm which was the first temporary burial ground. It is grown over with grass and poppies now and children of the community cavort in it.

I stopped at this field, and a young boy, perhaps eight, came away from his playmates and examined my car. I asked him, "Do you remember the war?"

His eyes widened. "I remember the war," he said with a seriousness which is one of the exclusive charms of French children, "but I was too young to fight."

A few miles down the road, at Basly, a fork leads across the fields toward Bretteville l'Orgeilleux, the line of advance of the magnificent Seventh Brigade. Here was the deepest Canadian penetration and the fiercest fighting of D-Day.

The fields are not recognizable now. So neatly fenced and furrowed, so quiet, so lush with new crops—surely they were never holed by shells and slit trenches, and men never screamed and died here.

Nature, you come to believe, heals more quickly than man. Towns like Colomby and Thaon and Vieux Caen still bear the scars of war. But in five years nature has swallowed up its desecrations. The burnt-out woods are full-flowered again, the tank tracks have been covered over, and even the once-blackened walls of ruined dwellings are gay and green with creepers.

The stranger returned looks at the restoration and once again he is filled with unreasoning bitterness. The urge to forget must be great; great and justified and peculiarly obscene.

*Continued on page 15*



**CAEN REBUILDS** a shattered city. The workman pictured here is carrying a bag of concrete on a housing project in the suburbs. "How can we be grateful when every family has a relation lying in the rubble?" asked one Caennais. They mourn, as they work, for the city's broken beauty.



CANADIAN ARMY PHOTO

**THE WAR** is over for these German soldiers who relax on the beach near Bernières-sur-Mer under the Sten gun of a corporal from Le Regiment de la Chaudiere. The gate of Hitler's fortress was creaking open.



**ON THE SAME** beach five years later French picnickers prepare their supper. As a summer resort Bernières-sur-Mer never was very fashionable. A finger on a map wrote its name in fire into Canadian history.

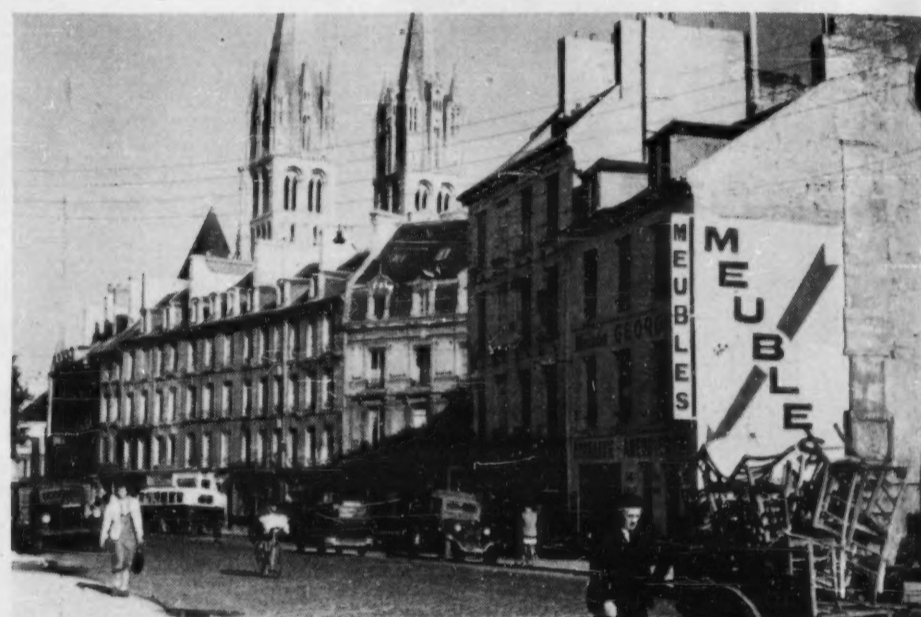


CANADIAN ARMY PHOTO

**"IN OUR STREETS** you Canadians will hear no cheers," Shapiro was told in Caen. Here's St. Etienne cathedral amid rubble of Allied bombing.

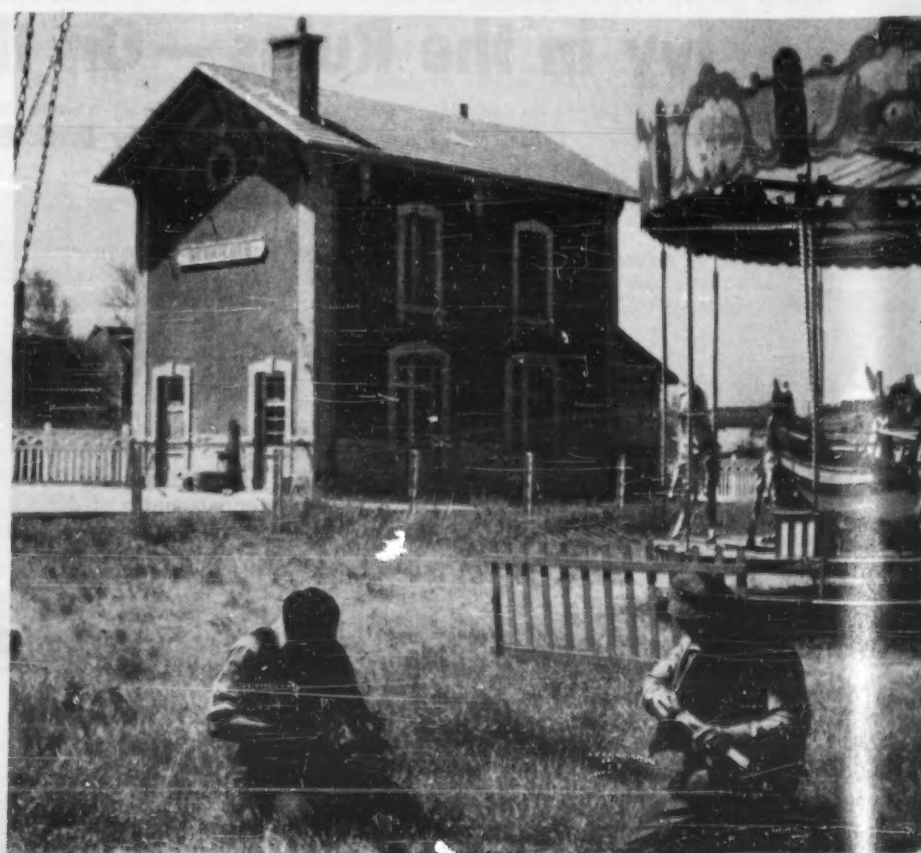
**THE STATION** platform at Bernières was busy on the morning of June 6, 1944. French civilians make sure their unwanted guests are really leaving.

CANADIAN ARMY PHOTO



**THE CATHEDRAL** still pierces the Norman sky with its twin spires. The town is tidier now but from under the ruins still comes the stench of death.

**CARNIVAL ROUSTABOUTS** set up a carousel beside the same station five years later. Flowers now flame in the burned out woods and the ruins.



## The Guns of Liberation Sang Marianne's First Lullaby Five Years Ago



CANADIAN ARMY PHOTO

**THIS PICTURE** was taken by Ken Bell 15 minutes after a Free French doctor and nurse (left) and U. S. Captain E. L. Borkon, of Chicago, had delivered Marianne amid the roar of battle. A jeep from the Canadian Film and Photo Unit had dashed off to bring the doctors to the scene.



**FIVE YEARS LATER** Marianne is again pictured by the former Army photographer. Now she's a smiling, happy youngster, playing in fields where bitter battles blazed. Her father, Maurice Lesauneie, is a farmer of Le Fresne Camilly, Normandy. Here's a family who won't forget les Canadiens.

CANADIAN ARMY PHOTO



**THE NAZIS** installed guns at Cap Gris Nez in blockhouses like this one which was silenced by the Nova Scotia Regiment here shown in action. These guns once hurled their terrifying shells across a narrow Channel into resort towns and ports in England.



**AFTER THE GERMAN** guns were moved out French families moved in to put up some curtains and make an attractive home out of what had been a warlike pile of concrete bristling with long-range artillery. Where la petite bounces her ball Germans dreamed of conquest.



**THE FISHERMEN** (this young man sails from the port) and the tourists have taken over Dieppe again. The promenade's rebuilt.



**MARKET DAY** at Rouen. A cabbage leaf is a hat for the plump proprietress of a stall laden with Norman strawberries.



**JACK** of Jack's Bar (English spoken) is a booster for Dieppe and Canadians. He will show you the memorial to raiders of 1942.



**WHAT DO YOU think?** These nuns ponder before making a purchase in the Boulogne market. The heart of the city is still completely devastated.

But the harbor is full of shipping again and there is candy for sale once more. The Canadians entered the city in 1944 by a secret tunnel.



**DUCKS WERE** seagoing trucks essential to the success of any well-run invasion back in 1944. The Canadians used them in the bitter fighting among the polders of the Scheldt Estuary when the harbor of Antwerp was opened. Free use of the port was vital to the Allied advance.

**THIS DUCK** stayed behind and became domesticated by a resort owner at Knocke-sur-Mer in Belgium. The capture of this town by the Canadians in November, 1944, tidied up the Breskens pocket. Nazi General Eberding was captured here by the North Nova Scotia Highlanders.



CANADIAN ARMY PHOTO

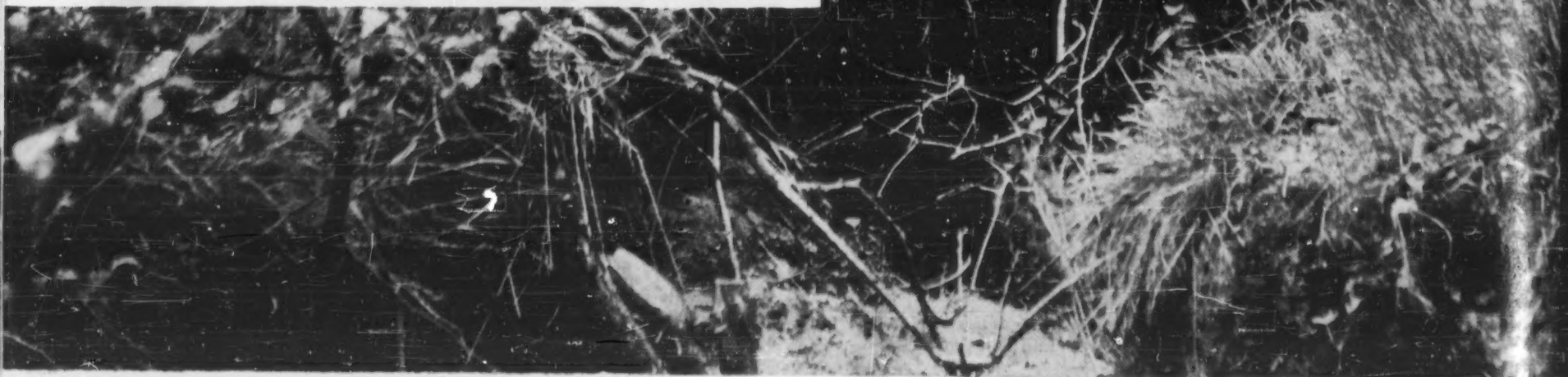
**THESE CANADIAN** soldiers were pictured by Ken Bell as they swung down the sidewalk of Blankenberghe in Belgium in the fall of 1944. With the clearing of Antwerp the advance of the Canadians came to a winter's halt while planning went ahead for the final offensive.



**THE SAME SCENE** today in Blankenberghe photographed by Ken Bell on his recent tour of the Canadian battlefield of Northwest Europe. In this town Bell met friends from the underground who had helped the Canadians. Montgomery said the Canadian success was an "inspiration."



**ROCKED** by heavy Allied blows and reeling back to the Rhine and the end of the war, the German war machine dug in for a literal last-ditch fight in the trenches of the Hochwald Forest. For days the battle was fought at a pitch reminiscent of Caen and the Scheldt as German paratroopers tried to hold the Canadian thrusts. But the 2nd Corps slogged through the mud and fire-torn forest to victory. Now while birds sing a German mother tells of battles lost.



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CANADIAN ARMY

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*Continued from page 9*

Along the highway which cuts straight as an arrow for Caen, you brush the outskirts of a little town called Rots. Once again, memories. There is a manor house set in the centre of spacious grounds; a fine house with fine gardens and well-built stables. There are well-dressed people sitting about the garden on this sunswept afternoon and polite laughter rises above the tinkle of teacups.

There was a time, fewer than five years ago, when the space between the garden and the stables was filled with slit trenches; men crouched in these trenches and the air was shattered by the burst of German shells.

There was another time when a sorry cavalcade of a few armored vehicles circled into this garden, and men, white despite the grime on their faces, dropped on the grass. They sought rest but their outraged eyes would not close and they mumbled the details of the battle below Caen in which the Black Watch of Canada was cut down almost to a man.

I walked over these grounds in the bright, peaceful sunshine, and the squire who owned the place walked with me. He seemed proud that no sign of war was allowed to remain on his estate; he spoke kindly of the troops who had swept the Germans from his land.

"But," he added stiffly, "they did not fill the trenches when they left. I have asked my government to make a claim against the British government for what it cost me to have my grounds made proper again."

You drive along again toward Caen and soon you pass the shattered hangars of Carpiquet and you remember how the decimated Chaudières fought hand to hand one terrifying night on these runways. Their opponents were the young blond tigers of the 12th SS and every inch of runway was paid for in blood. Now graceful sport planes wing in and out of the airport; it is the headquarters of the Normandy Flying Club.

\* \* \*

**N**OW YOU are in the city of Caen. It is still shattered. Fields of rubble reach down to the Orne River. Spanning the river are the Bailey bridges constructed under fire by engineers of the Third Canadian Division. This was one of the most gallant jobs of the war.

The people of Caen travel back and forth across these bridges; they are sad people to be sure, for the vista is still dreadful to behold and in the summer heat the smell of death still seeps from beneath the rubble.

Of all the people of France, the Caennais are the most sullen when one speaks of the war. They refuse to admit that our heavy bombing was necessary and they become emotional recalling the medieval charm of the city before the dawn of June 6, 1944.

Nor is their bitterness softened by the memory of men who crossed the ocean to liberate them. Except for official pronouncements few kind words for the Canadians can be heard in Caen. True, they longed to be freed from the grip of the hateful SS, but not at such heavy cost.

"You know," a hardware merchant said as he looked me blandly in the eyes, "you are not popular in Caen. They may cheer you everywhere else in France, but in our streets you will hear no cheers. One half of our city was destroyed and one quarter of our people were killed by your bombs. It is a high price to pay." He sighed softly.

"You say the bombing was necessary. We were here and we know. On the morning of June 6, even before the landings, the city was destroyed—yes. But I reckon not a single German. The Boche were not here, not in the city itself. Your intelligence was at fault.

"How can we be grateful to you when every family in Caen has a relation lying under the rubble?"

You drive then out beyond Caen across the tortured acres toward Falaise. The road is deserted and the quiet is shattering. You look for some sign that will make communion with the past. You find none.

The valley of the Laize is rich and peaceful.

There's not a scar to show that these urgent yards on the way to Falaise were measured by the bodies of youths from Montreal and Toronto and the western plains.

And you come to the head of the road that descends into Falaise. You turn into the hamlet of Vaston and from its high ground you see the spread of valley between Falaise and Argentan.

You stood here once before, on August 17, 1944, when the valley was known as the Falaise pocket and the verges of its roads literally ran red with German blood. Again you find no sign. There are birds instead of rocket-firing Typhoons, gardens where cannon were based, poppies in the fields instead of bodies.

It has taken you less than two hours of leisurely driving to cover the ground the troops covered in 77 terrifying days. You look across the spread of valley toward Argentan and again you are assailed by an empty bitterness.

\* \* \*

**Y**OU retrace the road to Caen and you wonder: Why bitterness? Why blind resentment of people who are trying to recapture the flow of life? What sin has Madame Pinot committed that she feeds her children on the cool beach at Courseulles? Or the English trippers, the youthful lovers, the country squire?

Suddenly you know. You remember that D-Day five years ago, how the little ship approached the stricken beach and you determined desperately you would not die. Death might be for the man beside you; not for you.

Then you consoled yourself: If you did die, it would be for a great ideal; if death must come, it was a good way to die; better than in an automobile accident, or a lakeside drowning, or of a wasted old age. Here was high purpose. This is the way you consoled yourself.

Now you revisit the beachhead and in the mind's eye you see yourself lying with the others, face down on the wire. This is the way it is five years later when you have long gone to earth.

It is not Madame Pinot you resent. Or the others. They live their lives as though men never fell here. That is all right. You do not want them to mope and be mawkish for the rest of time.

It is the huge world of which they are the essence that you resent. The world has learned nothing. We are edging ever so slowly to the precipice of another 1914, another 1939. The brave things that were uttered as the inspiration for D-Day are obscure as the flat cemeteries well hidden up from the beach.

In politics and diplomacy, in economics and world authority, the brave words are obscured and men are scrambling once more for power.

The resentment is not in you. It is in the ghost of you. ★



THE GERMAN CEMETERY at Banneville, between Caen and Troarn, is overrun with weeds. Ignored by the French, uncounted unknown soldiers from the Hitler army lie in these forgotten graves. The crosses mark the road of defeat.



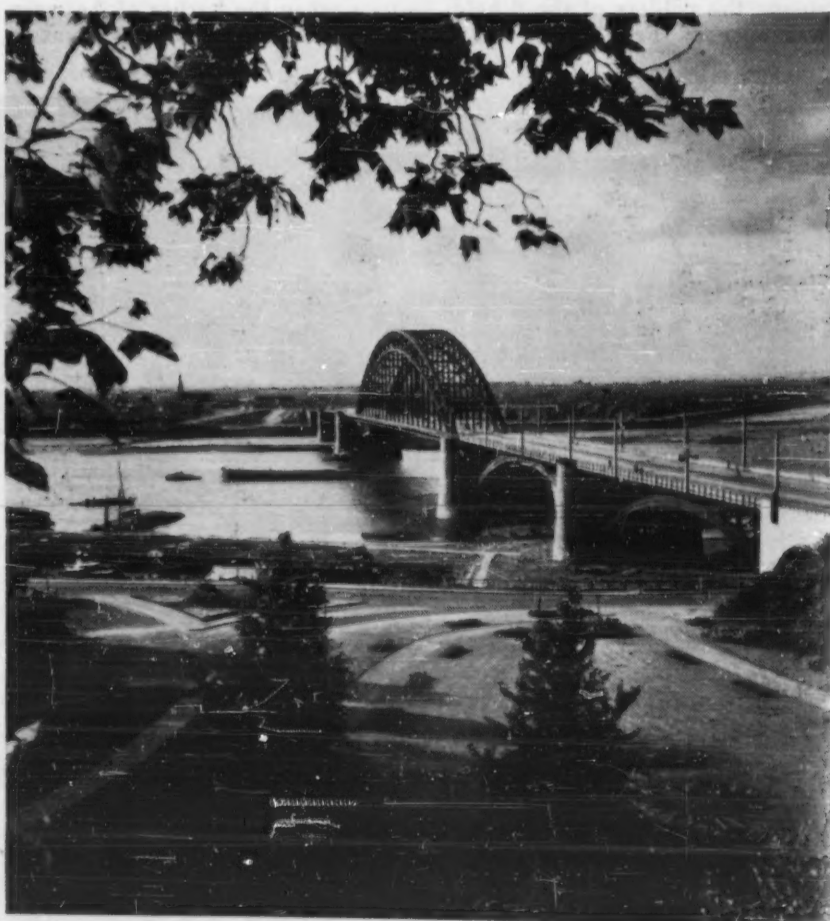
**THE FIRST** Canadian Corps came up from Italy in the spring of 1945 to take part in the liberation of Holland and win the thanks of Zutphen where this Canadians' Bridge stands. General Foulkes' troops painstakingly carried out the job of clearing large pockets of Germans from areas by-passed by the main advance. Under the enemy, the Dutch were in a bad way.



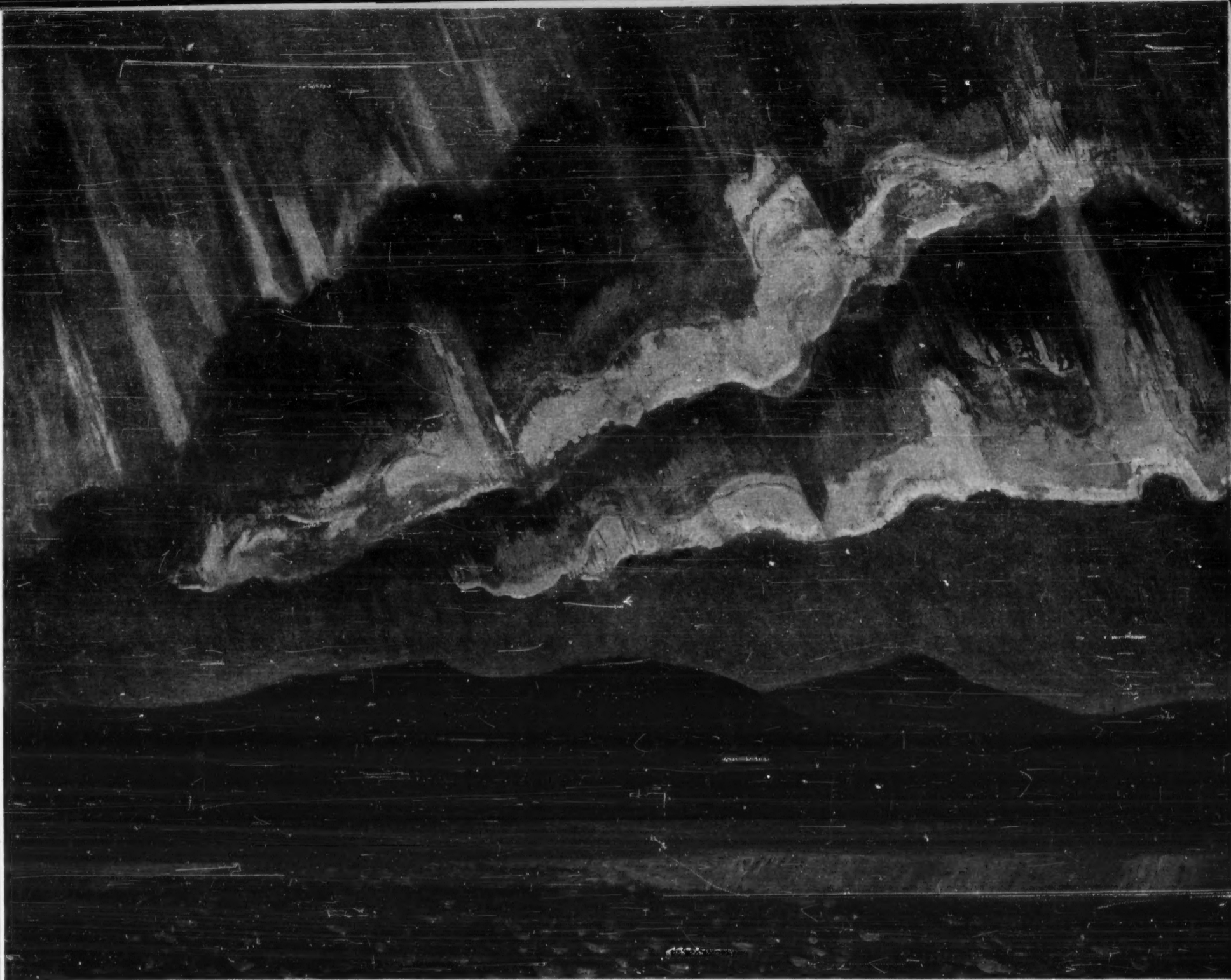
**OUTFITS LIKE** the Highland Light Infantry will be interested to know you cross the Rhine at Emmerich by ferry now. They made this trip in assault boats on a dark night in early 1945. Although the city had been pulverized by bombs the Germans fought to the death amid the ruins. Many counterattacks were thrown back. This action started "Operation Plunder."



**SMASHED BY ALLIED** bombs and shells which launched the big Canadian offensive of February, 1945, Udem has not yet been rebuilt. These German children live in patched-up ruins. In the infantry battle which led to the fall of Udem Sergeant Aubrey Cosens won the Victoria Cross, then was himself killed.



**THE BRIDGE** at Nijmegen was a familiar sight to the Canadians who spent the winter of 1944-45 at that frenzied junction. The Nazis sent frog-suited swimmers to try to blow up the span. It was from here that Crerar launched "Operation Veritable." He once commanded 13 divisions, had 1,000 big guns in support.



Canada is perhaps the world's best place to see the lights.

"Aurora," by A. Y. Jackson, C.M.G. By courtesy the Art Gallery of Toronto.

## How They Solved the Northern Lights Mystery

Those flickering lights high in the northern sky aren't Red spy signals, but the inside scientific story of the fiery Aurora Borealis is just as startling

By LISTER SINCLAIR

**T**HIS SUMMER more Canadians than ever have noticed the Northern Lights, the Aurora Borealis. Vacationers in the north woods have often seen the whole sky glimmering and flickering with the red and green streamers of the aurora. And even in cities as far south as southern Ontario the glare of street lights has had to compete with this ghostly aerial illumination.

This last year the displays have been brighter and more frequent than for many years past; and more people than ever have been wondering what causes the mysterious glow. The aurora is a favorite subject with people who like to help out the facts with a little imagination.

Some people think the cause of the aurora has never been explained. They like to put it down as one of the insoluble mysteries of the universe, along with the migration of the lemmings, the common cold, and the way Toronto drivers make hand signals.

These people delight in an air of mystery. One night I met a fellow waiting for a streetcar who pointed to the glow on the clouds cast by a hotel neon sign, and said: "Now there's something that's got the scientists baffled."

Even if he'd been looking at the aurora, it wouldn't have been true. Scientists are baffled by a good many things but not by the aurora. There's been a good solid explanation for some years now.

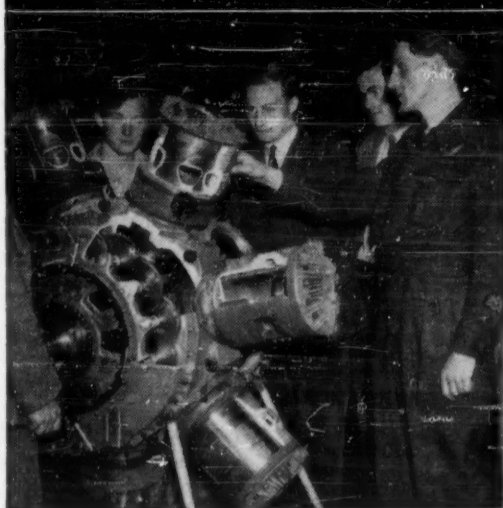
Other people say that the aurora has something to do with the sun, and they're right in a way. Of

course, it's a pretty safe guess. All the available energy on the earth comes more or less directly from the sun (except nuclear atomic energy), and indeed the aurora has a good deal to do with the sun—but not in the way many people think.

It certainly is not caused by the reflection of the sunset on the polar icecap, which is a common idea among people who don't perhaps do much reflecting themselves. I knew a fellow once who supported this idea and went so far as to say that the blobs and streaks of auroral light were a distorted map of the icebergs and islands of the polar regions. He felt that explained everything; but it didn't explain why the so-called map changed every few seconds, nor why we should be able to see a reflection of the sunset in the middle of the night on an icecap 2,500 miles away.

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## LONDON LETTER



No hatred, but they're sure war will come.

## Music, Machines But no Novels

By BEVERLEY BAXTER

LET ME begin this letter with what is called a flash of the obvious. People are interested in the period in which they live: History gives us the story of the Dark Ages, the Inquisition, the Hundred Years' War, and in retrospect we feel sorry for the men and women who had to live through them. But were the people sorry for themselves? Without question some of them were, yet others fell in love, enjoyed the sun by the morning and the moon at night, tilled the soil, painted pictures, built cathedrals and cottages and lived on 24 hours a day as people have done since the world began.

This train of thought has been prompted by conversation with my 18-year-old son Clive who has completed his schooling and will enter upon his two years' national service, probably in the Royal Air Force, this September. When I compare the conditions under which he is spending the golden hours of youth and contrast them with my own experience I feel sorry for him—only to find that he is not in the least sorry for himself.

With moderate interest he listens to my description of life in Toronto in the era that ended with the clanging of the gong in 1914. The world was a huge affair in those days and our own country of Canada seemed of boundless size. Out West there were the prairies and the Rockies but when would we ever get time or money to see them? The Maritimes were also lost in the far-off impenetrable East.

Montreal was within range but it was French and Catholic and not at all what a respectable city should be. New York was also within reach and shone to our young eyes like a gilded palace of sin. There from across the border came the call of the dollar for the writer, the illustrator, the actor, the dreamer. The call was not very loud for any of us but we heard it just the same, even as Ulysses heard the voices of the Sirens.

Then there was England away across the Atlantic Ocean, with its capital of London where the King lived

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# BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

## Door-to-Door Spy Hunt in Ottawa

By THE MAN WITH A NOTEBOOK

GARFIELD CASE, the ebullient ex-M.P. for Grey North, has been sending out a mimeographed letter to friends and supporters explaining his defeat. Two long paragraphs recount the various crimes of the sinister Liberals in his riding, but the last sentence suggests a contributory reason:

"I think National (Progressive Conservative) Headquarters did rather 'over-DREW' it."

Another Ontario Conservative, who survived the deluge of June 27, made a point of campaigning on his own. "On one point I'm not going to argue with you," he told an election meeting, "but just remember that you won't be voting for George Drew, you'll be voting for me."

These incidents underline a major difficulty facing the Leader of the Opposition as the new Parliament prepares for its first session.

As reported a fortnight ago, responsible opinion in the Progressive Conservative Party is unanimously in favor of Drew's continuance in the leadership. As one ex-M.P. put it, "We've shot too many leaders already." There has not, however, been quite the same unanimity among the party's rank and file.

Mr. Drew's published decision to buy a house in Ottawa was taken after careful study and consultation; he was advised to go about the task of "settling down" in Ottawa as quickly and as ostentatiously as possible, in order to dispel any gossip about further changes of party leadership.

The reaction was mixed. One unit of the Young Progressive Conservative Association called a meeting to protest this show of permanence, and to suggest that the party needed another change at the top if it was to survive.



The meeting was held, but the protest resolution was effectively squelched. However, the fact that such a movement could have made headway in the first place is disquieting to many senior people in the party.

\* \* \*

WHEN an Ottawa housewife hears a knock at her back door, it may be the milk man. Or it may be an RCMP constable, enquiring what she knows about her neighbor.

Who are his friends? What organizations does he belong to? What does he do with his evenings—any late parties? Who comes to them? Is there anything to suggest a link between him and the Communist Party?

One man who was recently investigated in this way has been 30 years in the service of one federal department. For 25 of those years he has been on first-name terms with the security officer of that department. Like any good civil servant, he has no identifiable political background at all. He prides himself on being a political neuter.

Another was the able and respected secretary of a deputy minister. She had spent several years, including most of the war, in a highly confidential job at National Research Council, where presumably quite a few people must have known her pretty well. She was furious to discover that the RCMP had canvassed every family in her apartment block, and that her neighbors now regarded her as a certified Kremlin agent.

The investigations are part of the RCMP "field check" on the civil servants who handle secret information. The

Continued on page 67



Cartoon by Grassick

Civil servants resent having their back fences tapped for gossip.

# Beads to Billions: The Story of the H. B. C.

Big men and big deeds mark the stormy history of the Bay Company which has thrived on conflict. It has survived wars, exposes, cut-throat competition, booms and busts

Part II

By RAY GARDNER

**A**ROUND Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg, the air-conditioned Canadian headquarters of the world's oldest company, they call Philip Chester the modern Sir George Simpson. In turn, Chester calls Simpson Canada's first merchandising genius. You can easily see that this makes Chester a merchandising whiz in his own right.

Played on a cash register, this comparison of Chester, the Hudson's Bay Company's present managing director for Canada, and Sir George, the ancient firm's Canadian governor of a century ago, rings true enough. When Simpson was boss, dividends were fat and the English proprietors were happy. Now, with Chester running things on the Canadian scene, the company purrs along as smoothly as the escalators he has had installed in the Bay's six large western Canadian department stores.

Simpson and Chester each took over after the Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson Bay, as the firm is properly known, had fallen on hard times.

In 1826, when he was 34, George Simpson became governor of the company's Canadian territories, an empire extending over two fifths of the present Dominion of Canada. The company had just beaten and gobbled up the North West Company of Montreal in the most bitter commercial war in Canada's history. Victory had been hard come by; the H.B.C. was shaky.

When Simpson died with his boots on 34 years later he had become the most remarkable figure in the whole remarkable history of the Bay. Under him, the company hit the peak of its fur trading greatness, as today, under Chester, it is seeing its best years as a modern merchandising giant.

While Simpson put the Adventurers back on their feet after the ruinous North West affair, Chester rescued them from the great depression of the 30's. The company's career had always been an erratic one of booms and busts, but it plunged to perhaps its lowest depths during those years.

## The Adventurers Stayed Home

**O**VER two centuries the Hudson's Bay Company survived the assaults of French imperialism, British parliamentary enquiries and the reckless, cut-throat Nor'westers, but it almost stayed down for the count when the depression landed its haymaker. The company was reportedly on the verge of selling out to a large eastern department store chain when Chester stepped in and convinced everyone that the world's oldest company still had a future.

Chester was right. Last July 15 his boss, Sir Patrick Ashley Cooper, who is 30th in a line of governors stretching back to Prince Rupert, was able to tell the Annual General Court, assembled in Beaver Hall, Garlick Hill, London: "As your company enters its 280th year the financial position is sound, and at no time in our long history has it been stronger."

Throughout its history the H.B.C. had been handicapped by absentee ownership and management. The original 18 proprietors were called adventurers trading into Hudson Bay, but not a one of them ever

Continued on page 55



H.B.C. PHOTOS

Dog sleds can't compete with the Bay's Canso on the fur run to Winnipeg. Modern management helps to keep strong the pioneer company which once held sway over half of this continent.

Dubbed "The Little Emperor," Sir George Simpson ran the H.B.C. when its empire stretched into Hawaii and Alaska. He died in harness in 1860.

Self-effacing Philip Chester (right), current head of the Bay in Canada, is pictured behind Lord Alexander. Chester is the modern Simpson.



# Burns Meat Balls

What a delicious treat! Tender beef patties simmering in their own nourishing, rich brown gravy . . . a hot meat dish that tastes like more. Simply serve with extra vegetables, a selected dessert, and you have a meal fit for a king.



VARIETY IN EVERY MEAL — WITH BURNS MEAT PRODUCTS

# Burns Bologna

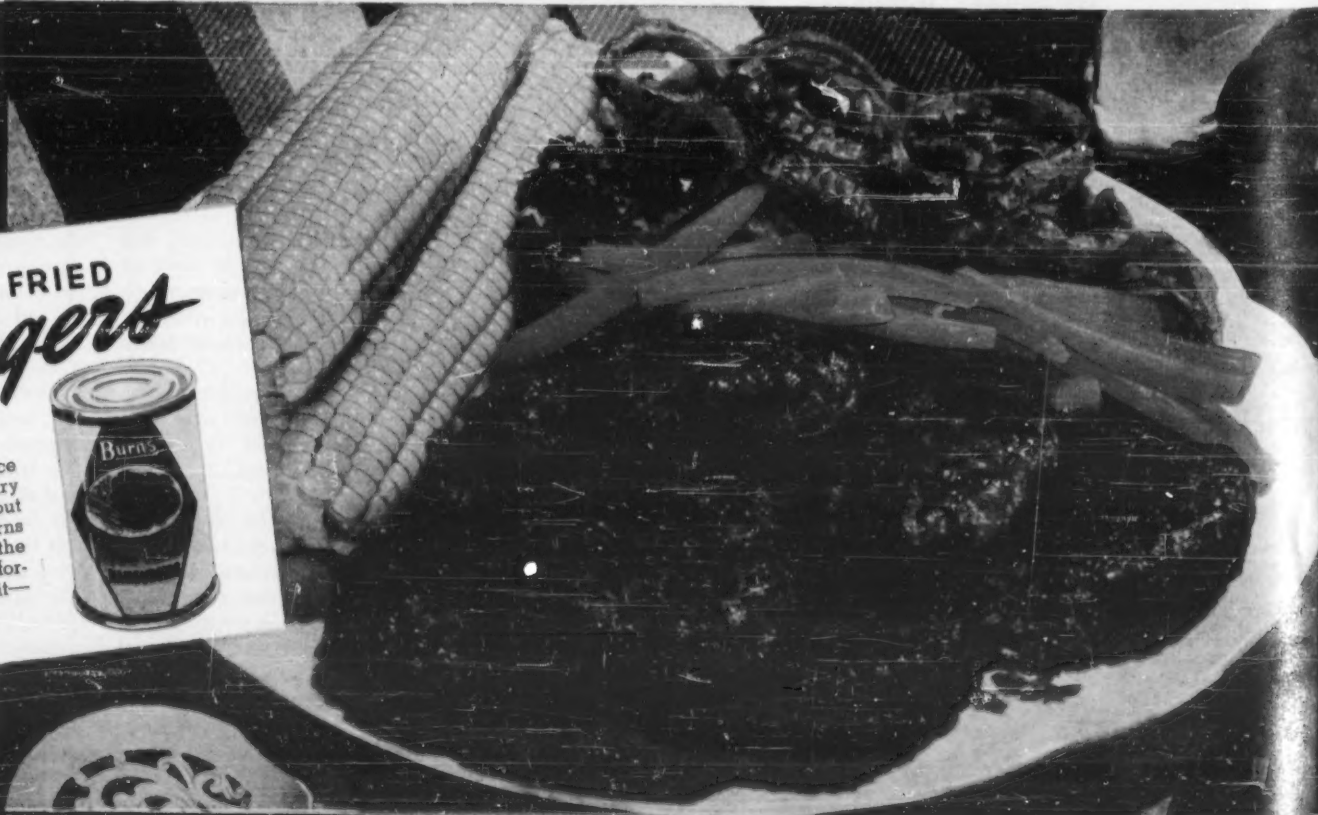
A tempting, tantalizing combination of choice meats. Ideal for tasty sandwiches or to give your favorite salad that extra touch. Served hot, you'll find it ideal with scrambled or fried eggs. For convenience, keep at least two cans on hand at all times.



BURNS & CO. LIMITED — PIONEER MEAT PACKERS OF CANADA

# Burns PAN FRIED Hamburgers

Now you can always have choice hamburger meat on your pantry shelves. No need to worry about keeping it wrapped or cold. Burns Hamburger, in the can with the Smiling Chef label, will keep forever! All the family will enjoy it—it's economical, too!

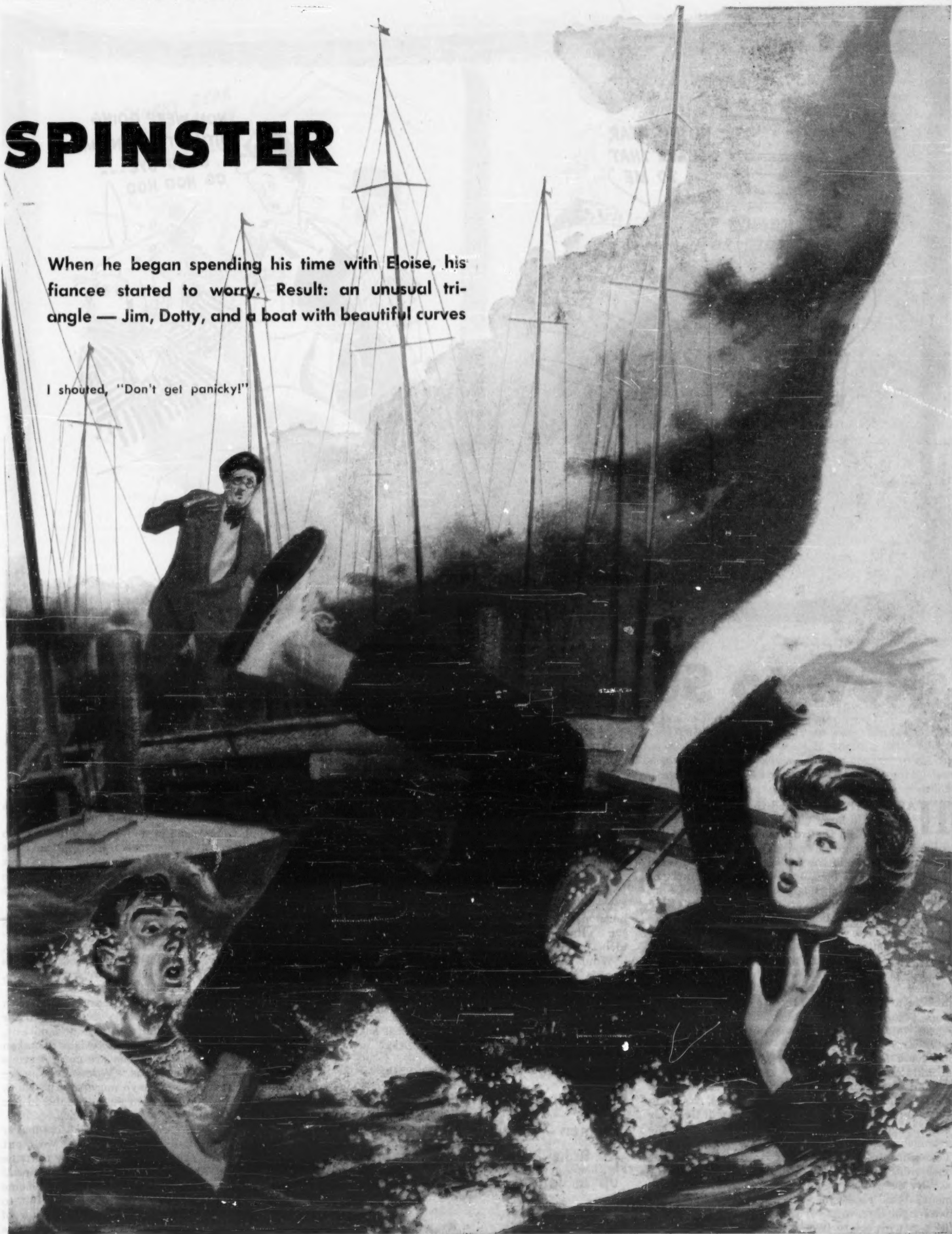


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# SPINSTER

When he began spending his time with Eloise, his fiancée started to worry. Result: an unusual triangle — Jim, Dotty, and a boat with beautiful curves

I shouted, "Don't get panicky!"





ILLUSTRATED BY  
ROBERT M. BUCKHAM

By STEVE HAIL

**S**UNDAY is the day I have my stock answer ready, so when the footsteps coming along the dock stopped and a voice said, "Hi, Pop. Whadda you know?" I was ready for it.

Not that I have anything against bandying pleasantries, but week ends there just isn't time for it. Especially when what hair I have left is whitening fast trying to run a yacht basin singlehanded. There's more than enough to keep me busy, and I don't necessarily mean my small-time yacht brokerage business—which doesn't take as much time as I'd like, that being where the money is.

The voice belonged to a tall, solid young man with a pleasant face and a hungry look in his dark eyes. Not from lack of nourishment, understand. Boats. It's a kind of madness, and sometimes I think marijuana would be better.

So I started the answer, which goes: "Around here the less you know the better off you are." With a grin to go with it, of course, but nevertheless the brush-off. But I didn't say it. The reason I didn't, stood alongside the young man, her hand clasped in his. She came to about his chin and was as cute as a sailing dinghy, only with a lot nicer lines. Her eyes were grey as a foggy dawn and wide and trustful looking, and when she brushed at her dark hair blowing in the wind I saw an engagement ring. It was plain and very new. One diamond. Small.

She looked my way and said, "Jim, how darling!" I felt a blush crawling up my weathered cheeks before I realized she wasn't talking about me at all. Her eyes were on one of the catboats that I rent out at a dollar an hour, five bucks deposit—*forfeited* if you capsize. They're centreboarders, therefore very tricky in anything resembling a sailing breeze. Today there was a breeze. But the young fellow

hooked his thumbs in his belt, salty, and said, "We'll take one for an hour, Pop. Dotty's never been sailing."

I looked at his fawn-colored slacks and at Dotty's flowered print and he must have read my mind. He said, "I was in the navy, Pop. Three years."

The navy! But I shrugged. After all, a buck's a buck. I took his, plus the deposit. We walked down to the float and I thumbed open my notebook register. "Names?"

"Decker," he told me, and glanced at the girl. "You can make it Mr. and Mrs. We're going to be married in August. We might as well get used to it."

I got the sail up and settled Dotty in one of the cats. She'd picked a red one. She said, a little uneasily, I thought, "Are you sure we'll be all right, darling?"

Jim said confidently, "Nothing to it. We just sit there and let the wind blow us around."

That should have warned me. Matter of fact, it did. I said, subtly, I hoped, "There is a nice turn of wind today."

Maybe it was too subtle. He said, "You can't sail without it, Pop," and shoved off, leaving me standing there with my big mouth open.

**I**T STAYED open. Those little cats of mine can really sail. The red one was doing just that, fast. Trouble was it was approaching the opposite side of the harbor, fast. The thing to do was come about, slack off the mainsheet, spilling the wind, keeping her sailing yet balanced. It sounds easy and it looks easy. It isn't. Jim wasn't doing any slacking that I noticed. The way he hung onto that mainsheet he'd have been a natural with a team of mules. The cat went over like she'd been bludgeoned. The last I saw before she filled and went down was four frantic hands clawing at the surface.

I shouted, "Don't get panicky! You can walk ashore. It's only chin deep."

By the time I got there Jim had helped Dotty up onto the dock. She didn't say a word. The only sound was her teeth chattering. She walked toward

## SPINNAKER

their parked car and her back was very straight—her chin high. I noticed there had been a change in her. Her eyes weren't trustful any more. They had the same fire in them as the little diamond that she was tugging and twisting off her ring finger.

Jim didn't say anything either.

I couldn't resist it. "You were in the navy," I reminded him.

He reddened. "H.M.C.S. Revenge. Saskatchewan. Sailing a desk," and he started off after Dotty.

I didn't expect to see either of them again, so it surprised me no end when they showed up the next Saturday morning. They were engaged again and seemed quite happy, though they stayed away from the catboats. They were looking at an eighteen-footer that had been shored up on the dock since early spring. At least Jim was looking at it. Dotty seemed to be looking mostly at him. The eighteen-footer was a fin-keel job, half-decked and in need of paint, bad. Her name was Eloise. She wasn't much. The sign on her said: "For sale. \$200. See J. Maguire at office." J. Maguire is me. The two hundred dollars would give me a twenty per cent profit.

As I came up I heard Jim saying, "—not like those treacherous little centreboarders. Look at that keel."

They looked at the keel, hand in hand. Why, it was beautiful! To Jim Decker, anyway.

"Two hundred dollars," he said, turning to me.

"That cash, Pop?"

I said, "Cash."

Jim sighed. Dotty sighed. He was fingering the turnbuckles now, testing the rigging. I don't think he even saw me. He was seeing blue skies and foam-flecked water, feeling salt spray arcing over the weather rail. Of course the eighteen-footer didn't have a rail, but—

"We've saved a nest egg, Pop," he said. "Nearly fifteen hundred dollars, but we wouldn't want to dip into that. But last week I got a retroactive cheque from the auditing firm I work for. A hundred sixty dollars. I don't suppose you'd consider—"

Maybe it was conscience. After all, I should have kept them out of that catboat. More likely though, it was the hungry look. An auditing firm! That shouldn't happen to anybody. I heard somebody saying, "Come into the office. I'll make out a bill of sale." The voice was mine.

**B**UT I didn't give him a receipt right away.

Instead I gave him one of my better paternal looks. Dotty was still outside, so I put it to him straight. "Look," I said, "why don't you try horses? Riding, I mean. It's a great sport. Companionable and sensible." Me talking like that! But I was right. I ought to know.

He looked as if he'd been knifed in the back by his best friend. Then his shoulders flattened and he said, "Pop, I guess you don't understand. A boat—"

I stopped him. "I understand, but I'm afraid Dotty doesn't. And it isn't worth it, Jim. She's a swell kid. Why don't you forget it?"

He didn't even get it. He said, "You mean Eloise isn't as good as she looks? There's something wrong with her?"

*Continued on page 49*



Cartoons by Grassick

group where both men and women are likely to be overworked.

I am speaking of the wife who is in a position to take advantage of all the labor-saving devices, whose children are almost or entirely grown, but whose husband is still striving to raise their standard of living higher and higher.

The strain of earning a living in our society, the high pressure and the murderous competition take their toll of men's lives. It is high time that women faced this fact squarely. Is it not ironic that the sex less able physically and emotionally to stand the pressures of life is the one that is obliged to face them day in and day out?

What can a married woman do to relieve this situation? I am assuming that you would like to have your men live longer. After all, they are useful things to have around—or aren't they? Let's be kind and assume they are.

Here is one suggestion. Look at the standard of living your husband's earnings make possible, and evaluate it carefully in terms of what it takes out of him to produce it. Is keeping up with the Joneses worth the dreary prospect of being sooner or later a woman alone?

If you truly love your husband go over with him his budget of energy expenditure. Is he working too hard? Does he get time to rest, to relax? Is he in good shape physically and emotionally?

Another suggestion: Because of the lessening of the burden of housekeeping many of you middle-income, middle-aged wives find yourself with a good deal of time on your hands. Fill it up as you might with bridge clubs and cocktail parties, you are still bored. You know you are wasting your time and your talents. The best way out of boredom is to go to work. Real work—work that pays a salary. By adding to the family income, you can take some of the burden off your overworked husbands.

Unless he is an old-fashioned codger whose ego

is all wrapped up in being able to exhibit an idle wife, I assure you he will be grateful and happy. He might even live longer and repay you by saving you from becoming a woman alone.

#### Let That Man Relax

**I** KNOW an insurance agent who did fairly well, but his standard of living gave him no chance to relax from his high-pressure work. His days and evenings were filled with calls on clients and prospects and his mind was a mill of plans and figures constantly grinding away. As he neared middle age he began to grow absent-minded, irritable, and couldn't sleep.

He was lucky; he had an affectionate and intelligent wife. She went out and got a job. She became a saleswoman in an exclusive little shop, and she loved it.

As the weight of entire financial responsibility was lifted from his shoulders her husband became more cheerful. He took time off to relax. He resumed an old hobby, woodworking.

Both husband and wife found they had given themselves a new lease on life. One of their happiest moments was when one afternoon the husband met his wife for cocktails at the end of her day's work. During his hectic business hunting he had never had time to do anything as gracious and leisurely as this.

The net result of this wife's wisdom was a better husband and one who is likely to live past the normal span.

I know another man, a lawyer, who let his work and his fear of financial insecurity drive him ragged. His wife, who happened to be a wonderful pastry maker, formed the idea of starting a catering service from her home. First she just sold cakes, then expanded to include a complete party service. In time she developed a lucrative business.

The added income relieved her husband and he

became a different man. The shadows under his eyes cleared up, a wrinkle or two in his forehead flattened out, he laughed more freely, and there was a new spring to his step.

You wives with time on your hands and hard-working husbands, isn't it worth a little effort to give your man some ease, a chance to sit back and enjoy life, an opportunity to be a real husband? If you find earning money distasteful and difficult, is it less distasteful and difficult to face a worried, harassed, overworked and short-lived husband? Think it over.

Among the simpler methods a wife may use to preserve her husband is to encourage him to have hobbies to offset the business strain. Take my word for it that this is a very rewarding thing. I have known scores of people who have found new emotional health through the practice of some art or craft. The human imagination is a marvelous thing. It never grows old. Give it a chance to exercise itself and it does wonderful things to the body and soul. It keeps the spirit lively and young; it generates its own happiness.

One way to solve the problem of wives outliving their husbands would be for men to marry women eight years their senior. This notion, I'm sorry to say, meets with a singular lack of enthusiasm on the part of men. In fact, older men show a curious and often fatal tendency to fly in the face of all common sense and seek to marry women 10, 15, even 20 years younger than themselves. Thus they add to the procession of women bereft of men in their later years.

The woman alone: who will support her? How can she earn a living? Where, with whom and how can she live? How can she get male companionship?

A woman in this situation should work hard at whatever interests she has or has had. If she hasn't cultivated any she should do so now. If she is wise, and they suit her temperamentally, she will choose

*Continued on page 59*



## How to Save Your Husband's Life

By GEORGE LAWTON

**H**AVE YOU ever entered the lobby of a large hotel in a large city in the evening? Have you noticed the women sitting about in the comfortable lounge chairs? You will notice that most of them are in the middle years, well-dressed and well-groomed, there are lines of disappointment and worry showing through the fastidious make-up, and they are alone. Every time the doors swing open they look up hopefully.

Who are these women and what are they waiting for? They are some of the millions of women in North America who are widowed, divorced, separated or permanently single—women without men.

They are waiting and hoping that by some miracle a man will appear who will rescue them from being creatures who apparently belong nowhere, who push out no roots, and have no plan to live by.

I have found that one of the major problems of middle and late maturity is this problem of the woman alone. Statistics show that the average wife will be a widow at least eight years, assuming no remarriage, because (1) a woman will live four years longer than a man; and (2) a wife is, on the average, four years younger than her husband. Two thirds of women over 65 are living without husbands.

Why do women find themselves in this predicament? One reason is that women just naturally live longer than men. A Canadian baby girl these days can expect to live until 66 years of age. A

boy infant can count on only 63 years. These figures are based on the 1941 census.

The startling fact is that, in spite of the fiction of her being the weaker sex, woman is undeniably the stronger sex.

Nature has seen to it that the bearer of children is more resistant to disease and deterioration than her male counterpart. Women have more sex hormones, more nitrogen, more calcium, more of some vitamins and other elements, and more white blood corpuscles.

Woman also has more moral stamina than man. She can handle frustrations and incapacities better. If you don't believe me, look about you. Observe a man when he must have an operation, when he loses a job or money, when he is faced with a drop in vocational status, when he must acknowledge the end of sexual activity. Crises such as

these in a man's life hit him hard and sometime knock him out. Why?

For one thing, man is under constant strain to protect his ego, to save face. He feels he must constantly live up to an ideal picture he has built up of himself. Any cracks in the façade of the building and he is sure the entire building is about to tumble down.

Man is an extremist in all things, an all-or-nothing sort of person. Although this characteristic produces great flights of the imagination, great genius, great creativity, it unfortunately also produces more criminals, more suicides, more mental cases, and more illnesses leading to death.

Woman is a much better compromiser. With her greater equanimity she takes such crises in her stride. She is more placid, cautious and patient, and this makes her strong. There is a mistaken notion going about that women are more nervous than men. This is not true. Women talk more about their troubles and have more time to think about them. But more men actually land in the psychologists' and psychiatrists' offices.

There is another reason why women live longer than men. Men lead harder lives and wear out faster. From my experience I should say that the average North American male overworks himself while his wife underworks herself. Before some hardworking wife with 10 children rushes out to scalp me, let me say that I am speaking now of the middle-income group, not of the lower-income

**This famous psychologist urges women — the much stronger sex — to fight harder to avoid ending up as lonely women without men**

By FRED A WOODHOUSE

**L**AST SPRING I completed my third year as a "wilderness woman" in the northwestern Ontario mining district of Red Lake. My city friends still shake their heads, claim I am crazy; but they tell me they wish they, too, could throw off the pressure of life in Canada's larger centres and head into my country where I catch trout in my back yard, spin around the lake in a small motor boat, or tramp through the woods, my two-year-old son in a packsack on my back.

I have, all the year round, what most people save and plan for in an annual two-week vacation.

I keep telling these city friends, with a good deal of impatience lately, there are hundreds of square miles awaiting a bit of youthful pioneering spirit, so hop the next plane in and pitch your tent next to ours. We have no housing shortage. There aren't even any houses, until you build your own out of the giant fir and spruce at the token price of 25 cents a cord.

Plumbing and wiring present no problem. Buy a couple of pails and dip your water out of the lake; two or three gas or coal-oil lamps serve colorfully and adequately for lighting.

Furniture you make from rough lumber or small saplings if you aren't flush enough to order from the catalogue. If you really want to rough it fir boughs make a fine bed when topped by a sleeping bag. A bed roll is doubly practical—warm enough for even the 50 below weather and priceless in that you have no bed to make.

When I joined my prospector husband, Dusty, in the north, I was 27 and not particularly enthused about outdoor toilets and scrubbing clothes on a board. I had the worst possible background for such a life.

City-born, used to a newspaperwoman's life, admittedly gregarious, I frankly didn't think I could stand more than about three weeks among the fauna and flora. But here I am, more than three years later, living miles from our nearest neighbor, seeing no one but my husband and son, Mike, for months on end—and loving every minute of it.

#### Good-by, My Lovely Blouse

**W**E HAVE never regretted selling our home, disposing of carefully accumulated furniture at a definite sacrifice, to take up a new life with only a few hundred dollars in the bank. I have come to agree with the seasoned bushman who says possessions only serve to clutter up an originally simple life and happiness can be achieved with no more material assets than what you can put in a packsack.

The summer before I came north to live, I took a holiday from my Toronto job to look over the country—and my husband in his role as prospector. I flew in from Winnipeg, over the 300-square mile area of the Red Lake mining district, which is almost entirely bush and water.

An eastern fashion consultant had told me that my grey slacks, chartreuse blouse and red waistcoat which matched my sandals were "the very last thing, my dear!" But Dusty took one look at me and said, "Where did you ever get an outfit like that? You look like a pint of bloodshot cream."

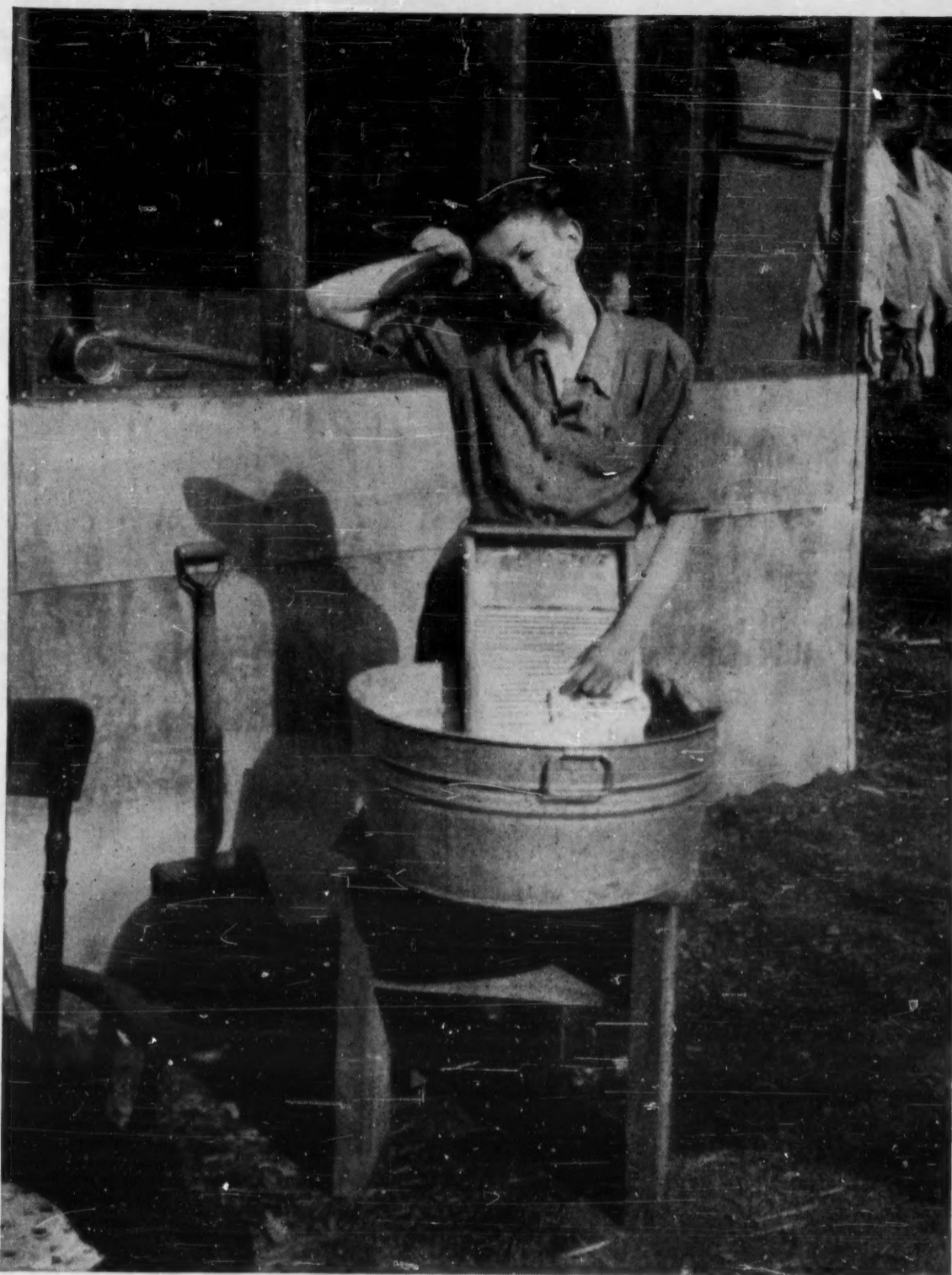
He marched me into the Hudson's Bay Company post to stock up on tweed trousers, wool shirts and high boots. The day I finally gave my colorful ensemble to an Indian woman marked my acceptance into the bush league of wilderness women. But I soon discarded the high boots for sturdy brogues.

I found I was like the old prospector up here who was asked how long he had been in this country. "Nigh on to 16 years I guess," he answered.

"Been prospecting all that time?"

"Heck no. Spent at least eight years lacing and unlacing these dag-blamed boots."

The major part of my holiday was spent in learning to run the outboard motor, read a map to guide me the 28 miles to Red Lake town, and handle a compass. The latter feat I haven't yet managed. I



In the Red Lake country writer Woodhouse has running water — when she tilts a bucket.

## A Bush Wife's Life for Me

Women in the wilds get treated like duchesses by the grizzled guys of the mining camps, but there's no movie on the corner

am waiting for some bright soul to invent a compass which I can set for "home" and follow the arrow as I would highway road signs.

Apparently I passed my northern initiation to my husband's satisfaction, but I was exiled to Toronto until the camp at Pipestone Narrows was made ready for a woman.

In less than a year I once again landed in Red Lake, this time as a tenderfoot bush wife.

We made the trip to camp in about four hours. Cramped and tired though I was from sitting curled up in the bow of the canoe for so long, I felt I was coming home.

I hardly recognized the camp. To replace the one tent, Dusty had built a 16 by 32 foot bunk-

house-cookery, which he had erected on the same principle on which he hangs a shelf—crooked. The whole structure staggered drunkenly down toward the lake. There was a small screened-in house where meat was put in summer with the optimistic notion it would keep fresh there.

About a city block from the cabin was Dusty's and my headquarters and my private "bathroom." We had a tent, 10 by 12, mounted on four-foot lumber walls, partitioned across the centre to make an office in front, a bed-sitting-room at the back. It was rough and crude, but the clothes closet and built-in washstand with its oilcloth of trailing purple morning-glories, were testimony of a tough sourdough husband

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# THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE

By GEORGE DORSEY

WHEN Leonard Levinson sat down in a Hollywood office the size of a broom closet and said he was going to make a new and better kind of cartoon for one third the cost of the usual strip, the wisecracks snorted. "Absurd!" "Fantastic!" "Impossible!" they said.

Levinson made a sardonic bow. "Thank you, boys," he said. "You've just named my new company. I'll call it Impossible Pictures, Inc."

Now, two years later, Levinson has made good his boast. He has produced four of the zaniest cartoons ever to reach a movie screen and they are being distributed throughout the world by Republic Pictures. And he keeps the public guffawing with his hilarious campaign to make Impossible Pictures a trademark as well known as Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

The cartoons are satirical travelogues—he calls them "Jerky Journeys"—with such titles as "Beyond Civilization to Texas" and "Bungle in the Jungle." "Beyond Civilization" was released to U. S. theatres in March; the others followed at one-month intervals. Canadian release usually follows about 30 days behind.

Hard-boiled critics of the movie industry's trade papers immediately began writing rave reviews. Of "Beyond Civilization to Texas," which is narrated

by the Fred Allen character Senator Claghorn, The Film Daily said, "Belly laughs every 30 seconds . . . Something new on the cartoon horizon." "Very good," echoed Boxoffice Magazine.

Long before any of his cartoons reached a theatre however, Levinson was making the industry and the theatre-going public aware of Impossible Pictures through brash blurbs which bemused editors permitted to filter onto their pages. A typical Levinson release which kids Hollywood and plugs his own company: "The name Impossible Pictures is dynamite at the box office—and you know what dynamite does to a box office."

Call it "Move Over, Lassie"

THE NAME caught on right away. "Sounds like a merger of the whole film business," commented the Motion Picture Herald.

"I'm glad," Fred Allen wrote Levinson, "that you are president of Impossible Pictures. So many pictures I have seen recently have been impossible that you must be one of the busiest producers in Hollywood."

The florid president, producer, director, script writer and publicity man of the new company instructed his secretary to answer the phone with

From zany cartoons ("Bungle in the Jungle") Impossible Pictures Inc. progresses to shooting films without film

"This is Impossible." Many people who are already convinced it's an incredible world call up just to hear this.

The trade began to get an idea what to expect when this early announcement appeared in Variety: "Impossible Pictures reports 'No Title Yet,' estimated to require 15 days of shooting, is already 21 days ahead of schedule, having been canceled a week before it started."

Then again the company announced that, as one of its two animators had been suspended, it had become the first outfit to produce cartoons with suspended animation.

Levinson announced a slogan contest, with the winner promised a free trip to Hollywood, all expenses paid. There was only one catch—contestants had to be residents of Los Angeles County.

Movie stars joined in the fun, with Celeste Holm submitting the best witticism. "If it is a good picture," she said, "it is Impossible."

Spotting a rivalry between producers, one of whom announced a picture named "Colt .45" while the other countered with "Winchester .73" Levinson threatened to make a picture called "The Romance of the Daisy Air Rifle," or "I Can't Live Without You, Bee-Bee."

He jumped on the

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Impossible's Leonard Levinson (left) with well-wisher Fred Allen.



Cigar-store Indian co-stars with a starlet in a "Jerky Journey."

sponsored by chewing gum magnate Wm. Wrigley, Jr., reached Toronto, George and a pal, Bill Hastings, then Canadian high-diving champion, decided to go down there so that George could give it a try.

After a futile attempt to raise funds, they got enough from their mothers to get by, and started off on Bill's motorcycle; Bill driving, George bundled in the sidecar.

George was a solemn-looking kid with fat chops and a barrel-like chest, looking fairly uncomfortable and not very likely to set the world on fire.

They reached Los Angeles early in December with a couple of honeymooners who had picked them up somewhere in Arkansas after the motorcycle had collapsed, and went directly to the home of Henry ("Doc") O'Byrne, a Toronto man. It came out later that Mrs. Young had signed an agreement giving O'Byrne 40% of anything George earned.

Few people would have given a bent nickel for George's chances. He was in with the toughest competition in the world. Many rated the Catalina as a more difficult swim than the English Channel. The water was frigid and the channel swept by powerful tides.

There was no official record of anyone having swum it. It had taken a 15-man team, swimming in relays, more than 23 hours to do it. Yet Young was to swim it in 15 hours and 46 minutes. His performance was one of the greatest swimming feats ever recorded.

Young's feat was so sensational that, later, when he was dropped from the public pedestal, some people refused to believe that he actually swam the Catalina. But a Wrigley representative sat in Young's rowboat together with his oarsmen, 10 or more passenger-laden boats followed close by with their searchlights on him, and a tugboat accompanied him for the entire swim.

He went into the lead in the first stage of the marathon, his long, powerful glide soon hopelessly outdistancing, at an average of 44 strokes to the minute, early sprinters doing 60 to 70.

Young was never headed after overtaking Chicago's Norman Ross, one of the top distance swimmers of the U. S., who later publicly declared George to be one of the greatest swimmers of all time.

Although the airline distance was about 20 miles, to take advantage of the currents Young swam closer to 30. He had to get through a 200-yard patch of heavy oil and two fields of kelp, a weed that at low tide lies on top of salt water like a cake of shredded wheat.

There was another hazard that has no official rating, but which was very real to George. It was a shark he saw swimming along with him early in the race. Californians had explained that the sharks in the channel did not attack humans, but George remained unconvinced and for every moment of his swim he was scared nearly out of his grease.

Norman Ross was taken out at 2.40 a.m. beaten man. Pete Meyer, *Continued on page 73*



After the 1927 win. Shy George at mike with Irene O'Byrne and manager "Doc" O'Byrne.



George was Mother's Boy No. 1 of North America. After picking up \$10,000 at the Ex in 1931 he posed with his mother and coach Walker. Some experts still call him the greatest swimmer of all time. But what did the sport give him? A flaring fame, then tears and jeers.

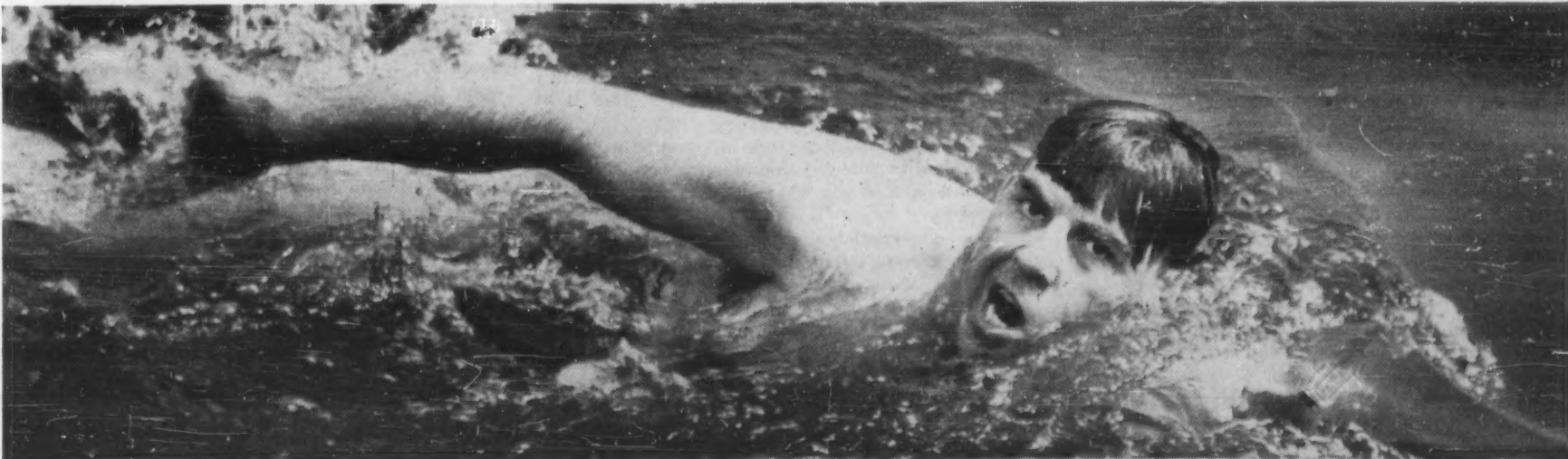




PHOTO-ASSOCIATES

At 39 George Young works a night shift in a Philadelphia roundhouse. He seldom speaks of his fleeting fame.

## George Young, Yesterday's Hero

At 17 Canada's boy wonder swam his way into a fame that tore his life to shreds. Once offered a \$250,000 movie contract, now he hasn't got a dime — only a hidden heartache.

By ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

ON JANUARY 16, 1927, George Young, 17-year-old son of a Toronto cleaning woman, defeated 102 of the world's best swimmers in the \$25,000 Wrigley Marathon; he was the only contender to cross the 20-mile channel between Santa Catalina Island off the coast of California, and Point Vicente on the mainland.

Shortly before dawn, after 15 hours and 46 minutes in the water, he reached shore at Miramonte Club beach, raised his arms to 5,000 spectators and touched off a story that, before it ended, involved the frustration of a city, the snubbing of a mayor, a bitter front-page feud, a legal tangle involving a battery of lawyers, banks and trust companies, and a red-hot controversy that, 22 years later, can still be fanned into fist fights.

The story of George Young illustrates a lot of

things; but, most of all, it illustrates the cruel fickleness of the public, who one day can hoist a man to world fame as the greatest living model of sterling youth, filial love, clean living and courage, and the next, tag him with the sports fan's term of derision: "a bum."

George Young got himself into a round of vilification, ridicule, lawsuits, financial tangles and assorted headaches by simply doing his best at the sport he loved.

Today, wherever men gather over a bottle of beer, someone is almost sure to call him a quitter or a phony. Most of these people have never met him. Many couldn't swim the length of a tank without water wings.

Those who have swum with him and worked with him know that he isn't a quitter or a phony. Professional swimmers, and others connected with the sport, unanimously regard George Young as one of the greatest swimmers the world has pro-

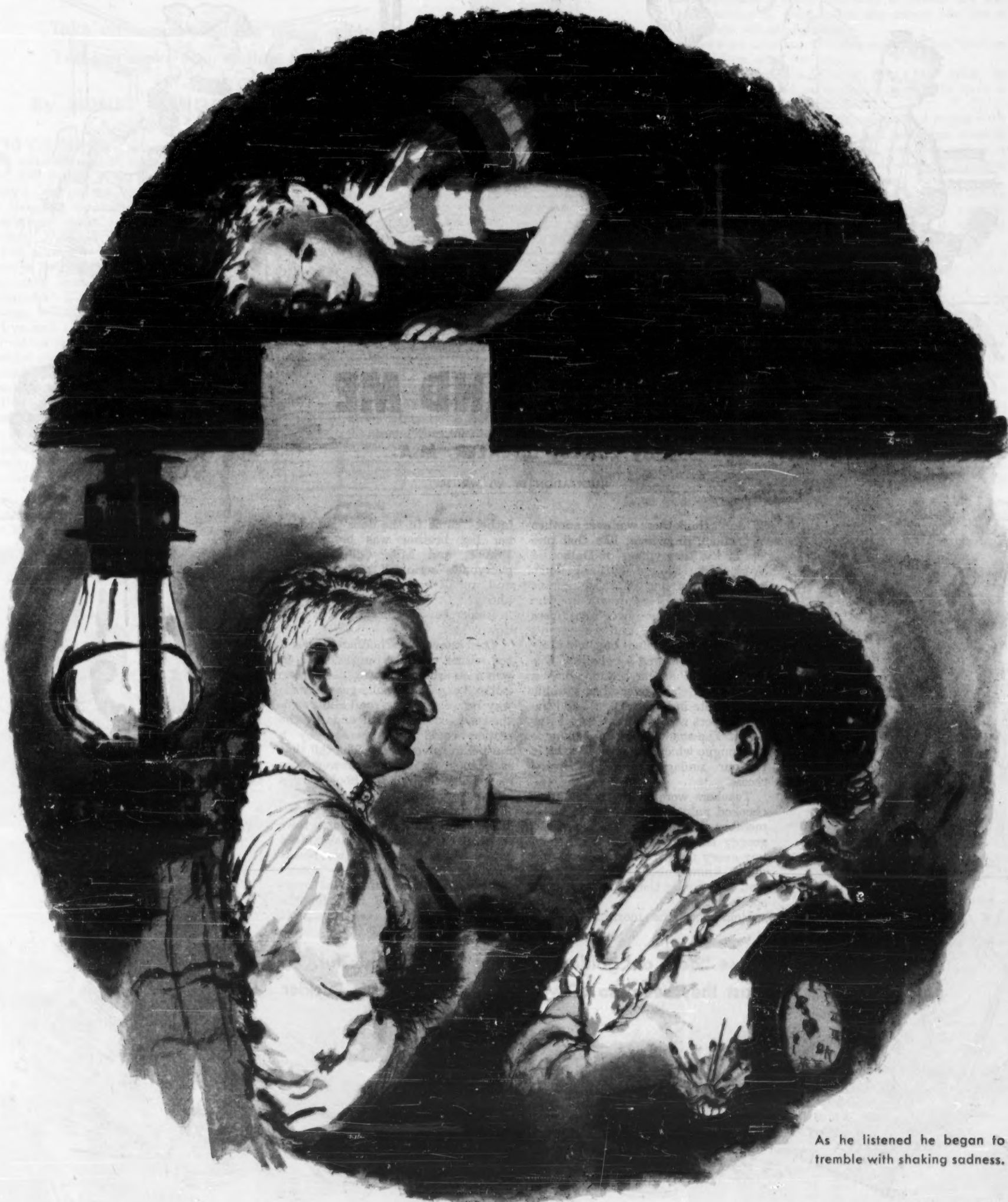
duced. Not a few consider him *the* greatest swimmer.

At his peak Young was once offered a \$250,000 movie contract and a \$5,000 a week personal appearance tour. Actually he made more than \$60,000. But when I visited him in Philadelphia a few weeks ago, he was working as a machinist in the roundhouse of the Pennsylvania Railway for about \$50 a week. He still looks back to the time, but less and less frequently, when he shot like a rocket across the front pages of the continent and soared to the giddy heights of fame.

George Young's background was that of an average kid of Toronto's poorer districts. His widowed mother had tried to give him a respectable bringing-up on her slim earnings as a domestic worker. He had made a name for himself as an outstanding Canadian amateur swimming champion, under the tutorship of Johnny Walker, swimming instructor of Toronto's West End YMCA.

When news of the big California swim being

From first boyhood mornings, down the gleaming road  
of time, he travelled to the glow of neutrons and a  
moment which held all the tomorrows of all mankind



As he listened he began to  
tremble with shaking sadness.



## The Wind in the Juniper

By CHARLES BRUCE

ILLUSTRATED BY AILEEN RICHARDSON

**F**ORESTER woke slowly. For a while he lay there, trying to identify this new feeling. A thing that was not new, really, but the return of something known long ago and lost in time—but with a difference he couldn't yet define.

The sense he had was that of coming back from sleep to the knowledge of earned leisure. Then he began to remember. It was the same coziness, except for that elusive difference, that used to cradle him on Sunday mornings twenty years and more ago, if the Captain had told him to sleep in.

Those were the mornings on which you could stay in bed as late as nine, lying on the soft edge of wakefulness in order to enjoy it. For an hour or two there was not a thing to do, and you felt a slow satisfaction in this, and in thinking of things done yesterday: the packed manure chopped out of the sheep-shed, the harrow's endless scrawl on plowed land in the upper field, the ache in your shoulder from sawing birch logs with the crosscut. You could feel it all now; as you had felt it years ago, lying under the patchwork quilt watching the juniper. You could feel all that and more.

The juniper; with a small start he realized what it was that had opened the process of recognition in his mind, caused him to identify this present peace with the simple well-being of long ago. The tall juniper by the gate of his boyhood home, its feathered tip always slightly moving, forever curved by the southwest wind against the background of northern sky. The first thing he had seen through the window in the mornings.

He turned expectantly to this other window now, the window of his hospital room, and grinned in amusement. The juniper was twenty years and four thousand miles away. He would never see it again except in sleep, as he had seen it perhaps a minute or perhaps an hour ago.

That was what it was—a curved and feathery treetop, seen in sleep—that had caused the union of past and present in his waking mind. All the

years were there, the juniper the one small thing, wavering to the conscious surface, to bring the whole alive.

Nothing to do, and the thought of things done yesterday—there was only that nagging irritation. It came to him then, the element of difference between those mornings long ago and this. There had been a kind of lazy eagerness, as you lay there watching the juniper, for the things you must do tomorrow.

Tomorrow: the worm fence to finish, between the back lot and the horse pasture; a poke to make, for the smut-faced ewe, the jumper; stone to pick and pile before you could start to sow.

That sense of tomorrow; it was this he missed.

Tomorrow—Well, you can't have everything. He settled back with a certain curiosity. Slowly and quietly, not seeking lesson or answer, Forester began to explore the past of his childhood—

**T**HE PEAK of the attic was high enough for headroom, and that was all. Into the inverted V where a couple of rafters met, someone had driven a square iron spike; so long ago that even the Captain, who was getting on for seventy, couldn't tell you its purpose. Johnny Forester used it to anchor his homemade punching bag.

Whenever he had some time left over from school, barn chores or fooling around with the kids next door, and particularly when he was a little worried, Johnny liked to punch the bag.

He was worried now. He came up on the toes of his moccasins, left-jabbed, crossed with his right, covered, and caught the heavy bag in close with hook and uppercut. Johnny never merely punched the bag; he was always doing a comeback in the late rounds against Freddie Welsh or Benny Leonard.

The thing that worried him was the undercurrent, the tension between Mam and the Captain about the fur money.

The Captain was Johnny's grandfather and Mam was the Captain's spinster daughter, his own father's sister. With two such people to live with, the word "orphan" didn't mean a thing.

No one could be any better than the Captain, and that was what made it so puzzling about the cheque for the muskrat pelts.

He was going on fourteen now, and not spending much time in the house, and the things that warmed him were the sight of the Captain stooped and spry, and the Captain's talk about old days and new, and his laughter.

Nearly always the Captain found something to be amused about as he thought back to all the things that had happened when he'd sailed in trading schooners and worked in the lumber woods, and traveled all over, before he'd come back to The Pond to live and look after his grandson.

He told Johnny about those days, but never tried to point things up much. Now and then he would add something together in a sentence: "Don't matter much what you do, but it helps if it satisfies you and you know it's some use to people." Or, as he'd explained about the job he had once taken in a garage, although he was already middle-aged in the early days of automobiles: "It was new; a chance to learn something." But these were just yarns; it was only when you remembered them later that you came to know how the Captain thought.

And he never laid down the law, even when it was a matter of responsibilities. If it was a question of whether you should spend an afternoon up the mill brook after trout at a time when the woodpile was low, he wouldn't say "No." He'd say, "Well, Johnny, what do you think?" And you looked at him and felt what was right to do.

It was the Captain who discovered the muskrat sign, down by the shore.

Forester's Pond was a salt-water inlet, a lagoon a half mile or so long and a couple of hundred yards wide, parallel with the sea and separated from it by a humped and narrow beach. The home place ran down to a wooded bank on the north side of the pond.

"Muskrats," the Captain said when the small diggings of muskrat along the tide mark caught his eye. "Caught a few here myself, fifty years ago. Not worth nothing then."

Johnny tucked this away in his mind and wrote the fur house in St. Louis for a price list. In November he got a couple of No. 1 steel traps without telling anyone and set them under the diggings in the bank, baited with sweet apples and chained to stakes. The Captain's interest and surprise warmed him as much as the personal sense of achievement, the first time he brought home a drowned muskrat. "Looks like you went and got yourself a private income," the old man said. He walked down to the bank with Johnny before school next morning and showed him how to set the traps on a floating piece of timber, ensuring quick death by drowning to any muskrat caught.

But after that he let the boy run the little trap line alone; a money-making enterprise, and one in which Johnny could find a sense of independence.

It was that streak of understanding in the Captain that made the matter of the cheque all the stranger.

Eighteen muskrat pelts came to fifty-seven dollars. When the cheque arrived the Captain let him hold it for a few days to look at, and then took it to the bank, bringing back only the mackinaw and size-seven rubber boots Johnny really needed.

Mam kept griping, indirectly. She'd say, on Sunday mornings, "Well Johnny, get dressed for church now. We've really got to get you a new suit, out of that fur money," or "You ought to have a pair of tan oxfords; it's not as if the money wasn't there."

The Captain never took any notice, and he wasn't the kind of a fellow you could press. Johnny wished that if he needed the money to pay the store bill or something he'd come right out and say so. The way it was now, you'd think the Captain was doing something mean.

*Continued on page 69*

# Ten Ways to Save Money on Clothes

Take an expert's advice along when you buy that fall outfit.  
You can make your dollars go farther and still be well dressed.

By **SIDNEY MARGOLIUS**

**S**O YOU'RE going to buy a new fall outfit. Got some money laid aside? Fine. Now, for every \$10 you've saved for buying clothing take away \$2 and put it back in the bank. If you use the 10 shopping techniques outlined in this article, that's how much you'll be able to save on new clothes.

I'm a professional shopping adviser. I make surveys for magazines and newspapers and I teach university classes in what professors call consumer economics. I call it simply buying more for your money.

I've had 14 years of experience, including consultations with thousands of families. This has enabled me to select what I consider the 10 most valuable techniques for buying clothing economically and efficiently.

I've tested these rules—at the peak of inflation. I used a typical family—a government employee, his wife, five-year-old boy and baby girl. Pop was skipping new clothes that spring, but he'd budgeted exactly \$107.50 to buy Mom and the youngsters much-needed Easter outfits. But using the 10 rules,

under the guidance of an experienced shopper, the family got all they wanted for \$87.50—a saving of exactly 20%. That meant there was something over for father.

I made another test. A young woman had budgeted \$80 for an outfit of suit, straw hat, calf handbag and shoes. She got the outfit—in the exact quality and style she'd hoped for—for exactly \$64.50. The 10 rules again.

I believe your family can save as much as 20% of your present clothing bills using these rules. Here they are:

1. Buy versatile clothes.
2. Assemble your own ensembles.
3. Classics are your best buys.
4. Don't overspend for children's clothes.
5. Wear fewer colors, more useful ones.
6. Avoid high-priced patterns in the fashion spotlight.
7. Buy according to intended use.
8. Be a buying opportunist.
9. Master the clues to quality.
10. Buy the quality of greatest return.

These 10 shopping tips call for more planning

Hey, you don't have to go that far! Susan Fletcher, Canadian movie actress, has taken our shopping expert's advice about putting cloth to the quality test far too seriously.

than the impulse shopping many people do, but they'll pay you in exact proportion to the use you give them.

Hit-or-miss buying is the biggest financial leak I have found in most families' spending. They accumulate stocks of clothes which represent a sizable investment but yield them no great pride or usefulness. When you hear a woman say she has nothing to wear, often she means she has a wardrobe full of mistakes.

Let's go into the 10 rules and find out how to make them work for you.

1. *Buy Versatile Clothes:* The real trick in being well-dressed at moderate cost is to have a small but versatile wardrobe.

Buy clothes you can mix, match and juggle with other clothes. For a woman, a two-piece dress is more useful than a one-piece; and one suit is a better buy than two or three dresses—it provides the foundation for several costumes.

For a man, a sports jacket and a pair of slacks will cost less than a suit of comparable quality, but will have even greater usefulness if selected thoughtfully.

Here are some of the most versatile women's outfits (any family man in these days of high prices should know about them too).

## Cut Those Glamour Accessories

**T**HE four-way suit dress is a print that comes with a light wool skirt and bolero. Wear the dress by itself, the skirt over the dress for another costume, the bolero and skirt over the dress for an ensemble, and the bolero and skirt with another blouse for a neat suit. All for less than \$35.

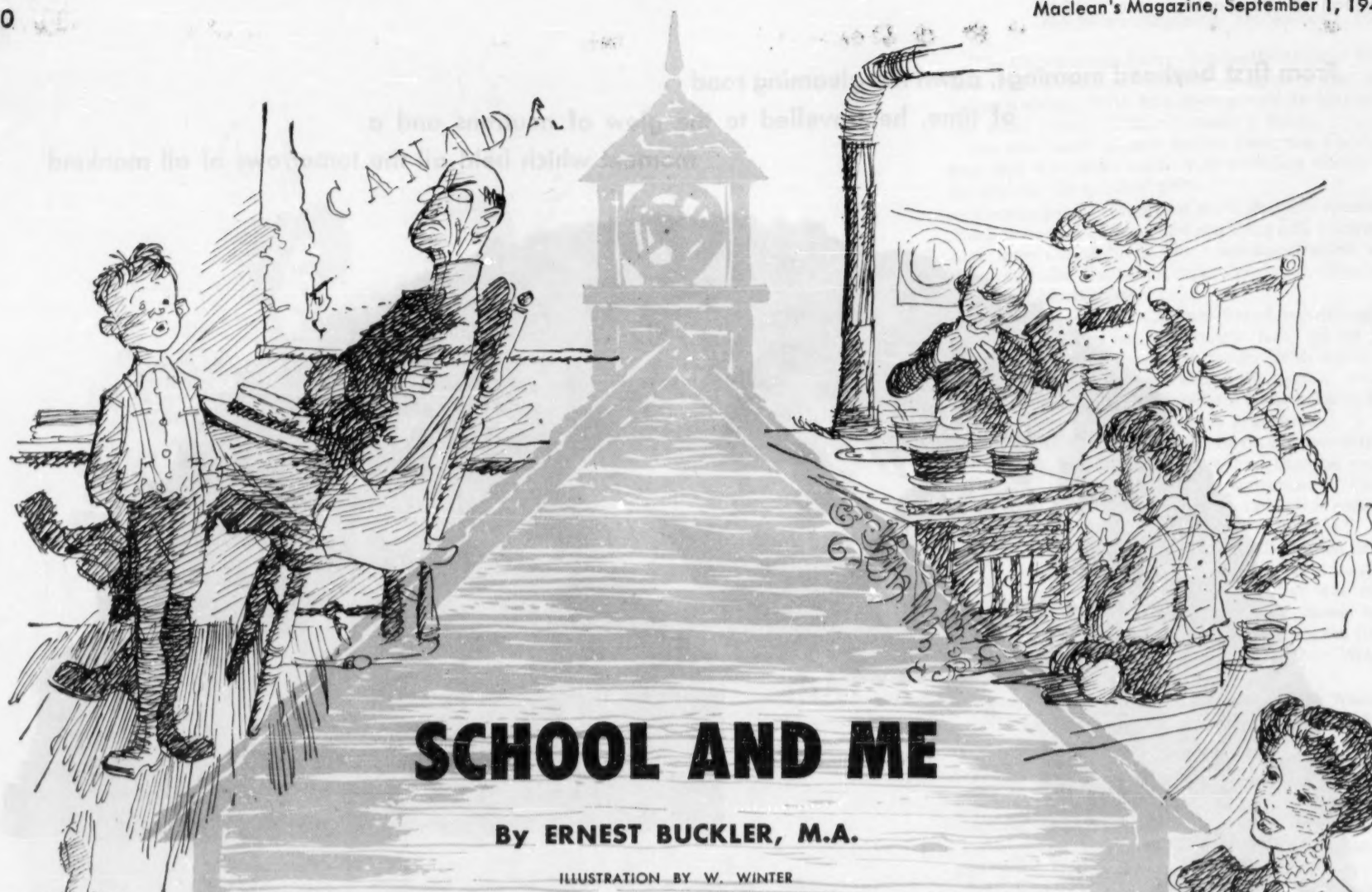
The redingote is similarly versatile—a coat-dress that comes with a harmonizing frock. Wear the two together, or either by itself for three costumes.

Another multipurpose *Continued on page 60*

Radio comic Eric Christmas's ensemble is all wrong. That coonskin cap should be checked.

GILBERT A. MILNE





## SCHOOL AND ME

By ERNEST BUCKLER, M.A.

ILLUSTRATION BY W. WINTER

I don't think there was ever another school, anywhere, like that one in the tiny village of Dalhousie West, N.S., around 1916. I don't mean it was one of those quaint affairs that writers dream up who wouldn't know a pollywog's nest from a tapioca pudding; and we weren't the proverbial barefoot boy, whistling as if he'd swallowed a bobolink. We wore shoes the year around (only a fool would walk over that stubble and granite in his bare feet), and the only expert whistler I can recall was a girl. The one with the bubble under her tongue which she used to exhibit to our unflagging delight every recess.

Teachers weren't the coy, apple-cheeked gals of fiction, either. Remember old Helen Hirtle who got so groggy setting up with a different boy every night that some days she didn't know cube root from board feet, and finally the Trustees had to speak to her?

Remember the morning Annie's

father "came to the door" and told her her brother was home from France, and Miss Gillis marked everyone's scribbler 100 that day, and we all knew she set the clock ahead?

Remember the day the stove fell down?

Lord knows the schoolhouse wasn't red, either. It was pure mouse. It was a one-room structure, set on an isolated expanse of solid granite midway between up-the-road and down-the-road, so that both ends of the section could be appeased by a mutual inconvenience. The toll that rock took on woolen drawers was responsible for half the hooked rugs in the community.

The teacher had a table desk with dining room chair; and our two rows of great-bellied double desks faced hers. There were also two blackboards, a globe, a clock, a "room" stove with a long sausage of overhead pipe, a row of nails for the coats, and

*Continued on page 44*

Those "dear old golden rule days" were wonderful. At least they seem so 30 years later to nostalgic Buckler



# MAYOR RESCUES NEIGHBOUR TRAPPED IN BLAZE

## WINS DOW AWARD



**MAYOR "EDDIE" SARGENT**  
of Owen Sound, Ont.

*smashes his way into burning house*

Realizing that his neighbour was trapped in the blazing 2½ storey frame house, 33-year-old Mayor Sargent climbed onto a porch roof and smashed a window with his fist. The blast of heat from inside was so terrific that he was knocked off the roof to the ground. Entering by the back door he saw his neighbour on the floor. He tried to drag him out but twice the heat and smoke drove him back. On his third try the gallant Mayor was successful in getting the almost overcome man out into the deep grass.

We proudly pay tribute to the courage of Mayor "Eddie" Sargent, of Owen Sound, through the presentation of The Dow Award.

*For deeds such as this, more than 145 Canadians have been presented with The Dow Award since its inception in April, 1946.*



1. An all-round athlete, Mayor Sargent was determined to rescue his trapped neighbour. Clinbing to the porch roof, he smashed the window with his fist.



2. The blast from the broken window was so terrific that it knocked the young Mayor off the porch roof. Picking himself up, he decided to try the back entrance.



3. After being driven back twice by the intense heat and smoke, the courageous Mayor finally managed to drag the victim from the burning house.



THE DOW AWARD is a citation presented for acts of outstanding heroism and includes, as a tangible expression of appreciation, a \$100 Canada Savings Bond. The Dow Award Committee, a group of editors of leading Canadian daily newspapers, selects Award winners from recommendations made by a nationally known news organization.

DOW BREWERY - MONTREAL

# The Land of Black and White

By ALAN PATON



At 46, Paton fights for the underprivileged.

**A**NERLEY, Natal—I can understand that many Canadians are puzzled and disturbed by what they hear about South Africa. It is my aim here to explain ourselves, to tell sufficient of our past history to explain our present, and to take a peep into the future.

I first make clear that by South Africa I mean the Union of the Cape Province, the Orange Free State, the Transvaal and Natal. To the west of us is South West Africa, once German, recently incorporated into the union. To the east of us is Portuguese East Africa. To the north of us is Southern Rhodesia, a British colony with responsible government, which looks askance at us.

And Britain still rules three native territories intimately connected with us; one of these, Basutoland, is actually a pocket in the heart of the union, while the other two, Bechuanaland and Swaziland, are on our borders.

I must not forget to mention that we have just acquired overseas possessions by annexing two islands in the deep south with a climate far more suited to Canadians than South Africans.

Let me tell you now about the Afrikaner. Three hundred years ago the Dutch East India Company established at the Cape of Good Hope a halfway house to the East. Its job was to grow vegetables and to keep a postoffice and hospital; there was no intention of founding a colony. But the majestic mountains and the fertile valleys of the Cape attracted the servants of the company. They got themselves grants of land and, impatient of official control, gradually extended their settlements farther and farther away from Cape Town and the shadow of Table Mountain.

The aboriginal inhabitants of the country, the not very aggressive Hottentots, and the much more aggressive but animal-like Bushmen, could not hinder their advance. The Hottentots were subjugated, while the Bushmen fled into the mountains and caves, gradually to be exterminated for their depredations and irreconcilability.

Beckoned by new mountains ahead, the Dutchman became the trekker, the boer (farmer), the patriarch, with his flocks and herds. He was hardy of nature and impatient of rule.

In isolation his language changed and simplified;

it was first called the Taal but today is known as Afrikaans. It is a young and vigorous language, capable of any literary expression.

In isolation the Dutchman changed too; nothing could have been less like Holland than this wild and savage country, and one by one his links with Europe were severed. This he recognized in ultimately choosing for himself the name of Afrikaner.

He clung tenaciously to his religion and, because of his life and ways, had a special love for the stories of the patriarchs.

Although it was in this isolation that the modern Afrikaner was born, the two great molding influences of the race were yet to be encountered.

One he encountered now, for as he moved north, the Bantu tribes moved south; and between them there was persistent frontier warfare. For the white man it was vigilance or extinction: the black man swooped down upon him in the dark, sometimes wiping him out, committing acts of ferocity and cruelty. As the white man moved forward into a continent full of menace, the black man truly became part of his mind; he is truly part of his mind today.

When the modern Afrikaner accuses the European or American visitor of not understanding South Africa, what he means is that the European or American thinks of the black man in terms of liberty, justice and development, while the Afrikaner thinks of him in terms of history, war, and the struggle for survival.

So grew up in the mind of the Afrikaner a massive, unequivocal and deeply motivated attitude toward the black man. His forebears had been as guilty as any race of loose living and careless begetting, but the Afrikaner himself hardened; it became the guarantee of survival and the iron law that no white man had any commerce with a black man, except as servant or slave. Above all, no white man had any commerce with a black woman.

This small white race moved into the heart of a black country, preserving its purity and integrity. It was something deeper than morality. It was more powerful than hate, though hate played its part in it. It was the will to survive.

## The Voortrekkers Went North

**I**T WAS into this world that there came the second great molding force of the Afrikaner race—the Empire-building Englishman. He arrived at the Cape as a result of the Napoleonic Wars, at the beginning of the 19th century.

He did not understand the hatred of authority of the Afrikaner Boers, nor their deep and massive attitude toward the blacks; his farmers and settlers understood it better, but their sense of insecurity was never so great, nor did they feel the struggle for survival so deeply and urgently. His missionaries understood it least of all, and they preached a doctrine of love and brotherhood and equality that roused the anger of the trekkers.

So came the Great Trek of 1836—superficially, because of the abolition of slavery; profoundly, because of the trekkers' hatred of this new, alien, and incompatible culture.

The story of the Great Trek is one of courage and suffering and faith and today the Voortrekkers are the heroes and the giants of the Afrikaner people. Their holy day is December 16, Dingaan's Day, when the Zulu power was broken at Blood River in 1838.

The trekkers everywhere defeated the native

tribes; they set aside areas for the vanquished. They conquered the Orange Free State, the Transvaal, and Natal. From this latter area they were expelled by the power of a seafaring nation. Thus were Natal and the Cape parts of the British Empire, while the Orange Free State and the Transvaal were Boer Republics, granting to the black man "no equality in church or state."

British settlers began to come out to both the Cape and Natal in 1849 and they added another problem: they brought out Indian labor for the canefields. Many of these laborers stayed, and they, and others who came with them, spread out into commerce and agriculture. Some of them became wealthy merchants. Under the influence of Downing Street their treatment was not illiberal; but under the influence of white South Africa and its will to survive, they, too, became the objects of hatred and fear.

But history was not done with us yet. Great mineral wealth was discovered, first diamonds, but more importantly gold in the Transvaal.

Cities grew which were destined to attract the native peoples in increasing numbers to the labor markets, corrupting them, damaging their tribal system beyond repair; this corruption of a people whose simple way of life we destroyed while fearing to give them another is for many of us the tragedy of South Africa, and indeed of the entire continent.

## This Tragic, Unequal Struggle

**I**N THE meantime, attracted by gold, more white immigrants were streaming into the Boer Republic of the Transvaal. The newcomers wanted representation, but so numerous were they that the Boers did not dare to give it. Kruger became the representative of Boer courage and independence, Rhodes and Milner of imperialistic expansion.

The two forces came to grips in the Anglo-Boer War which began in 1899. Of this war many English-speaking people were ashamed; it intensified the Boer struggle for survival, and it filled many with profound hatred and distrust of all things British.

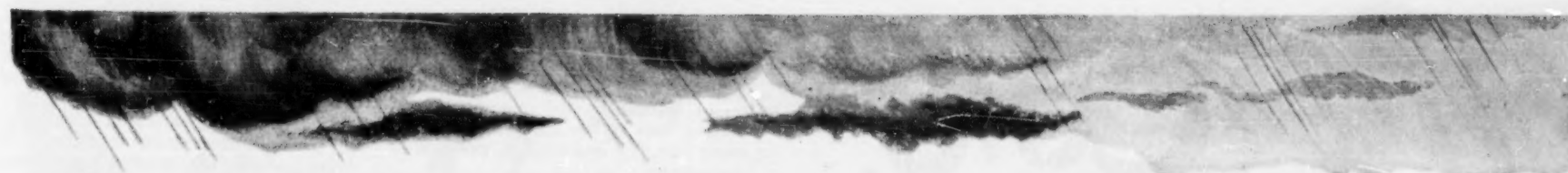
Britain won this tragic and unequal struggle in 1902. Peace was signed at Vereeniging; and in 1906 self-government was restored to the Transvaal, and in 1907 to the Free State.

In 1910 Botha, Smuts, Hertzog, Merriman and others achieved the Union of South Africa, based on a recognition of the equality of Afrikaner and Englishman.

By this many old hurts were healed, and many turned generously and forgivingly to new tasks ahead. But many did not; implacably they returned to their task of ensuring the separateness, the distinctness, the continuance of the Afrikaner people.

*Continued on page 34*

Distinguished South African writer Alan Paton ("Cry, the Beloved Country") here tells the tragic story of his land



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## The Land of Black and White

Continued from page 32

Afrikaner Nationalism received its first political chance in 1924 when, with the aid of Labor, it came to power, defeating Smuts and the South African Party. In 1933, under economic stress, Hertzog and Smuts, shedding their wings, formed the United Party. In 1939 they differed on the war issue, and Smuts carried the day with a majority of 13 in a House of 153.

I have so far written as though the problems of South Africa were the problems of the relationship of Afrikaner and Englishman, and as though we had no others of an intensity and complexity unknown to any other country. The truth is that, war or no war, these graver problems were always in men's thoughts. History will say that it was Smuts' lieutenant, J. H. Hofmeyr, who forced South Africa to make up some sort of mind about them.

The white South African has no easy problem. He regards it as his duty to preserve the Christian civilization that his white forefathers brought to the country, but this same Christian civilization is based on principles of love and justice which would forbid any bare-faced policy of repression. That in essence is the white South African's dilemma; it is the dilemma of justice and survival.

Now, Hofmeyr, as I interpret him, began to declare that justice was as important as survival. He could have spoken about nothing more likely to bring about his downfall. And Smuts and he fell on May 26, 1948, to the astonishment of the world and the country.

Afrikaner Nationalism (with the aid of Havenga's small Afrikaner Party) went to the electorate with a policy of racial separation, and was given a mandate which has been confirmed by subsequent elections. And Hofmeyr died, leaving Liberalism leaderless for the time at least, and South Africa bereaved of one of her most brilliant and courageous sons.

I have written this to show you the long history, the dogged persistence, the deep roots of Afrikaner Nationalism. Its enemies declare it to be anti-English, anti-Jew, antinative, anti-Indian. It declares itself to be solely pro-Afrikaner. You should now be able to follow South African political news with greater understanding.

What kind of news will it be?

There can be no doubt that Afrikaner Nationalism has never been as strong as it is now. There can be no doubt that its struggle for separateness and distinctness has, through its cultural movements and its single-language schools, reached a new high point of success.

If this unity is to be permanent, then we are witnessing a new phase in our history. Our future political history will be the history of the interaction of racial groups, with the English-speaking people in a permanent minority. This minority has had its share of political power in the past, and it has, interestingly enough, always been led by Afrikaners, Botha, Smuts, Hertzog of the coalition, and then Smuts again. What is the next goal of Nationalism?

The Nationalist Party, like all parties, has its extremists and its moderates. The extremists have only one goal, repeatedly stated, namely a republic outside the Commonwealth. One has every reason to suppose that the ultimate goal is the complete Afrikanerization of the union, "one church, one people, one language," and that it will carry out a policy of racial segregation.

The moderate Nationalists, while not averse to such a goal, would not be prepared to reach it unless it came about naturally, "through the broad will of the people." This would probably split their party.

There are three possibilities: one, that Afrikaner unity will prevail, and that Nationalism will not split; two, the split and a coalition of the moderates and the English; three, that the Smuts party will be returned to power. The last is considered remote.

The Prime Minister, Dr. Malan, has

Continued on page 36

JASPER

By Simpkins



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**CANADA PACKERS LIMITED**



*Continued from page 34*

just returned from the Commonwealth Conference, where he reiterated his determination not to force constitutional decisions not based on the "broad will of the people." But a great state of uncertainty prevails in the country.

It will be seen, I think, that the white electorate is still much ruled by the dead hand of the past. But the great problems of the country, its other racial problems, still remain untouched. The constitutional and historical issues obscure the deeper issues.

Many liberal Afrikaners, that is those who are deeply concerned for the welfare of our nonwhite races, vote traditionally Nationalist because they are Afrikaners; many illiberal English-speaking South Africans vote traditionally Smuts because they are English.

There might come a point when the demands of white survival and racial separation would be felt by many Christian Nationalist Afrikaners to be intolerable. But as yet no policy has been presented, and no leader has arisen, which would induce them to desert their traditional allegiances.

Therefore, what is in truth a struggle between fear and conscience appears as a struggle between parties, even between races.

What is happening in truth is this: there is not a race group in South Africa that does not feel insecure and fearful; and the tendency is for like to stick to like, no matter what the issue may be.

There seems little chance that the profound problems of the country will receive proper attention. In all this the black man must play the part of observer; he has not the military strength, the labor organization, the education, the money, to fit him for a more active role. He is represented by three Europeans in the Lower House, and four in the Upper, but the Nationalists wish to abolish even this representation. The black man's resentment and frustration grow.

In the Union we have 2½ millions of white people, roughly three fifths

Afrikaans-speaking, two fifths English-speaking; 8 millions of native Africans; 1 million "colored" people, the descendants of mixed unions; and 250,000 Indians, mostly in Natal.

It is this last group that is most to be pitied. The Indians occupy in South Africa the position that the Jews occupied in Hitler's Europe. They have hardly a champion in the entire country. Recently they were the victims of savage Zulu attacks in Durban, and today live in a state of fear and suspense.

In our pyramidal race society, the African occupies the lowest place; above him are the Indians and the "coloreds"; above them the whites.

Many of our acutest observers think that these riots were the result of the frustration of the lowest stratum, which in its upheaval damaged the one nearest above it. White people were not harmed, but these observers (and I agree with them) consider that this was because white people have power.

Only a fool would dismiss the riots lightly, and suppose them to be nothing more than Zulu reaction to Indian exploitation.

What does the future hold? English-speaking South Africans and their traditional Afrikaner associates go forward with uncertainty and misgivings. Of extreme Nationalism they are all afraid, but even the most liberal among them would welcome a moderate coalition. They are less afraid than they used to be of a republic, but they want to stay in the British Commonwealth.

On the whole they support some policy of white-black racial separation; but they hope that such a policy will offer some hope for advance and some release from frustration to the eight millions of our indigenous peoples.

Will some Afrikaner elements cast longing eyes on the substantial Smuts minority? The South African Ball is on. Will pretty Miss English South Africa sit disconsolately against the wall, or will some enterprising Afrikaner seek her for a partner?

On the answer to this question our immediate future depends. ★

**This Is Impossible**

*Continued from page 24*

age-old Hollywood custom of getting free publicity by changing titles. Eight times he switched titles on his piece of Latin-American buffoonery, "Romantic Rhumbolia." It was tagged with "The Story Behind the Murphy Bed," "Move Over, Lassie" and, during the Ingrid Bergman-Roberto Rosellini meeting on that Italian island, "Romantic Strombolia."

When one of the Impossible artists dropped a match into a wastebasket and started a minor blaze, Levinson rushed out a story saying, "Fire swept the studios of Impossible Pictures last night, inflicting damage estimated to be as high as \$4.75. Most of the harm was caused by firemen squirting water on a painting. However, this wasn't serious, as the artist was working on an ocean scene at the time."

Once he climaxed a series of daily releases with the frank one-liner, "Nothing happened today." Editors were delighted and the wire services sent the story out.

Levinson's tongue-in-cheek attitude toward Hollywood didn't begin overnight. Back when he was a radio writer (for Fibber McGee and Molly and The Great Gildersleeve), he co-authored the Left-Handed Dictionary. It contained such definitions as "Producer—a man who won't take no for

an answer," or "a man who knows what he wants but can't spell it."

He had had a lively career as a San Francisco newspaperman before he became a successful radio writer. And although it was fun for a while, when his bank account showed a balance sufficient to assure his wife and small daughter three meals a day for a while, he quit.

The first man he talked to about his cartoon idea became his angel. David Flexer, owner of a chain of drive-in theatres in Tennessee and Mississippi, had known Levinson in New York during the war. Flexer was in California in the spring of 1947. The gag man outlined his "Jerky Journeys" idea and in a week they were forming a corporation.

Levinson opened an office so small "you have to go outside to change your mind." He mounted his pencil sharpener outside on the window sill. He hired artists employed by well-known cartoon factories to do his animation work evenings and week ends—in their own homes.

Aside from what he saved in overhead, Levinson lopped two thirds off the normal cartoon budget of \$35,000 by cutting animation to a minimum. The normal cartoon with continuous animation will use as many as 50,000 separate drawings. Covering up the lack of movement with a gag-riddled commentary and some new camera

*Continued on page 39*

Continued from page 36  
tricks, the Impossible man gets away with as few as 350.

He makes an animator out of his camera. For example, it rocks to convey the motion of a storm-tossed ship. It recedes, then rushes forward for a closeup.

In "Romantic Rhumbolia" the camera gives a feeling of movement by passing over a stationary mural. The effect is that of a stroll down the Avenida Perfecto during siesta. You see the townsfolk sprawled on the cobblestones in various attitudes of repose. Then the camera pauses over one particularly slumbrous individual and the narrator announces, "This is Pedro, father of his country." The camera sight is lifted, showing a multitude of children reaching out to the horizon.

Levinson is fond of the literal gag, or what might be called the visual pun. The explorer in "Bungle in the Jungle" is Dr. Livingstone I. Presume, who has a "raft of friends." He is shown floating down a river on a raft composed of human beings.

Levinson has a mind which works horizontally, vertically and in reverse. One of his characters is Nisatra, which is "Sinatra spelled sideways." His cartoon, "The Three Minnies: Sota, Tonka and Haha," is a take-off on "Hiawatha." The chief character is Wathahia, so called because he is a backward Indian.

Few of the standard cartoons stay far from the barnyard. Levinson, believing in being loyal to his own kind, prefers to use people as his chief characters. (He's a man who likes people individually but has his doubts about the world as a whole. "Created in six days," he says, "and looks like it.")

Impossible's first picture was produced entirely on speculation. The company had no assurance of a distribution contract. Levinson felt it would be easier to make a picture and show it to the large distributors than to attempt to describe what he was driving at. And so, farming out the work in a manner reminiscent of the old days of the artisans, Impossible made a "Jerky Journey" in one fifth of the six months it takes the usual short manufacturer.

Then came the night of the first preview, "I must admit I was a little nervous," Levinson recalls. "But they loved us in Long Beach. The ordinary cartoon is lucky to get 20 laughs. We clocked 37. There was no doubt about this, because we did something else that was new. We took a tape recorder with us and charted the audience reaction. We had purposely made the picture too long. Now we edited out the slow spots, keeping only the top gags.

#### The "Invoice of Experience"

"Soon I was off for New York with a can of film on my knee, ready to accept the highest bid. I never spent a more miserable month in my life.

"Either we couldn't get the producers to see the picture before an audience—they insisted on being the sole judges in a lonely little projection room—or we encountered people like 20th Century-Fox who were enthusiastic but found they were tied up by ironclad contracts to other cartoon producers.

"As I got ready to leave New York one cold December day, Herbert Yates, president of Republic, arrived from California and I got him to see the picture. When the lights came on, he said, 'Well, what do you want me to do?' I said, 'I want you to handle the distribution.' He said, 'Okay,

we'll make a deal. Meet me back in my West Coast office January 5.'

"This studio is half a mile from where I live and we each had to travel 3,000 miles to make a date that was five minutes from home."

Levinson's troubles weren't over. "It took the 'legalites' five months to write that contract," he says. "It runs 47 pages. It takes longer to read than it would for you to see all the pictures put together."

The lawyers were finally satisfied, but Levinson still finds the procedures of business irksome. "There's the matter of invoice numbers," he complains. "Anytime we buy anything, even if we pay cash, they want an invoice number. Well, we give them the same number over and over. Number One. We call it the Invoice of Experience."

Always on the lookout for inspiration Levinson was looking out of his window one day at the smog-heavy Hollywood skies (he calls Los Angeles "Pittsburgh with oranges"), when an idea hit him.

"We'll make a picture without film," he cried to the pigeons loitering around his pencil sharpener. "We'll call it 'Foggy London.'"

And this apparently impossible feat is now on the Impossible schedule. The idea is to open the short with a shot of Big Ben, while the narrator's voice invites the audience to come along on a tour of London. Just then the fog rolls in, obliterating everything.

#### "Behind the Green Curtain"

The narrator barges ahead, telling the audience that the cameraman was instructed to film London in six weeks regardless of obstacles. It happened that it was foggy all that time but the cameraman, true to the traditions of Impossible Pictures, kept shooting.

The narrator tells the theatre projectionist he might as well turn off his machine because the rest of the picture is all the same.

A voice identified as that of the theatre manager bursts in: "What kind of a picture is this, anyway?"

The narrator admits it isn't much of a picture but adds that it affords a good opportunity to sell candy and popcorn in the lobby.

The manager objects again and the narrator sneers, "What's wrong with your popcorn?"

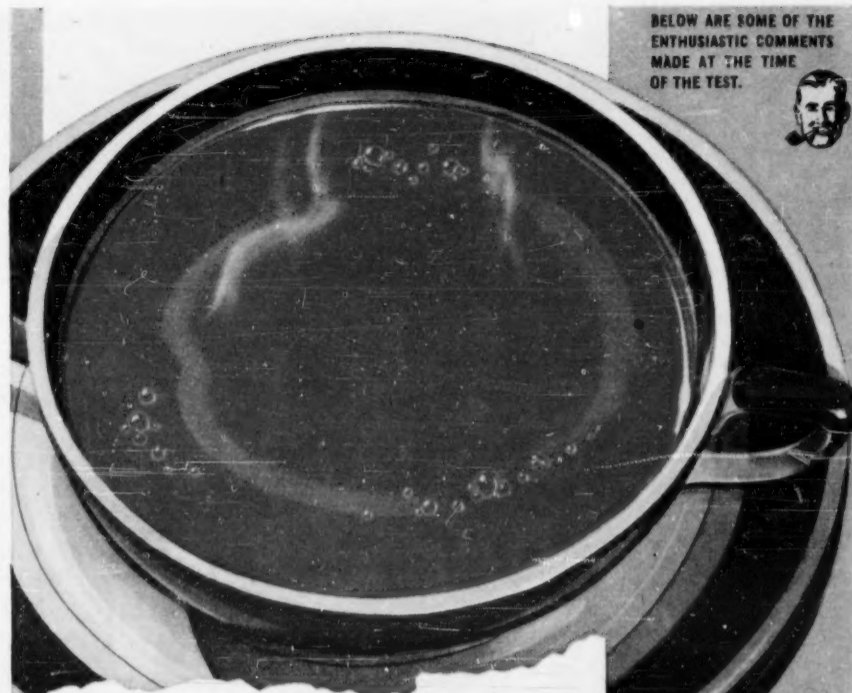
This prompts the manager to come to the defense of his wares with a spirited sales talk.

The idea, it should be clear by now, is that such shorts will replace the conventional intermission and stimulate the sale of popcorn. (Unless the patrons become so fascinated they refuse to go out into the lobby to buy.) And remember that candy and popcorn concessions account for 30 to 40% of the net profit in many a movie house. Levinson plans other unseeable pictures like "North of the North Pole"; "Impenetrable Jungle," or "Behind the Green Curtain," an all-green picture; "Inside a Coal Mine at Midnight," all black; and "Jonah and the Whale," or "The Inside Story."

This approach of Levinson's to final negation may be a subconscious symbol of his rebellion against the usual slick Hollywood product. He blames it on a frustration caused by a lack of the kind of heavy money which would allow him to try out his ideas on a big scale.

One of the things Levinson would like to do is produce a full-length cartoon feature on his cut-rate budget. The script is already more than half formed in his mind. He wants to translate detective comic strips, like Dick Tracy, into cartoons.

Don't say that it's impossible. ★



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"better  
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ful stream of electrically charged particles; the torn and broken remnants of atoms stripped to pieces in the fearful atomic furnace that lies in the heart of the sun. Each sunspot is like a firehose, pouring a concentrated jet of charged particles out into space, and, in due course, drenching whatever happens to get in the way of the stream with tiny electric charges.

As far as we're concerned the most important thing that gets in the way is the earth. So every time we see a sunspot, we can be sure that we are getting from it a shower of charged particles, and the bigger the sunspot, the bigger the shower.

All this led a Norwegian scientist named Christian Birkeland to do some curious experiments. He knew that when an electric current, or a stream of charged particles, is passed through a gas it gives off a mysterious glowing light. This light can be analyzed to identify the gas. This, in fact, is the principle on which neon signs work.

Birkeland thought about these gases that glowed when charged particles passed through them. Then he made an odd little model which at first sight seemed to have nothing to do with the glowing-gas question.

It consisted of a hollow metal ball with an electromagnet hidden inside it. The surface of the ball was covered with fluorescent paint. Birkeland placed it in a broad stream of charged particles produced by an electrical machine. All the lights were turned out, and in the dark, the half of the ball in the direction of the beam glowed with greenish fluorescence.

#### The Pull of the Poles

Then Birkeland switched on the electromagnet hidden inside the ball. At once, a magnetic field, like that of the earth was set up. While the observers watched, the green glow faded from the front of the ball and concentrated into glowing spots above the poles of the hidden magnet. The magnet was bending the stream of charged particles; so much so, that even when Birkeland shifted one of the magnetic poles well into the dark half of the ball, the beam of particles bent round and still made the surface glow.

The experiment had worked. For Birkeland's model had just shown that a stream of charged particles nearing the earth would be deflected by the earth's magnetic field and would concentrate into two patches, one over each magnetic pole.

The magnetic poles are the places to which the magnetic compass points, one in the northern hemisphere, one in the southern. The north magnetic pole actually lies in Arctic Canada, about 1,000 miles from the geographic pole.

It followed from this experiment, and from the fact that gases glow when a stream of charged particles pass through them, that the streams of sunspot particles must be concentrated near the magnetic poles; and that as they pour through the upper atmosphere, they should make the thin air glow. In other words, there should be such a thing as the aurora, and it should appear exactly where it does and how it does, more frequently in a big sunspot year, near the magnetic poles, and consequently better seen in the western hemisphere.

All this is confirmed by observation. In fact, when the green light of the aurora is analyzed it turns out to be produced by nothing else but air. The aurora is the glow of an electrical discharge in the upper atmosphere, produced by the streams of charged particles poured out by sunspots.

For 30 years Birkeland, and an-

other Norwegian scientist named Carl Störmer carried out their research. Altogether they took 32,000 photographs of the Northern Lights. Every one of their theoretical points was proved up to the hilt.

They were even able to measure the average height of the auroral glow above the ground. It's usually 60 to 70 miles high—12 times as high as Mount Everest. Sometimes, it's a little higher, but it's never lower than 30 miles. At 30 miles, it seems, the air

gets too thick for the charged particles to penetrate so that's as far as they go.

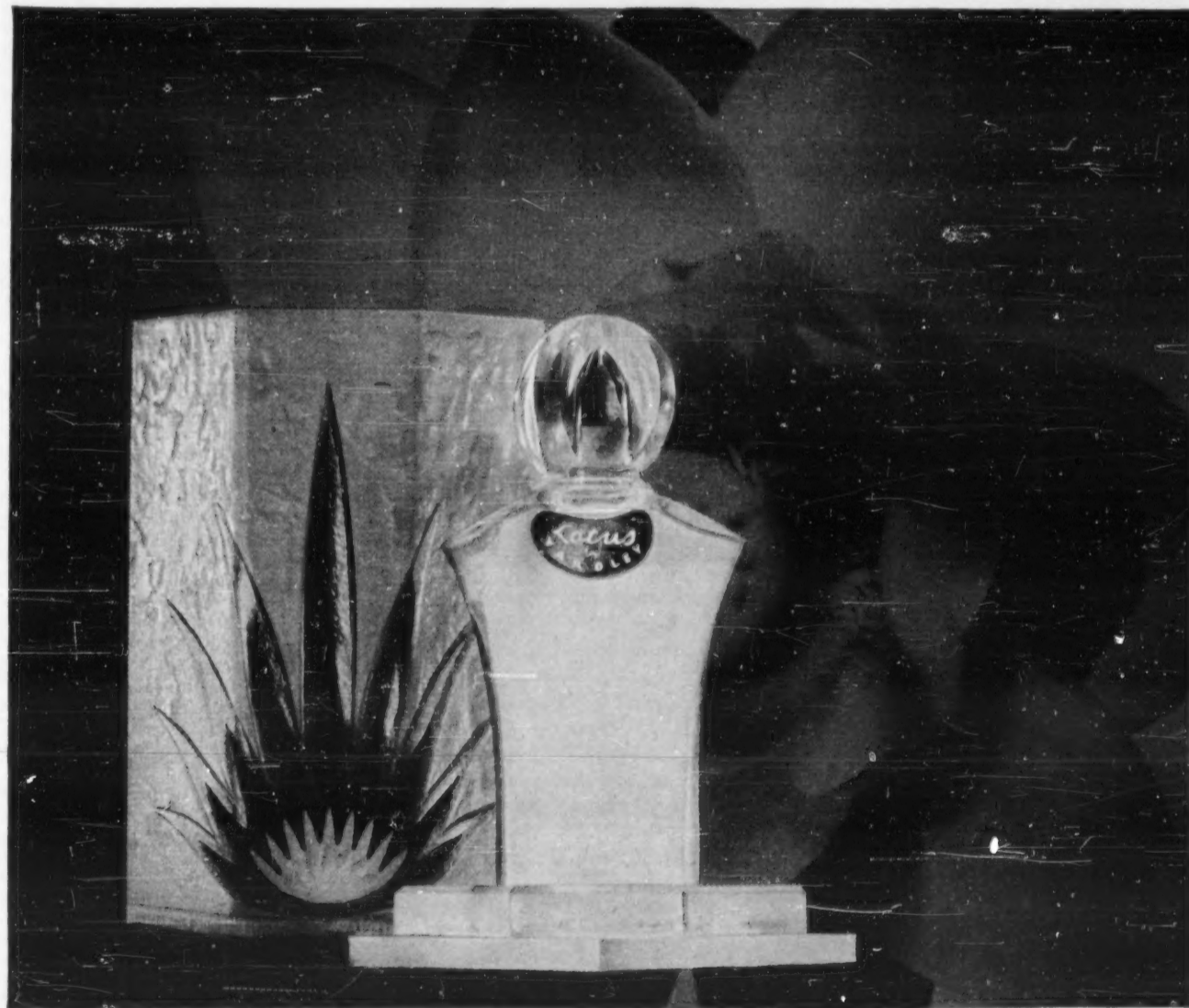
Another interesting fact Birkeland and Störmer turned up was that the brightest auroral displays usually follow a big sunspot group by about one day; so that must be the time it takes the charged particles to reach us from the sun. Since the sun is 93 million miles away, this means the particles are traveling at 1,000 miles a second when they strike the earth, or about 3,000 times as fast as a V-2.

Perhaps in a way the explanation of the mystery is stranger than the mystery itself. No amount of scientific explanation can take away the magic of the Northern Lights. The other theories fade away: the signaling spies, the reflection of the sunset and all the rest of it.

The strangest explanation of all is the simple truth: that the strange cold lights of the northern sky are the glowing signatures of sunspots 93 million miles away. ★

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Spread slices of bread thinly with mustard, wrap around Maple Leaf Wieners, fasten with toothpick. Use pickled onion as shown in picture for decoration. Bake at 425°F. until bread is toasted.



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## How They Solved the Northern Lights Mystery

Continued from page 17

But the aurora has been puzzling people for centuries. In ancient times there were reports of mysterious visions and dreadful pageants appearing in the sky. In "Julius Caesar," Shakespeare, following his historical sources, describes some of the things allegedly seen in the sky the night before Caesar died:

*Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,  
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,  
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol.*

Right up to the 16th century the same sort of thing seemed to go on. Every so often people would see the banners and lances of mysterious armies marching around in the sky. They usually said it was a prophecy of war, and they were usually right.

Nowadays this particular kind of show seems to have dropped off. The mysterious armies seem to have quietly turned into the mysterious aurora. However, there was a revival during World War II.

There was a small, but determined, contingent who phoned regularly every time there was a big aurora display to say that Nazi spies were signaling to each other with flashing lights, and what was the RCMP going to do about it?

It wasn't always just signaling, of course. Sometimes those Nazi spies were shining searchlights around up in the north to help hostile aircraft find their way.

Nowadays the searchlights are Communist instead of Nazi, but the cause is still the same old aurora, which does sometimes look like the sweeping to and fro of a battery of searchlights.

Yet another common story is the idea that the aurora makes a noise. Any old prospector will tell you that he passes the long winter nights up north listening to the sound of the aurora which, he claims, makes a faint crackling sound, like somebody combing a Persian cat. Persistent as this one is, it seems to be like the Indian rope trick: when you try to follow it up, you get nowhere.

Certainly no scientists have yet heard the aurora crackling. They certainly wouldn't be able to explain it very easily if they did, so perhaps it's as well that the supposed sound is one of those things that we must wait and see about.

But if you don't let your imagination run away with you, there's no doubt that the endless march of the Northern Lights has a strange fascination if you're alone in the woods.

Hour after hour the "fire men" dance as the Scottish Highlanders put it. Sometimes the color's pearly white. More often it's tinted red, or a peculiar shade of green; and by the way, this characteristic green is one of the things that helped give away the aurora's secret.

Sometimes it forms nests or arches, one within another, like two or three dozen rainbows. Then, in a moment, all changes, and great luminous spokes are radiating from the horizon, turning slowly and majestically through the midnight sky like the calm rotation of some mighty paddle wheel. (And the old lady worried about spies is phoning the RCMP.)

Then it all breaks up and, for a minute or two, the sky may be flecked with streaks of light, like little bright clouds in moonlight.

If you're lucky, it may suddenly take the most striking and spectacular of all auroral shapes: the appearance of a great pale gleaming curtain made of some heavy luminous material hung in the northern sky. And across this shimmering curtain of light slow waves of shadow seem to pass, as if the curtain is being shaken by a giant hand.

In the southern hemisphere, too, there is an aurora. While Canadians are watching the Northern Lights, the Aurora Borealis, the people of Australia and New Zealand are watching the Southern Lights, the Aurora Australis; for the aurora can be seen near either pole.

It's easier in the north because there the land crowds nearer to the pole. It's also true that the aurora is seen more often, and better, in the western hemisphere. Indeed, Canada is perhaps the best place in the world from which to see it. And this, too, is one of the things that any theory of the aurora has to explain.

The explanation of the Northern Lights begins with the sun. Every so often, the sun's surface is covered with black spots. Sometimes they're so large you can see them with the naked eye if you look through a thick piece of dark glass.

It turns out that these sunspots are actually holes, eddies and whirlpools in the ocean of fire that covers the surface of the sun. In reality they're very bright, even though they look black. They're only dark by contrast, just as a television screen looks dark beside a searchlight.

Sunspots vary in frequency. Some years there are many more than others; this year and last year they were plentiful. This had been predicted.

Records kept since 1750 show that sunspots run in cycles. Every nine to 11 years the numbers greatly increase. Since 1750, 20 waves of activity have been recorded, the 20th falling due this year and last. Not all these sunspot waves have been equally big; for instance, in 1928 the wave was comparatively small, but in 1870 it was very large, and the wave we are now in is also a large one.

### The Earth Gets in the Way

But sunspot records were only the beginning. Soon people found that a number of natural phenomena occurred in waves and that these waves agree exactly with the sunspot cycle. For instance, the height of the water in Lake Victoria Nyanza, in the heart of Africa, fluctuates with the sunspot cycle. According to the records of the Hudson's Bay Company, the number of pelts of rabbit, fox and lynx shows just the same nine-to-11-year fluctuation.

Even revolutionary movements seem to be tied up with the sunspot cycle. The American Revolution, the French Revolutions of 1789 and 1848, and the Russian Revolutions of 1904 and 1917 all fell on years when the sunspot wave was at its height.

Most important of all, scientists noticed that whenever the sunspots came thick and fast, magnetic compasses acted up; long-range radio reception was more than usually uneven and exasperating; and every night the aurora blazed brightly in the sky. The coincidence was exact. For example, on February 7, 1946, the appearance of the biggest sunspot yet coincided with a marvellous outburst of the Northern Lights.

Obviously there was a tie-in between magnetic storms, the aurora and the sunspots, and once the hint was given it wasn't long before scientific detectives solved the mystery.

It turns out that from every sunspot there streams an intensely power-



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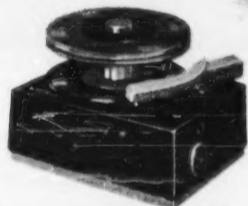


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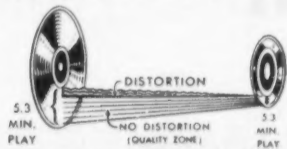
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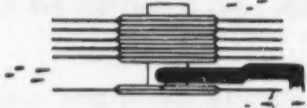
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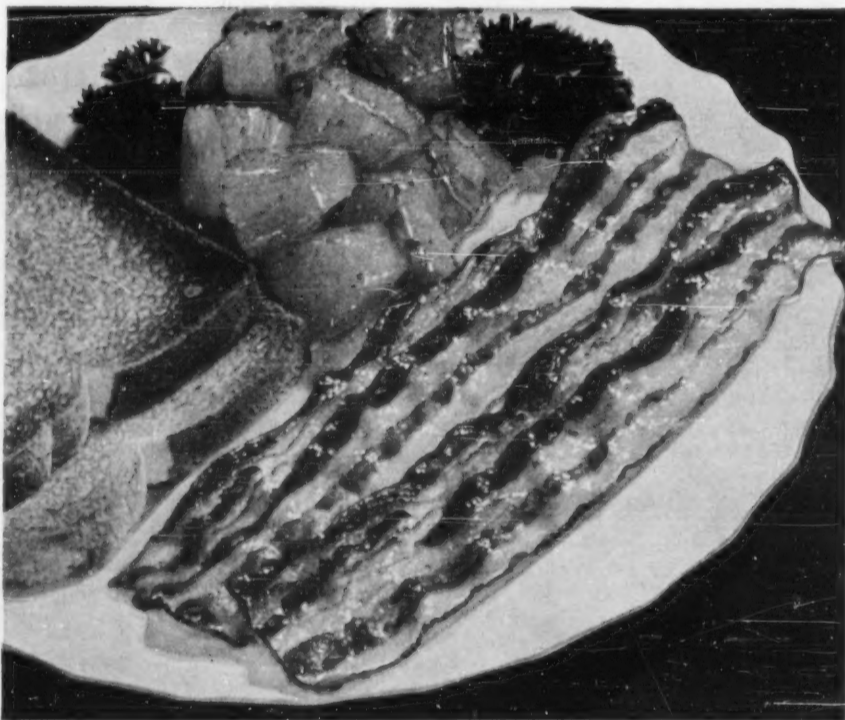


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**YOU'RE GETTING YOUR FAMILY OFF TO  
A GOOD START** when you serve bacon for breakfast.

For nutritionists say breakfast is the day's most neglected meal, and bacon—zesty *Swift's Premium* Bacon—has the “come on” that wakes up morning appetites, plus rich, needed nourishment.



**FAILURE-PROOF COOKING!** Place Swift's Premium Bacon in cold frying pan; do not overcrowd. Cook slowly; turn often; drain on absorbent paper. (Canned pineapple chunks fried in bacon fat taste grand with it.) So matchless is Swift's Premium sweet smoke taste, so mild and yet so zesty, that Canada actually prefers this famous bacon to all other leading brands combined!



## Swift's Premium Bacon

with the sweet smoke taste!

## School and Me

Continued from page 30

three maps—so chapped with age that the reinforcement of gingham soaked in flour paste on their backs made the whole world look like a huge delta.

There were no samples of precocious kindergarten art on the windowpanes then. (It seems to me we never drew anything but *pears*, and crayons were unknown anyway.) We did with a picture of the reigning king and a feed calendar.

What did we learn? Well, in grammar we learned that “the subject is what we’re . . . ? talking about” (the teacher would give us a start and everyone would chorus the ending); “the predicate is what we . . . ? say about the subject”; “the object answers the question . . . ? who or what.” Not that a very little inversion of sentence structure wouldn’t trip us up. In “O for the touch of a vanished hand!” “O” was nominated for subject every time. Whereas “analyzing” that sentence (along with the cost of papering a room) even the teacher flinched at.

In literature, we learned poetry as well as prose, but I’m afraid the poetry remained pretty obscure—even after we’d looked up the long words and written their meanings over the top. “Like a feather is wafted downward by an eagle in its flight,” doesn’t gain much by becoming, as it did in an old Reader of mine, “Like a feather is ‘to convey effortlessly through air or water’ downward by an eagle in its ‘act or manner of hasty departure.’”

The only poem we really went for was the one beginning, “A wind came up from the Pernambuco . . .”. That word *Per-nam-bu-ko* really sent us. It was like “*Noch nicht*” (“notch nitched,” according to the teachers), or the arch tickler of all, “*Popocatapetl*.” These were the sort of bywords in all our conversation. “Hi, Stan, how’s your *Popocatapetl*?” Convulsive laughter.

### The Tudor Time Was Swell

In geography we learned that the world is round, because if you “sailed constantly in the same direction . . .,” or was it if you “dropped something from a high tower . . .?” But no one really swallowed that.

We could rattle off the capitals of Europe without thinking. Spain? Madrid. France? Paris. Bulgaria? Sofia. (Sophia who? ha ha.) We learned that England has a temperate climate and exports? cutlery; that India lies on the Equator and exports? precious stones; that Asia is inhabited by? Mongols and uses the yak as a? beast of burden. “Hi, Stan, how’s your yak?”

History was our favorite subject. We learned that everyone was cruel in olden times—waging war, smothering little boys, setting out on expeditions, and burning off someone’s hand for “recanting.” (Recanting. That must be one of those *secret* words like “fornication” and “adultery” in the scripture readings. If you looked up “fornication” in the dictionary it said “adultery” and if you looked up “adultery” it said “fornication.”)

History wasn’t so hot up to Henry VIII—only Richards and Edwards succeeding each other—Henry, of course, had six wives, including Katharine - Parr - Who - Outlived - Him. In fact the Tudor period was swell right through. With Elizabeth sailing against the Spanish Armayda, and all that gory cut-and-come-again in the Tower.

We remembered Mary because she had a “callous” on her heart, and

Cromwell because he had a wart on his nose, and Anne because she had twenty - children - all - of - which - died - in - infancy.

On the other hand we merely exchanged smirks when the teacher mentioned the Rump Parliament; we always confused the Reformation with the Gunpowder Plot; and the Industrial Revolution held nothing significant for us but the spinning jenny. “Hi, Stan, how’s your spinning jenny?”

### Shirttails for Slates

In mathematics we learned how to arrive at an H.C.F. or an L.C.M., even if we weren’t quite sure which was which after we got it; when to “set the decimal over”; how much change to bring back if eggs were selling at 15c per doz.; how to “express” £5 12s in terms of pence; and that A rather than B, and definitely rather than C, was the guy to hire to paint a house. To say nothing of the exotic information gleaned from the backs of our “Big Beaver” scribbles. That they weighed with grams in Troy (was that where they had the wooden horse?); that a stone was 14 lbs.; an ell 49 ins.; and that 5½ yds. was, of all things, a perch!

Standard equipment for mathematics was a slate, a slate pencil, a slate rag, and two vanilla bottles for water—one a spare in case we forgot to empty the water overnight and it froze. Shirttails were favored for slate rags by the children themselves. But for reasons of maternal pride we were usually issued a swatch of the starchiest apron remnant in the house.

If we got stuck on a problem we multiplied everything in sight by 4.86 or 3.1417. If that didn’t help, we had to give up.

Of course what the “D”s and “C”s (that is, Grades 9 and 10) learned was right out of this world. We touched their compasses and protractors with as gingerly a reverence as if they were Geiger counters. The things we overheard were transparently preposterous—how could *x* plus *y*, two letters, be the number of days it took to build a house?

The teacher’s laboratory equipment, a test tube and a little ball of sodium, fascinated us. She’d put the sodium in the washbasin of water and say that “hydrogen was escaping,” although you couldn’t see a thing.

It was wonderful . . . for a while. Finally the Trustees put a stop to such dangerous business, with all those young children there!

There was no French, but the visiting rector (educated at Oxford incidentally) taught one of the boys Latin. He told us that Latin people called a table a mensa. “Put the dishes on the mensa.” Imagine!

Except in arithmetic our exams consisted of a set of questions, each beginning, “Write a note on . . .”. The arithmetic questions were simply copied on the blackboard straight from the book. Do you remember the day the teacher made a mistake and asked us to express one third as a decimal and App was still adding naughts and dividing like mad when the bell rang?

No one worried the least bit about exams. You knew you’d grade no matter what you put down, public feeling against failing anyone was so strong. Most of us dropped out, however, before we got too far beyond where we belonged. Defection would start with excuses, “Please let Lennie home at noon to help drop potatoes,” and wind up with the philosophy, “What good is education to a boy?”

Grading everyone was one of the earmarks of a good teacher. The other

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two were: She was "strict"; and if the boy where she boarded tried to go with her, she went with him. Violation of these unwritten rules meant that she wouldn't be asked for another term.

This business of ask or be asked was quite a proposition. If a teacher had to "apply" it was a sort of humiliation. Sometimes as late as June people were still saying, "Maybe she don't want the school, but I think they ought to ask her, they're makin' a fool of the girl." If the girl *did* swallow her pride and ask, a definite verdict was still a long way off.

The secretary was no help. He only functioned five times a year. Quarterly, when he made a drive on delinquent taxpayers to meet her salary (saddest casualty: the boy whose stipend for making fires had to "go on his father's rates"); and on the night of the lantern-lit school meeting when he pumped, unsuccessfully, to have them vote \$25 for repairs.

If she asked him he'd say, "It's all up to the Trustees." If she asked Trustee Sam he'd go right on paring his apple with a jackknife and say, "It's all right with me if it's all right with Bill." Bill would say, "It's all right with me, if it's all right with Sam." And so on. It's a wonder we ever had a teacher at all.

Naturally, a local girl must under no circumstances apply for the schoolmarm's post—even for a first term. She could let it be known, by tactful grapevine, that she was available; but if the Trustees passed her up for "that thing from West Pubnico the inspector recommended," she must suffer the snub in inviolate silence.

Perhaps the commonest criticism of a teacher was that "she put all her time on the higher grades." That is, the "D"s and "C"s who had to write the Provincial Tests in town.

She didn't actually—and yet there was something clannish between her and the "C"s that the rest of us didn't

share. When she heard their lessons she sat on the top of an empty desk facing them, or squeezed in alongside.

There was a sense of conspiracy in their brazen plotting of every conceivable ruse to trick the examiner. "C"s were told to write *something* about everything, whether they knew what they were talking about or not. (I once described the Renaissance as "one of the greatest battles ever fought, both sides advancing and retreating, and the ground covered with slain.") And "C"s were enjoined, no matter what, to leave the last sentence of their answers incomplete and write "Not sufficient time to finish" at the bottom of the page.

The week the "C"s went to write was the Week of the Year. Gingham were shed and caps put away. I was, I remember, in a reefer suit of brown corduroy, matching brown stockings and sneakers, and a brand-new snap-brim straw hat the likes of which I've never seen before or since. And you should have seen the girls—with the semitransparent organdie, and the black velvet ribbon run through the necks of their camisoles.

#### When the Inspector Grinned

Or perhaps, on second thought, the Week of the Year was the week they "heard." If the "top wasn't torn off" their papers (that is, the scrolly part proclaiming it a high school PASS certificate) a shout went relaying from hayfield to hayfield, and the "licenses" were brandished aloft in the Postoffice doorway until the aprons of running women filled the August air like a swarming of butterflies. If one were torn off, "a gloom was cast over the whole community."

There was nothing comparable to the disgrace of a failed "C" save that of the teacher whose "Returns" (after three days and nights of blood, sweat, and tears over the Average Daily Attendance section) came back from the inspector incorrect. Even Grade One "felt for her."

On one other occasion the barrier of discipline disappeared altogether between teacher and student. The day the inspector called. The *new* inspector, that is. The old one used to tether his nag to a ring in the clapboard, doze a few minutes by the stove, "sign the Register," and then beat it without asking a question. But his successor was prying as a new broom, with a terrifying reputation for inducing hysterics in greenhorns.

The schoolhouse was swept twice on danger days, the stove got a coat of "Rising Sun" stove polish, the molasses bottles were taken off the window sills, and every one of us sported a clean blouse.

Each grade always had a "lesson" prepared in advance. The only hitch, this boy called his own shots—he'd ask for Grade 7 arithmetic, when they'd been rehearsed for the War of the Roses. Do you remember he asked Bill the sum of  $1\frac{1}{2}$  and  $2\frac{3}{4}$ , and Bill said, "That'd be about 8"?

After the inspector had gone, order was blown sky high. "Dick, what was it he said when you said . . . ?" "I *knew* it, Miss Morehouse, but I couldn't think." "I saw him grin. He grinned twice."

I have emphasized the more pedestrian aspects of our education but that's not to say the Arts were neglected. We had Music. No coy confetti like, "Lazy Willie, will you get up," though. We sang rugged stuff like "Jim Blake your wife lies dying, Come over the wires tonight . . ." with the teacher taking "top line." (Due to the colloquial grammar we had visions of an inconsolable Jim speeding along

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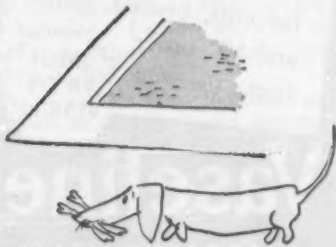
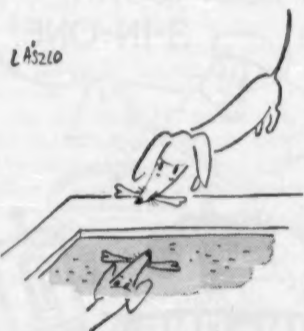
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## Spinnaker Spinster

Continued from page 20

"There's nothing wrong with Eloise," I told him a little testily, "that work won't fix. It's Dotty I'm talking about. Some women take to boats like ducks to marshland. Others don't. They hate 'em. I have an idea Dotty—"

Jim said stiffly, "You're wrong. Dotty will love it. It's just that—that—"

I sighed. "Okay," I said, and reached for a pen. Well, I'd tried. And I actually hadn't lost anything on the sale. Not much, anyway. A dollar or two. I could make it up on that mooring line for the fifty-footer.

I gave the two of them an idea of what had to be done. A little calking, copper paint on the bottom. Jim was as happy as a broker with a bonus. "If we get right at it," he told Dotty eagerly, "we can have her in the water by tomorrow. Right, Pop?"

"Right," I said cautiously. "She may leak a little, though. She's been on the dock for several months. She'll take a while to soak up."

A small frown puckered Dotty's nose. "Don't forget, Jimmy, we're invited to the Oakley's party tomorrow night."

"Oh, that," Jim said. "That isn't till eight o'clock. We'll have Eloise in the water and tied up long before then."

I said, "Sure," also cautiously, and left.

**THE NEXT** day I was real busy. I didn't see Jim till around noon. He was wearing stained khakis, broken-toed sneakers and a happy grin. There was as much copper paint on him as there was on Eloise. "Have her in the water in a couple hours," he told me.

I said, "Fine. Where's Dotty? She going to be here for the launching?"

His grin faded. "She's getting ready for the party. Bunch of stuffed shirts, Pop. Bridge, dancing, yakety-yak."

"Well," I said, "there's nothing wrong with bridge, or dancing. Safe, too, and—" A cruiser owner was at the gas float, leaning on the siren for service. I left.

By the time I'd finished my chores for the day it was nearly eight o'clock. The phone was ringing as I entered the office. I said, "Yacht harbor. Maguire."

It was Dotty. She sounded scared, or mad, maybe both. She said, "Pop, where's Jim?"

I had forgotten about Jim. Knowing Eloise I could guess where he was, but I didn't tell her that. I said instead, "Hold the phone." I got a syphon hose from the locker and went out onto the dock.

Jim was where I thought he'd be. He was on hands and knees in Eloise's cockpit, bailing, cold harbor water half-way to his hip pockets. Eloise was afloat, barely. There was a stricken look bracketing Jim's eyes, like a father whose first born is hovering between life and death. "Pop," he said hoarsely, "she's gonna sink."

I hooked up the syphon, put the suction end in the cockpit. It just about held its own with the water seeping in through Eloise's dried-out seams. "By morning," I said, "she'll be okay. There's nothing to worry about. Dotty's on the phone."

We walked back to the office and I sat down at the desk and listened to Jim. Dotty too. I could hear her as plain as if she was in the room. She was that mad, now that she'd learned Jim was safe.

"But, darling," Jim said. "It's not that I planned to spoil the party."

Eloise was—well, in her condition I just couldn't leave."

Dotty's voice was as cold as channel water in mid-November. "You're not spoiling the party," she assured him pleasantly, "because I'm going with someone else. There are lots of men who will be glad to take me—now that we are no longer engaged. Men who think that I am more important than an old boat!" There was a loud and emphatic bang.

Jim stood there listening to the dial tone as if it was the drone of death. He looked wilted and puzzled and stubborn all at once.

I said, "Look, Jim. You're going about this thing all wrong. The way I see it, you've got to start together from scratch. Work together, sail together. Share responsibilities. None of this skipper and crew stuff. Co-captains, kind of. First thing you know, she'll be as enthusiastic as you are. Get it?"

Jim got it. I said, "Now you leave Eloise to me. I'll have her all ready to go by next Sunday. You work on Dotty. Be down here early, before the breeze gets too strong."

**THEY** were there Sunday, early. And Dotty was a picture. She was wearing three bandanas—one around her hair. Nice. Trouble is, the bay isn't nice. It's rough and tough, and sometimes downright nasty. And Eloise was only an eighteen-footer.

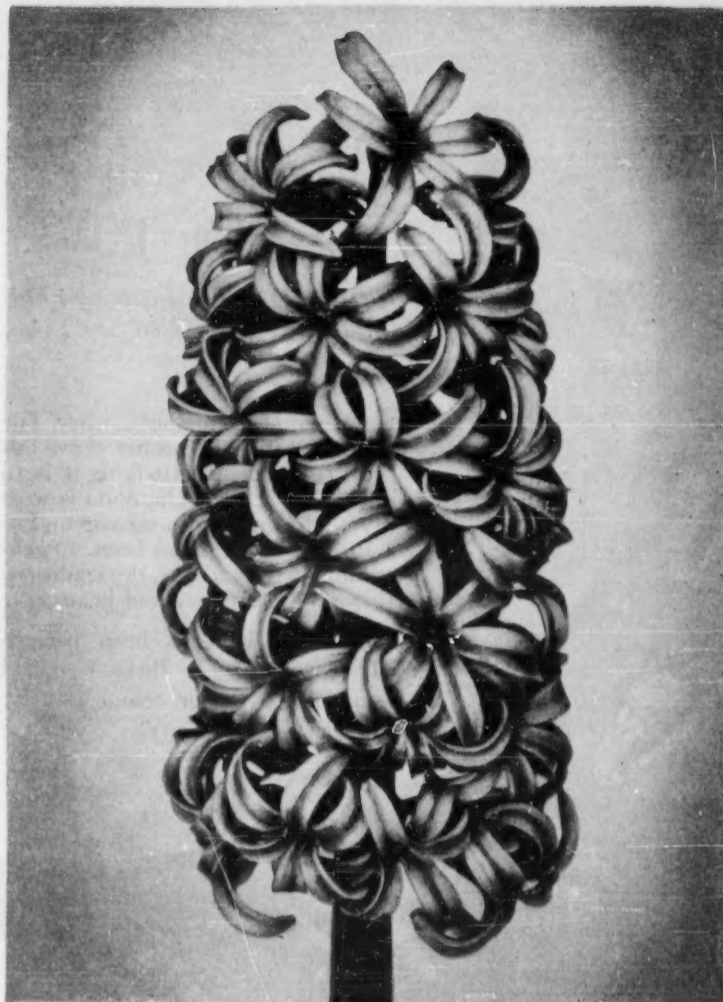
But things went very smoothly, considering. The breeze remained light, for a wonder, and the sun stayed warm. Altogether it was a very pleasant and successful morning and led to a lot more. They were down at the harbor every week end, first Dotty handling Eloise, then Jim, learning together. Co-captains. I was proud of them, and of myself for thinking of the idea.

Jim was a natural. Before long he was showing Eloise's wake to a lot of better boats. Dotty did all right, too. She'd given up the bandanas and taken to woolies and baggy blues and waterproofs. She looked salty and she was. That's one thing about sailing. All you really need is a good sense of judgment and timing—and confidence. Dotty had all of them, except maybe the confidence. For example, she never would tackle the docking job by herself. But as Jim told me one day, all she needed was a little urging. He was just waiting for an opportunity. I nodded approvingly. All in all it was working out very nicely. The three of them seemed quite happy together, Dotty, Jim and Eloise. Between week ends, of course, plans went forward for an August wedding. I beamed.

The opportunity Jim had been waiting for arrived one raw blustery day in June, though I don't think he had planned it. It just happened—the way things will on sailboats. The summer westerly was funneling in through the heads. It was funneling in but good. It was a day when little boats like Eloise had no business on the bay at all, and I didn't even know she had gone out till I looked up and saw her snoring past the breakwater.

I might add that along about then it took something unusual to make me look up. I was recanvassing the deck of a fast little sloop I'd picked up for a song the week before. Her name was Wisp and she had beautiful lines that cut down the bay chop like it was so much stagnant water. She went to windward like a Lipton defender. She was a sweetheart.

But she'd scared the white flannels off a local yachtsman, so-called, and he'd wanted to dump her quick and buy something that wouldn't wet his pants. I had suggested a cabin cruiser—one with a built-in bar—and offered him fifteen hundred for Wisp. He'd



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the wires in something like a ski lift.) We sang another wonderful ditty whose title escapes me, but whose most vivid lines, at the part where a jilted sweetheart hangs herself, still cling: "He took his knife and he cut her down, And in her bosom these words he found..."

And do you remember those duets in the Christmas concert with the convulsing allusions to local couples who were about to be married?

Our reading was as rugged as our music. The teacher, bless her, read us whatever she was reading. We had all of Zane Grey, right from "Wildfire" to "Betty Zane." We had Rider Haggard's "She." (No rabbit she!) And we had a wonderful yarn called "Flames in the Wind," which opened, "My God! Oh My God!"—although the teacher diluted this to "My Goodness, Oh My Goodness."

In the realm of current events discussion centred largely on such matters as whether Mrs. Gillis would lose the Postoffice if the Government went over; and whether Tom Todd was going to sell that heifer he just led by, or whether she had, as the line in Grade 7's Reader so daringly put it, "an engagement with the bull."

What kind of children were we? For the most part we were strangely adult. Tom Sawyer gave us a pain. We weren't cut-ups or bullies. There was no "Stinker" or "Butch." Instead there were "Moose" (size), "Bright" (in honor of his father's prize ox), "Poop" (not for the deck of a ship but for a famous physical accident), and in the case of a cute brunette trick in Grade 6, "Little Nellie Black-Eye."

We rashed; but if we really fought it was as serious as if our fathers had fought. More often than not because they had fought. For this reason the teacher never interfered. It would mean adjudicating a far larger issue.

How did the children play, then, who so rarely fought? Well, ball was our only game which had any recognizable counterpart elsewhere. And barely recognizable at that. The ball itself was a solid sphere of yarn, as often as not trailing an eerie umbilicus where an end had broken loose. There were no bases, only fielders. You hit the ball and then leg-bailed it for the duplex outhouse. If the fielders couldn't retrieve the ball and strike you with it, literally, before you got back, you stayed at bat until they did. There was no score, no technicalities. A good pitcher was simply one who had the knack of tossing balls easy to connect with. "No wonder you got us out" (contemptuously) "you didn't give good balls!"

#### Gee! They Got Sandwiches!

When ball palled there was "Moose." The moose were given a five-minute start over the barrens and then hunters came after them, hell-for-leather, with their alder Mausers.

And there was "Oxen." Do you know how to make an ox? It's simple. Fill a bottle almost to the neck with water. Girdle the bottle, at the level of the water, with a piece of yarn dipped in kerosene. Set a match to the yarn, lift off the top of the bottle (which will separate in a perfect circle), and you have an ox. Strap it into the hollow of a miniature yoke, attach a string to the yoke, stuff the bottle with twigs and it's no trouble at all to imagine that you're hauling logs together and piling them in a "brow," as the men do.

As for the girls, they spent most of their noon and recess with dolls. They didn't seem to find it at all pathetic that these dolls were oblong rocks, dressed up in scraps of hemstitched petticoat.

I should mention, however, the fillip of the exotic injected into all our doings by my "avant garde" cousins. They showed us our first funny paper. They brought oranges to school, not only at Christmas time, but in June! They also brought the first sandwiches. Deviled ham (a name almost as fascinating as "Popocatepetl") and peanut butter. To the rest of us such stuff was like humming birds' tongues.

Our general lunch staples were bread, hash, molasses, and tea. Each family had its own molasses bottle on the window sill, and each took its weekly turn in providing tea for the communal pot. (Coffee was in a class with Napoleon brandy.)

Around noon almost every hand that shot up meant, "Please, may I stir my hash?" Tins of hash literally lined the stove. Sometimes the onion was already in the mixture. Sometimes it was added on the spot.

If we did have cake (with "showers" in the frosting, say) or a particularly intriguing spot of cabbage pickle, we were directed to share it with the teacher, now don't forget. And the poor girl didn't dare to leave a single crumb of any offering uneaten for fear of parent-teacher repercussions. How she must have longed to be a diabetic.

As for us, we didn't know Vitamin A from a split infinitive, or an adenoid from an acorn; cleaned our teeth with ashes and soda; all drank from the pail of spring water with the same dipper—and were as healthy as horses.

Well, our schooldays were something of all this—and more.

#### Oh, That Boy at Ratisbon

How can you tell such things as how it was the morning the mote-thickened spring sunshine slanted through the open window, over the map and over the globe, and touched your morning-cool slate with the first real touch of warmth, and you saw that the figure you were dividing with was the same as the figure in the denominator of the answer, and you thought in the same moment about the lady slippers in the cool green shadow, waiting to be picked at noon...?

Or the day the hot hum of the locust sounded in the pencil-tapping-still afternoon, though the summer was really gone, and the brave, brave, boy who brought the news of victory to Napoleon was dying so sadly at Ratisbon, and the black shine of the huckleberries was just outside the wall...?

Or the day when school was really out, but you were waiting for the men to come and take you home through the window - lashing bluster (with the "clouds" pulled up over your face and your breath warm and wool-smelling inside them), and the seats were all drawn up in a circle near the stove on the larrigan-blackened softwood floor, and you were all together somehow.

I understand that just after I left, and the teachers came back from Normal, things changed. They sang "Farmer in the Dell" and read "Winnie the Pooh." If the Trustees didn't actually say "No" to a teacher, she could consider herself hired for another term, automatically. The children pasted crayoned tulips on the window-panes and mounted little sprigs of shepherd's purse. They played jacks. They wore combinations.

When they multiplied by 25 they added two zeros and divided by 4. Each one had his own drinking cup, and molasses became a social error. They were all authorities on the International Situation, and even Grade One believed that the world was round. They went in their bare feet!

I guess I just got out in time. ★

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**D**OTTY, already on her feet, jumped and hit the float running. Timing and judgment. Remember? But the planking was wet. She sat down abruptly, skidded a foot or so and stopped right opposite the point where Jim had disappeared. He chose that luckless moment to come to the surface. Dotty reached out and swung a small but potent left hand to his dripping face. It sounded like the flat of an oar striking water. She said, "Sailboats! Ha!" and got to her feet. She walked up the dock with majestic dignity, if such is possible with the seat of your blues soaking wet and studded with splinters. She stalked right on past me as if maybe I was the source of the tide-land stench blowing off the flats. There were big tears welling down her cheeks. I didn't try to stop her. I knew better.

Jim was climbing out on the dock when I got to him. Together we stared after Dotty, then at Eloise. "Anyway," I said finally, "we can save the pieces. Eloise's, I mean."

Jim's silence was bitter.

Before I could think of something consoling to say he was striding toward the car. He was late by seconds. The car jumped and Dotty took off in an agony of clashing gears.

I said, "I've got some spare dun-garees in the locker."

Jim said nothing, but he followed me down the dock, his shoes squishing disconsolately, his big frame shivering. After he'd changed clothes he put in a call for a taxi. While he was waiting, he said, "Pop, it's no good. Sell Eloise for what you can get. I'm through."

I didn't have an answer for that one. After he'd left I went back to work on Wisp.

**I**T WAS nearly a month before I heard from either of them again, although I'd thought about them a lot. Then one clear sunlit day the phone rang. It was Dotty. She was calling from home. "Pop," she said, "I'm unhappy."

I swallowed. "You mean the wedding's off?"

"No, it's on. I wouldn't let a few splinters come between us. I'm unhappy because Jim is unhappy."

"Marrying you," I said gallantly, "that would be impossible."

"Thanks, Pop, but it's true. He can't hide it from me. It—it's—"

"Boats," I finished for her.

She sighed. "He still dreams about them, though he never mentions it."

"It's a disease," I admitted. "But it could be worse. It could be gambling."

"Will he get over it, Pop?"

I said, "There's no known cure. Of course psychiatry is in its infancy."

She let that one go. "What can I do about it? I love the big lunk."

"There's golf widows," I told her. "And poker—"

She stopped me. "Unh-uh, Pop. It's no good. I'm going to be his wife. A good one. What he likes, I'll like, if—if it kills me. And even if I do hate boats."

That was the opening I had been waiting for. I said, "You don't hate boats. You're just scared of 'em. Scared stiff."

Her voice was very small. "I am, Pop. Can you really blame me?"

I thought about the catboat, and Eloise. "No," I said, "I can't."

"Will I get over it?"

I said gently, "Some do, some don't. But you never will sitting home thinking about it. It's like flying. Something happens, you've got to get up and try again."

There was a long silence. She said at last, "I'll try, Pop. Honest. Will you call Jim? He won't even let me talk about it. He wants a boat more than

anything else in the world. Except, maybe, me."

"Sure," I said, "I'll call him."

"Let me know."

I told her I'd let her know. I waited a few minutes, then called the auditing firm. Mr. Decker was in. "Jim," I said, all business, "I have Eloise patched together, but I got to charge for my time. She won't bring much."

He sounded weary, defeated, final. "Sell her, Pop. I'll take box tops, if nothing else."

Well, that was that—almost. I looked out the window to where Wisp was riding to her mooring. Little cat's-paws of wind were ruffling the harbor water. I wondered how it was inside the auditing office. I said, "The final race of the season is Sunday. I'm entering Wisp before I put her up for sale. I'd like to win, Jim. A winner will always bring a better price. I'll need a crew. How about it?"

"No," he said, but he didn't sound as final as he had before. Maybe there was a window open in the office.

I made a complete rat out of myself. "I lost money on Eloise when I sold her to you, Jim. If I can bring Wisp in ahead of the fleet, I'll make it up."

He hesitated.

"Swell!" I said quickly. "Be here at nine o'clock." I made my voice casual.

"Bring Dotty. It may be spinnaker weather and I can use an extra hand."

"Dotty," he said coldly, "won't be interested."

"You could be wrong," I said. "Ask her, then call me back." I hung up quickly.

I had almost given up when the phone rang again. Jim said, "We'll be there, Pop, and thanks." He didn't even sound weary or defeated this time. He sounded like a kid on the last day of school.

**S**UNDAY came in clear, with a fine sailing breeze. But there was a bank of fog, looking like baled wool hanging outside the heads. There was wind in that, lots of wind, and I knew we'd be getting it before long. It wasn't going to be spinnaker weather, but I made up the big balloon in stops, just in case. Wisp herself was ready. I had seen to that. She was tuned like a maestro's fiddle.

Dotty and Jim were there early, but by the time we'd cleared the harbor we were getting the wind. Already an ugly chop was making up over the shallows of the triangular course. I broke out the life jackets, ordered them on. You never knew. I said, "Now, let's see what this pot can do. We'll take a few hitches on the way out to the line. Ready about!"

I put the helm down, not the way they tell you in the books, but hard. I wasn't disappointed. Those short steep-sided seas didn't knock Wisp down, or even slow her. She turned on her heel like a drill team drum major and before Dotty had the jib sheeted home, Wisp was off on the other tack, lee turnbuckles awash, knifing the chop apart, liking it, asking for more. I looked at Jim. His mouth corners were lifted in a faint, almost unbelieving smile. His eyes were shining.

"Pop," he said fervently, "she's a dream."

Dotty was looking at him too, and her eyes were a bright reflection of his own. There was no shadow in them, no hint of fear—yet. She said simply, "We'll win this one, Pop."

I said, "I think we will," and meant it. They don't pass out trophies for last places, and the table in my shack holds its share of silver.

I jockeyed for position while Jim watched the time. He said, "Warning gun. One minute."

I nodded and said, "Hard a'lee!" and

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taken it quick—and I'd taken him. That, I had to admit. With some cleaning up, Wisp would bring two thousand easy. There are times when boat brokering has its points.

So it would take something unusual to make me look up. Eloise had what it took. She was boiling through the harbor entrance, everything set, nothing reefed. She was flying. And on the foredeck Dotty was struggling with the halliards, preparing to lower sail. But she was getting nowhere and I knew what the trouble was. The rope, soaked with boarding water, was probably as hard and stiff as new baling wire. Jim recognized the trouble and I saw him beckon Dotty back to the cockpit. She settled herself at the tiller while he went forward to loosen the turns. Maybe he thought this a good time to let her berth Eloise. Maybe he didn't even have time to think. Anyway, I saw him wave her in toward the float. I dropped my tools as though they were red hot and ran.

Dotty rounded into the wind while

Jim clawed the jib down; then she headed for their upwind berth. Very nice. But her face as she looked to Jim for orders was as white as Wisp's wake frothing astern. Jim was facing aft, standing by the halliards. That's why he made his mistake. It could happen to anybody, though it shouldn't happen to a dog. Facing the way he was, right was now left, port was starboard. Everything was reversed except up and down, neither of which directions Eloise could go.

Jim glanced over his shoulder to see the dock bearing down on him. "Left!" he shouted. "You're wide."

Dotty came left. I stopped running then. I didn't even want to look, but it was like being a legal witness to an execution. I had to. Eloise had way on, plenty of way. She whammed into the float like a Gold Cupper clipping a buoy. Jim grabbed for something, anything—and missed everything. He left the foredeck the same way Eloise had come through the harbor entrance—everything flying.

## CANADIAN ECDOTE



### The Tale of Old Wives

THERE'S a village in Saskatchewan called Old Wives. It's near Moose Jaw. (Wonderful names in this Saskatchewan!) This habit of the western pioneers of giving places names that mean something is still a delight to uncomplicated people with a love of folklore.

Surely you want to know why this village is called Old Wives? Well, way back when tom-toms, war paint, scalp and all that stuff were all the rage, the Blackfeet and the Crees were deadly enemies.

One summer evening a hunting party of Crees, from the Qu'Appelle Valley, was about 25 miles southwest of Moose Jaw, deep in the Blackfeet lands. But the hunting was so good that they thought they'd take a chance.

With a large bag of meat and hides they packed their carts and started for home. As the party was wending its way along the shores of the lake there (now called Johnston Lake) a scout brought word that the Blackfeet were coming.

The Cree leaders powwowed. Burdened with their women, who had been brought along to skin the buffalo and cut up the meat,

escape seemed impossible. Then one of the oldest women went to the chief.

"My son," she said, "the old women have consulted together and made a plan. We are old, of little value, and no longer fitted to be the mothers of men. Let a camp be made here. We will make many little fires of buffalo chips. When night has come we will tend them, and then you can take the young women and steal silently away."

"The Blackfeet will see the fires and not know you have gone. Like the wolves they hunt just before dawn. All they will get will be the scalps of us old women. And they'll be laughed at in all the camps across the plains."

This plan was received with delight by the braves and carried out to the letter. The Blackfeet scouts, watching from distant hills, were satisfied no escape was intended.

When they came with the cold breath of dawn, they found only the old women, shrouded in their blankets by the embers of the fires. Annoyed the Blackfeet did them in.

And so the place was named Old Wives.

For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past, Maclean's will pay \$50. Indicate source material and mail to Canadianecdotes, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.

## A Bush Wife's Life for Me

Continued from page 25

making concession to a woman in camp.

Dusty's crew that year was composed of university students, who took great pains to decorate our home in honor of my arrival. A colored poster thumb-tacked to the door caricatured my arrival and white twisted streamers (which proved to be toilet tissue) festooned the office. On the drafting table was a clutter of whisky bottles and lipstick-smeared glasses, which the boys later admitted they had painstakingly faked with red crayon.

They were wonderful young men on that crew and I came to respect and love them as I would a family of kid brothers. They provided a good lesson in tolerance too, as does practically every phase of life in this country. In three years I have yet to hear a northerner (and nearly all the "northerners" came originally from some other part of Canada) speak disparagingly of another race or religion. Up here, your race, lineage, financial position or social accomplishments don't matter.

There was a bond between us, a sort of brotherhood which exists among all when there are few people in a great undeveloped country. Greg Novak, from Winnipeg, was the oldest on the crew, and his views as a Ukrainian Catholic were enlightening to the rest of us. Danny Wolch, our baby, was from Winnipeg too, a Jewish lad who had such admiration for our Scottish Jimmy Robertson, that he wore a tam-o-shanter and called himself MacWolch.

I had two main projects that first summer, my garden and my Tin Can Alley. Jimmy had made me a foot scraper at the door of the tent, tin cans pounded into the ground. I mistook it for the beginning of a walk up to the cookery and started to save cans for it. I am afraid our meals were built around how many cans I could use, rather than a well-balanced diet.

Jimmy entered into the spirit of the thing until he calculated it would take 3,947 cans to finish the walk.

### Rocks on the Cookery

We had practically no fresh vegetables, so I worked for two weeks digging out rocks and tree stumps to get clear a patch of broken earth, nine by six. Bribing Danny and Jimmy with cigarettes, they planted it for me. Apparently they had never planted anything but beans and potatoes, so when my beets, carrots, radishes and lettuce came up they sprouted from neat little hills. Even with thinning and carrying gallons of water from the lake, my season's yield was a handful of tasteless carrots.

More successful than my alley and garden was my mastery of the giant wood stove. When I got it licked I was elected camp cook which, in view of the heat and the hefty appetites of the lads, was more than a man-size job. I had to learn the difference between slow-burning birch and roaring tamarack.

With my first cake I debunked the theory that sudden noises, such as the slamming of a door, will make a cake fall. My super-de-luxe chocolate cake was in the oven when an ear-shattering dynamite blast crashed the silence of the cookery and rocks pelted through the cabin roof, landing on the stove and perilously near my unprotected self. The boys had neglected to tell me that their shout of "FIRE!" was my signal to head for cover. I wasn't hit—and the cake didn't fall.

I started to bake my own bread, something I had always wanted to try

in the city. My breadmaking was an unspectacular success, but most bush women have an experience or two to add in this field. Eileen Bergmann, from Edmonton, who lives now at the Boymar Mine near Red Lake, followed the instructions to "keep dough away from draughts" so implicitly that she locked herself in the kitchen for hours with doors and windows closed, not even allowing her husband Jack to come in for lunch. He ate that day at the cookery, but was rewarded by coffee roll, bread, pecan buns, cinnamon rolls and Chelsea buns.

Half the fun of life in the bush is learning to improvise. Our perishables we kept refrigerator cool in a garbage tin sunk in the ground; our bread stayed free of mildew, hung in sacks in the trees. We never did figure out how to keep the squirrels and chipmunks out of it though.

Dusty's sister, Ruby, visited us from Toronto and much as I enjoyed her gay company I liked even better having someone help me handle the men. I never knew anything could be worse than a man shortage, but with too many men a lone woman has more than her hands full with their teasing and practical joking.

Our nearest neighbor, Wilma Drawson, was about 15 minutes by boat from our camp, and to me she is the epitome of bush women.

### Time Is Only a Clock

Wilma, who is from Lac du Bonnet, Man., is so at home in the north, she might have grown there. She shoots and fishes like a man; tans her own wolf hides for rugs; harvests wild rice for the stuffing of the duck she brings down herself; pulls the rope on a hefty 14-horsepower motor like an Amazon. And she can pull rods on her husband's diamond drill outfit with the best of the men. Even covered with grease and tired from a day's drilling with Johnny, she manages to look blondly attractive her fairness if anything, enhanced by smudges of gasket goo.

There is the odd woman up here who doesn't like the bush, and unfortunately her moaning about the lack of decent shops, social contacts and household conveniences is heard mostly by the men who already think the bush is no place for a woman, which makes it all the harder for women who do want to join their men.

When my first bush summer faded and the crew returned to their universities, we moved from the tent to the cabin. I was then able to get rid of Greg Novak's garden which had been the bane of my life. I had tried to keep the boys' cabin tidy, but Greg had insisted I leave the weeds which grew through the floor boards around his bed. By September, he said he felt like Moses in the bulrushes.

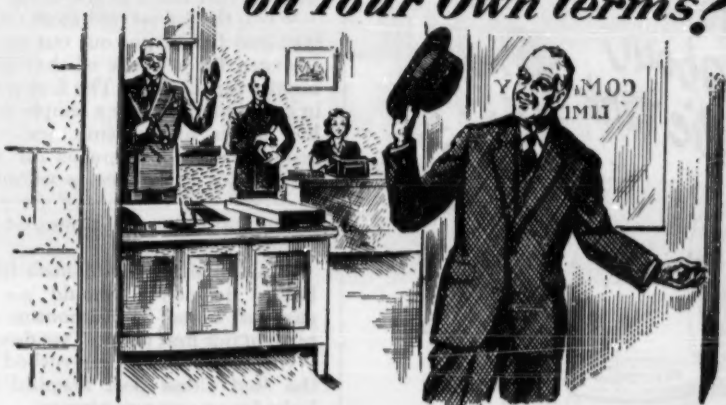
But even with chinking, the log cabin was so cold that winter I did my housework in outdoor clothing and right after supper would crawl with a hot-water bottle into Dusty's eider-down sleeping bag which I had appropriated the first chilly day.

Freezeup, that period when we are cut off from town while lakes freeze for winter travel by ski-ed plane or snowmobile, was lonely. We saw no one for nearly two months, but we read as we had always wanted to read, listened to the radio, and I was bitten by the soap opera bug.

Our mail delivery was most erratic—sometimes seven or eight weeks without word from outside—but three bulging mailbags, all for us, made the waiting more than worth while.

Our radio battery went dead during one of these long periods of isolation; then one evening we forgot to wind ou

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put the tiller down, barging for the line with eleven others.

Jim chanted, "Five seconds—four—" and the striped ball on the committee boat dropped and we were on our way. I've done better. We were fourth over the line, though a little to weather of the leaders. That was good enough for me.

**THE FIRST** leg was a four-mile beat to windward, then a reach to a buoy well downbay, rounding it finally for a run to the finish line. It is on those downwind courses that sailing becomes dangerous and a crew can win or lose a race, but close-hauled a good boat and a good skipper can pile up a lead. I strapped Wisp down and took off after number three. Wisp answered like a thoroughbred breaking from the barrier.

It was punishing work, with spray arcing over the rail, cold and solid as flung shot and wind howling in the rigging, tearing at our waterproofs. We overhauled number two and three in the first half hour, but number one gave us a battle all the way up to the buoy.

We were squared away for the finish line then, and I glanced astern. The fleet was well behind us, followed by the power cruisers of the spectator fleet. But I didn't see the cruisers. I was watching the two nearest boats, just now rounding the buoy. They weren't close yet. But there were men on the foredeck of each, working quickly, overhauling gear and even as I watched, a huge blister of white silk blossomed out ahead of the first one. That big spinnaker seemed to be drawing us back to her as if she was magnetized and we were a bolt of iron. I grunted. It was nice work if everything went all right, but if they jibed there'd be trouble, big trouble. I glanced at Dotty. She was watching, too, and her teeth were working on her lower lip, her eyes wide.

I turned away and growled, "I'm setting no light sails in this. We'll win with what we've got." But looking ahead I knew we wouldn't. The finish line was less than a mile away, and the boats behind us were coming like they were jet propelled.

Then Dotty spoke and her voice seemed very far away. "Pop, you want to win this one. Let's give them a race. I'm not afraid, really."

Maybe that's what did it. Or maybe it was like the firehorse retired to stud, leaping the pasture fence at the sound of siren and bells. Maybe it was a lot of things, but I heard myself saying, "She'll want to broach and she'll be hard to hold. Don't let her get away. Whatever you do, don't jibe. C'mon, Jim!"

We left her there, both hands on the tiller, knuckles pale, lips paler, but her little chin set hard. We fought our way forward. The spinnaker was ready. We guyed the pole, ready to hoist away. In that wind and sea it wasn't easy, but we did it. Almost. Dotty jibed.

Wisp went over like a dive bomber peeling off for attack. I grabbed for a handhold, heard guy wires singing with strain, felt the mast shuddering as boom and sail passed from port to starboard in one wild lunge. I've heard it said the good Lord bears with lunatics and sailors. That, I now believe. The mast held, miraculously nothing carried away. Except Jim, that is. His startled cry was a brief echo of Dotty's scream as he tumbled overside, hit, splashed and whipped astern in Wisp's creaming wake.

Wisp recovered, as any well-designed keel boat will. I lay where I'd been thrown, clinging to the lee shrouds, thinking. And my thoughts

were bitter. A moment before, the race had been the thing. Now it was nothing. Neither was Jim Decker. He'd be all right. A cruiser would be sure to pick him up. But Dotty wouldn't be all right. This was Eloise and the catboat all over again. Up till now I guess I'd had a vague thought that with Old Salt Maguire along, something might happen to put Dotty on the right track, to give her confidence. Something had happened, all right!

Then even as I cursed myself for a meddling old fool, I had the answer. Dotty had always had Jim, or me, to help her—if you could call it help. Well, now she didn't have Jim. And she wasn't going to have Pop Maguire for long. It was as simple as that. Everything had happened in a matter of seconds and I was still hidden from the cockpit by the swollen bight of the mainsail. I let go and rolled quickly over the side into the water.

It was like glacial ice, yet not near as cold as Dotty's frozen, open-mouthed face as I fell astern. I forced a grin from somewhere and yelled after her, "Take her home, skipper! We'll be all right."

And we were. I had swift, eye-corner glimpses of the fleet pouring by, balloons set, driving for the finish line like cormorants at dusk. A boat was alongside then, anxious hands pulling me aboard. Jim's were among them. Together we went up to the wheelhouse to watch the finish. Under plain sail, Wisp placed third.

The cruiser skipper coughed and said, "Tough."

"No," I said, "it isn't," for I'd watched Dotty finish that last mile like a champion. There had been no more jibes, no near broachings—a man-sized chore for anybody.

Jim's eyes were proud, but his brows were creased above them. "Can we speed her up?" he asked the skipper

anxiously. "Dotty'll have a time making the berth alone."

I said, "I think you're wrong, but it isn't a bad idea to be there."

The skipper nodded and cuffed his throttles forward, streaking for the harbor.

When Dotty was off the berth she put Wisp about, judging her speed. She saw us standing on the float then, and she waved once, easily, confidently. There was a tight little smile on her lovely mouth and I couldn't help thinking of the rocking-chair yachtsman who'd had his white flannels scared off by this very boat. I thought too—But Dotty was coming in then, lee rail awash, making knots. She luffed at the precise instant, ran upwind and brought Wisp alongside as gently as a gull come home to roost. It was beautiful. So was her smile as Jim and I jumped aboard to lower sail. After that, I left.

I guess she was still smiling happily as I climbed the gangway to the dock, though I couldn't be sure, because Jim's arms were around her, and Jim is a very big guy.

Dotty's voice stopped me as I started up the dock. "We were thinking, Pop. About Wisp, I mean. She's a sweetheart, truly. Now, that nest egg of ours. We thought maybe—well, if you'd consider—"

"Sure," I said gruffly. "Sure, I'd consider it. Why not?" I turned and walked away, leaving them standing there very close together, co-captains now, for sure.

Well, the roof on my shack can go another year. As for the new float for the fifty-footer—let him move. I'll make enough somehow to keep up my alimony. I haven't missed a payment in eleven years. The ex-Mrs. Maguire never had liked boats. I grinned. That was a problem I felt sure would never trouble the James Deckers, Mr. and Mrs. ★

## CARTOON CANTOS

By Graham Hunter



Things to take down to the cellar

On the basement stairs she hid.

Thought one trip would do the business,

And one trip most surely did!

## Beads to Billions

Continued from page 19

set foot on its shores. Sir Patrick became the first governor to set foot on the shores of the Bay in 1931, more than two and a half centuries after the company's incorporation.

With Simpson as Canadian governor the company raked in the chips simply because he was given or seized sufficient authority to run the business aggressively on the spot. His boldness in roaming over and ruling the vast Hudson's Bay domain—in his time, nearly one half of the continent—won him acclaim as The Little Emperor.

Today, as in Simpson's time, top direction of the company's affairs in Canada still comes from the Governor and his London committee, but the 53-year-old, Derbyshire-born Chester has greater powers than any company man in Canada ever had. (The exception is Lord Strathcona who was Governor from 1899 to 1914 and who was the only one to make his headquarters in Canada. But Strathcona, who is regarded as a sort of villain by present Bay executives, neglected the company to pursue his own fortune in politics and the Canadian Pacific Railway.)

The post Chester now holds was created for him in 1946 and at the same time he was given a seat on the London committee. As managing director for Canada, Chester, who is tall, silver-thatched and still as English-appearing as a cup of tea, runs the day-to-day business from Winnipeg and implements policies set in London. As a London committeeman, he has a say in making those policies. He got his start at 14 in a Derbyshire lace mill.

The title Simpson held, Canadian governor, has long since lapsed and there is a tremendous contrast between the manner in which he ran the company and Chester's 20th-century mode of operation.

During the Little Emperor's reign the Bay's empire not only stretched from Labrador to the Pacific and into the Arctic wastes, but it sprawled out into Alaska, California, Siberia, and even Honolulu. The Bay rented a huge strip of Alaska from the Russian American Fur Company for 2,000 skins a year and the pair even continued to do business when their countries went to war in the Crimea.

Simpson ranged over vast distances, visiting every fur trade post from Okhotsk, in Siberia, to Yerba Buena, on San Francisco Bay. He reorganized the company from the bottom up and then worked down again to make sure it was running efficiently.

### An Instrument of Policy

He was such a stickler for business that for seven years he put off going to England to be married. Even so, his relations with native women, before and after his marriage, were on such a monumental scale they have produced one of the H.B.C.'s minor legends. An illegitimate child himself, he provided for the offspring of his illicit affairs and made it a company rule for his men to do right by theirs.

One of Sir George's most remarkable journeys saw him cover, in 1828, the 3,000 miles from York Factory on Hudson Bay to Fort Langley on the Fraser River in 65 days. His arrival at a post was announced with a tune from his personal piper, Colin Fraser. The fort's cannon would fire an answering salute.

Philip Chester keeps no personal piper, though he has a PRO (public relations officer). He doesn't toil by canoe from post to post. A burly bush pilot named Harry Winny flips him

about in a company plane, and instead of a gun salute he may be greeted by a be-bop number floating in over the post manager's radio.

But one thing remains constant with the H.B.C., today as always: conflict. Today the Bay fights the giant T. Eaton Company in six western cities, where it once fought the French voyageurs who also came out of Eastern Canada.

From its inception the company was an instrument of British policy in its struggle with France for supremacy in Canada. Britain, and the Bay, won out and the company was plunged into a new war with marauding French and Scottish traders from Montreal for control over the West.

And, when the Montrealers had been given their comeuppance, the Bay was thrust into a new conflict with the hordes of settlers who spilled out into the West, which the company considered a great fur preserve staked out for its own private use.

The Bay often gets credit for winning the West. Actually, it discouraged exploration and settlement. Both posed a threat to fur-trade profits.

Even that fine old museum piece, the Red River cart, can be explained properly only as a product of the pressure the Bay imposed on the Selkirk settlers.

When the City of Winnipeg celebrated its 75th anniversary last summer, the Bay obligingly supplied, on request, a Red River cart, complete with ox and driver (a retired CPR conductor) to take part in the opening-day parade. It probably occurred to no one, least of all Bay officials, that here, in the Red River cart, was a physical reminder that the Bay did almost everything to discourage the Selkirk settlers, the true pioneers of Winnipeg.

### Charles Granted an Empire

The only way the settlers could get manufactured goods was through the Hudson's Bay Company and the company charged a very high freight rate. The rate charged from London to Hudson Bay was as great as that from London to Canton, China. The settlers put together these crude, creaking two-wheeled carts to travel to St. Paul, Minn., where they could sell their agricultural produce and buy factory goods. The Bay retaliated by imposing a stiff import duty. In spite of it, the carts kept creaking on to St. Paul and the settlers eventually won their fight.

As every schoolboy worth his pass in Canadian history well knows the story of the Hudson's Bay Company begins with the story of two freebooting French fur traders, Pierre Esprit Radisson and Médart Chouart, Sieur des Groseilliers, more familiarly known as Radishes and Gooseberry.

But every schoolboy may not know that Radisson and Groseilliers were also a couple of shrewd speculators. One Bay historian calls them "completely equipped fortune hunters" and remarks that "a more daring pair of unscrupulous international promoters cannot be found in the history of commerce."

Radisson and Groseilliers thought nothing of risking death by starvation or massacre by Indians, but they drew the line at being hornswoggled by the French governor of Quebec. In 1660 he fined them the modern equivalent of \$280,000 when they refused to let him muscle in on one of their fur-trading ventures.

This piece of racketeering drove the pair into the arms of the English and in 1666 Charles II was giving them an audience.

A year later the first stock in the company was taken out and another



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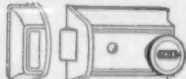


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clock. For weeks we literally "didn't know what time it was." Eventually we even lost track of the days.

When the ice started to go out of the lake and Dusty put out our small skiff I longed for a bottle of champagne to break over the bow. The first water trip in seven months was a simple occasion, but to us an exciting one. Dusty brought me home greens for a salad; for a head of lettuce, a wilted bunch of celery, two bunches of green onions and a pound of poor tomatoes he paid \$1.69.

I had had a year of bush life when Dusty decided I should go to my parents' home in Edmonton for the birth of our first child. Two days before I was to fly out, I was rushed over to the Red Cross post hospital at Red Lake for emergency surgery.

My doctor and his wife, Bruce and Helen Moir, from Winnipeg, stood beside my bed before I went into the operating room. They knew I couldn't travel home if I was to save my baby, and they knew I couldn't go back to camp. They asked me to make my home with them.

Northern friendship to me that summer was Bruce and Helen caring for me for five long months, until, on October 9, 1947, on his father's birthday, our son, Michael Bruce, was born.

While I had been living in town with the Moirs, Dusty left Pipestone and joined the staff at Miles, about five miles farther into the bush. He secured a handkerchief-size house for us, one room, 13 by 17, and when Mike was four weeks old, we went back to the bush on the last boat to make it that year. Freezeup and isolation were upon us again.

Phil Cross, a mining engineer and his wife June from Brampton, Ont., were our next-door neighbors, with two other couples living down the road. It was my first experience with other women in a mining camp and I loved it. I hadn't realized how much I had missed feminine companionship in my months at Pipestone. We four women, because we were alone and needed each other as we never seemed to need friendship in a city, were a closely knit unit.

#### Electric Lights Aren't Enough

It was a challenge to make a home in our one-room house, but by dint of Dusty's carpentering (which had improved considerably since the crooked house) and my work at painting and curtaining, we soon had an attractive little place. Storing was our main problem; at one time I managed to put away under beds and tables, besides other household staples: 100 lb. flour; 50 of sugar; 30 doz. eggs; 500 tins fruit and vegetables; 40 lb. butter; 50 lb. dry milk.

By spring, with the low price of gold and a poor stock market, the mine closed down. Only Dusty and Phil were left when a bad bush fire started at the mine, a mile from our houses.

For two days and nights the boys fought it alone until our bay was free of ice and the most beautiful sight in the world, a yellow forestry plane, landed to take over. We had our few possessions ready to take to the boats, so it was with prayerful relief we were told the fire was out and we unpacked our duffle bags and settled down for summer.

Before summer was on us with its black flies, heat and round of camp visitors, Mike and I made our first trip outside together. I wasn't as far as Kenora when I wanted to turn back.

Everyone was in such a rude rush and I found it wasn't long before I, too, was shoving and pushing as in my city days. There is never any doubt in the bush about women and children going

first and I longed for the manners of the northern men. Many of them may speak with a foreign accent, be badly in need of a shave, and not know the significant social difference between a white and a black tie, but they do treat women with a deference that makes them feel like duchesses.

Getting back into the swing of city life I found it hard to wear high heels again, and I was in a mental snit remembering to keep my legs decorously crossed now that skirts had replaced my accustomed slacks and shorts.

My family and friends in Edmonton were amused at my obvious thrill at water running hot and cold from shiny chrome faucets; at lights that responded to the flick of a switch. I enjoyed the marvels of modern plumbing. But after seven weeks of the city, I was more than happy to come home.

By the time I returned to Miles in July, June and Phil had left and we moved into their four-room house. I was as pleased as though I had been handed a mansion. One wilderness woman who doesn't like the bush recently moved from two rooms to four. But instead of being grateful she disdainfully commented: "What difference does it make? One bush shack is just the same as another." But my simple soul reveled in the closets and shelves, and in having a room for our son.

#### Mike's Pets: Husky and Weasel

Dusty spent part of the summer guiding American tourists who have stolen a march on Canadians in discovering what a fertile fish and hunt ground we have in northwestern Ontario, and I helped out a tourist camp owner by turning cook for a few weeks.

By the time the tourist season closed the middle of November, freezeup had started—the signal for us to get at our Christmas shopping. In the North it isn't a last-minute rush in jostling crowds; rather it is a few quiet evenings under the gaslight, poring over the catalogue, changing your mind a dozen times before you make your final selections, then waiting until a plane brings in your purchases for final approval, gift wrapping, and shipping to family and friends outside.

Our boy, in his two years in the bush

has grown tall and strong. He hasn't seen another child, but doesn't make at all strange with the odd trapper or prospector who drops in to see us. He is as much at home playing with his big black husky as most city children with a wooly toy. And our pet weasel who lives in the back porch brings as wide a grin to his gamin face as any Mickey Mouse.

He has spent two Christmases in the bush, each time going out with his father and me to pick out the tree we would chop down for decorating in festive fashion, and bringing in his own small way more cheer to our Christmas than the round of parties ever did in our city days.

There are many things I would improve in the bush, things that could be accomplished if we had more women up here. Wives could put the place on the map. We could bring the price of food down and we could exert influence on mining companies to provide proper housing for their married employees. Already many of us are buying groceries in Winnipeg (even paying freight in, we find it cheaper) and the local merchants are feeling the pinch. If we stick together, the stores in town will have to bring their prices down.

Mine managers complain bitterly at their turn-over in staff and crew. Single men in the North are mostly adventurers, moving from job to job as the spirit dictates; and the married man will not stay either unless he is provided with a home for his family.

We need a more adequate dental service, for the one dentist for the entire district, while a fine workman, simply can't handle the large practice.

I would have a library in town where we could pool the books we all buy from book clubs. When we can't use our own boats we have to rely on independent flying companies; if we all got together the companies would be forced to give us the service.

What this bush country needs is more women. A bit of pioneering is the most satisfactory experience a young couple can share. So, take it from this bush wife, there is plenty of pioneering just waiting for Canadians with enough imagination and stamina to give it a try. We who are here already will be more than happy to move over. ★



not from those of the Hudson's Bay, sprang the three most illustrious figures in the exploration of the West, Alexander Mackenzie, David Thompson and Simon Fraser.

David Thompson, who is often described as the greatest land geographer who ever lived, was originally a Bay man but quit when the company ordered him not to undertake any exploration.

By 1806, the Nor'westers had swallowed up or merged with their rival Montreal companies and stood ready for the showdown with the Hudson's Bay Company.

It was to be a war without quarter. "The Bible and the booze only made matters worse," writes one historian, "and hunger, breach of promise and violent restraint like fire-breathing dragons invested the wilderness wherever the companies crossed each other's path."

A gallant, philanthropic Scot, Thomas Douglas, fifth Earl of Selkirk, gained control of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1811 (he was its principal stockholder) and conceived a plan to found a colony for homeless and impoverished Scottish crofters in the Red River Valley. The Hudson's Bay Company opposed the plan—as it did all schemes to settle the West—but granted him 160,000 square miles of territory which now includes parts of Manitoba, Minnesota and North Dakota. The settlement scheme was purely Selkirk's own hobby—not the company's.

The Nor'westers were immediately aroused. A settlement at the forks of the Red and Assiniboine Rivers would menace their life line between East and West. They began to sabotage the scheme even before the first settlers left Scotland. Terroristic propaganda spread by them provoked desertions.

But the colony became a reality and by June 1814 the third party of settlers had reached Red River. The Nor'westers now plotted "the complete downfall of the colony . . . by fair means or foul," as one of them wrote.

In the fall of 1815, they launched a campaign of terror. Night raiders sniped at the settlers, crops were destroyed, barns and houses burned. Miles Macdonnell, the colony's governor, surrendered to avoid bloodshed and the colonists departed for their winter quarters at Jack River, near Lake Winnipeg.

#### "Little Emperor" Takes Over

The cocky Nor'westers celebrated their victory—prematurely. The Company of Adventurers had been provoked at last into taking the offensive.

Three Hudson's Bay-Selkirk forces began to converge on Red River. They included 100 Swiss mercenaries, mostly veterans of the War of 1812.

Then, on June 19, 1816, the Nor'westers struck their most murderous blow. A party of 70 Bois Brules (half-breeds) in Indian war paint descended on the colony. Warned of their coming, Governor Semple and 30 volunteers set out on foot to parley with them.

The half-breeds advanced in the form of a half-moon. A French Canadian named Boucher dashed out of their ranks, shouting and gesticulating. Semple strode toward him and placed his hand on Boucher's gun. A shot was fired from the ranks. Instantly, the firing became general.

"In a few minutes almost all our people were either killed or wounded," a colonist named Pritchard wrote.

Governor Semple and 21 of his men were killed, their bodies mutilated by the Bois Brules who fell among the wounded with knives.

This was the massacre of Seven Oaks.

When he heard of the massacre, Selkirk headed for the Nor'westers' stronghold at Fort William and captured it without a shot. By the end of the year his Swiss mercenaries had retaken Fort Douglas, at Red River, without bloodshed.

Out of the Seven Oaks and Fort William affairs emerged 30 charges against Selkirk and the Hudson's Bay Company, ranging from riot and larceny to false imprisonment and assault, and 150 charges against the Nor'westers, of murder, robbery, arson, grand larceny and malicious shooting. The charges against the North West Company produced only one conviction, for murder, and then sentence was never carried out.

The struggle continued for another three years but in the end both sides called quits.

The English traders had been shaken by the years of strife, but the reckless Nor'westers had been bled white.

In 1821 the companies amalgamated and the Hudson's Bay Company emerged as a powerful monopoly.

By act of parliament the continued sovereignty of the original charter was guaranteed and the company was granted a 21-year license entitling them to exclusive rights of trade in all Indian territory east of the Rockies. West of the Rockies, in the Oregon territory, they were given sole British right of trade.

This was granted rent free. The only strings attached made the company responsible for administration of civil and criminal law and for diminishing the liquor trade among the Indians.

#### Persecution at Red River

The company now ruled nearly half the continent. Their sway extended over most of the present Dominion of Canada, excepting only the Great Lakes-St. Lawrence basin, the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland. And their Columbia Department extended to what are now Washington and Oregon where they held sole British rights to trade in competition with the Americans.

It was now that George Simpson, the Little Emperor, stepped forward to lead the company to its greatest era of prosperity as a strictly fur-trading company.

But Simpson had his troubles, too. In the 1850's a new attack on the company began to take shape. In Canada there was agitation for the throwing open of the West and, in Britain, parliamentary crusaders were prepared to tilt a lance at any monopoly, especially such a large and vulnerable one as the Hudson's Bay Company.

The company was now plunged into the last of its historic conflicts: the struggle to discourage settlement of Western Canada.

The fur traders had always opposed settlement for it meant the doom of the fur trade. The North West Company had tried to smash the Selkirk settlement for this reason. The Bay itself protected it only as a weapon against the Nor'westers. Lord Selkirk himself said, "The great impediment to a colony . . . seems to be the Hudson's Bay Company monopoly."

After the Nor'westers had been vanquished, the settlers at Red River were persecuted to the point where they petitioned the United States Government to annex the territory. They promised to fight on the American side in the event of war. Private traffic in furs was a capital crime. Before the company would transport his goods for him, each settler had to declare he was not trading in furs.

In 1849, at the height of the Oregon

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The great American adventure story, viz., the discovery of same, has been given the full motion picture treatment for the first time; filmed in British territories with an international cast headed by Fredric March as Columbus.

That this should not have been done in America is not surprising since Columbus was, above all, a foreigner, the great excitement of whose career occurred in Spain and on the high seas out of sight of land.

★ ★ ★

As a film, with color by Technicolor, CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS is opulent and spectacular, particularly the scenes at sea shot off the Barbados.

★ ★ ★

When THE RED SHOES reached Canada, that very great film was seen here at no advance in admission prices. CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS was also produced to the specifications of roadshow entertainment but the Canadian policy, again, will be one of no price increases.

★ ★ ★

Two of the biggest and best names of British films, Stewart Granger and Jean Simmons, seem to have had the time of their studio lives in a co-starring comedy, ADAM AND EVELYNE, which ripples along with a fast flow of laughter to a rapid romantic finale.

To be sure you see these J. Arthur Rank films,  
ask for the playdates at your local Theatre.

An Release

year later Groseilliers established the first post, Fort Charles, on Hudson Bay. This was so successful that on May 2, 1670, Charles granted the charter to The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson Bay.

The charter gave the company the "whole trade of all those seas, straits, and bays, creeks and sounds . . . that lie within the entrance of Hudson's Straights, together with all the lands, countries and territories upon the coast and confines of the seas, straits and bays, lakes, rivers and creeks and sounds aforesaid."

The Adventurers got not only a trading monopoly, but complete ownership of the land and sovereignty over it including the powers of war and peace.

Charles actually gave away more North American territory than he or any other white man even knew existed. It included the provinces of Quebec and Ontario north of the Laurentian watershed and west of the Labrador boundary, the whole of Manitoba, most of Saskatchewan, the southern half of Alberta and a large slice of the Northwest Territories. In all, this tidy little subdivision added up to about a million and a half square miles, or roughly two fifths of the present Dominion of Canada.

From the first, profits were whopping. In 1684 a 50% dividend was declared and in 1690 the company trebled the value of its stock, from £10,500 to £31,500, and declared a 25% dividend. It was, in effect, a 75% return on its original capital.

By 1685 the company had built a string of forts, five in all, on Hudson Bay, the beginnings of chain store merchandising in North America.

This set the stage for the Bay's first conflict—with the French.

French Canada considered the forts a menace. To the south Britain had entrenched itself in its New England colonies and now the English were thrusting in from the north. The French feared encirclement.

In 1686 the French struck and the Hudson's Bay Company headed into 10 years of intermittent war during which it saw its posts sacked and burned and its ships sunk.

#### "Asleep at Hudson Bay"

In a brilliant wilderness campaign in 1686 the 24-year-old Le Moyne d'Iberville captured three of the company's posts in the name of the King of France. D'Iberville's most spectacular success came in 1697 when he routed the English in the greatest sea fight in Arctic history. With a single vessel, his flagship Pelican, he defeated three English ships, sinking one as large as his own and capturing another. The third ran for it and escaped.

At one time the Bay was reduced to one fort, but it was never completely ousted from Hudson Bay.

Peace came in 1697 with the Treaty of Ryswick but four years later France and Britain were at war again. It was not until 1713 that peace was again restored when the Treaty of Utrecht established for all time British rights on Hudson Bay.

The fighting cost the Bay dearly; from 1690 to 1718 the company paid no dividends. But by the middle of the 18th century, business was looking up. Annual fur shipments to England were worth £23,000 to £30,000 and overhead was averaging \$19,400. A respectable profit, considering that the company was being run in Canada by 120 officers and men. The original stock of £10,500 had jumped to £103,000.

It was a juicy enough plum to attract

the eye of a wealthy Irishman, Arthur Dobbs, who launched a 20-year battle to upset the Bay's charter and to obtain a charter for a rival company. Dobbs' campaign culminated in 1749 in a parliamentary enquiry.

Dobbs accused the company of abusing the Indians, ill-treating its own servants and of not extending its settlements to the limits given it by its charter. He charged that the H.B.C. had "slept on the shores of the Bay" for a generation. Meantime the French had journeyed inland and claimed the country which the company actually owned but which none of its men had ever seen.

The enquiry ended in a complete victory for the company, but it was not won strictly on the merits of the case. The British had decided to keep a united front against the French.

Hobbled by its absentee ownership, the company was passing up great opportunities and, by default, was allowing the wide-awake and adventurous French a head start in the conflict that eventually was to break out across the prairies and in the wild Athabasca country.

By 1756 the French had forged a chain of forts stretching from Montreal to the western foothills. The Indians were not so ignorant that they would travel the great distances to Bay posts when the French were setting up shop nearby.

At last the company began to stir. In 1754 it had sent Alexander Henday into the west, not to build forts but to drum up business among the Indians.

The Bay sponsored 60 such selling trips from 1754 to 1774 without much success before it began to meet the Montrealers' threat by establishing its first inland post. In 1774 Samuel Hearne, already distinguished as a great Arctic explorer, built Cumberland House, near The Pas.

#### Terror on the Prairies

With the fall of Quebec in 1759 and the assurance that Canada was British for once and for all, the French and Scots of Montreal had burst into the West in a feverish scramble for the fortunes that were to be made in fur. The Hudson's Bay Company and its royal charter was now to face its greatest challenge.

The Montrealers banded together into companies of their own. Eventually, by 1776, the North West Company, ruled by Simon ("The Marquis") McTavish, a shrewd and dictatorial merchant who became Montreal's wealthiest man, emerged as a power.

The Montreal traders became the explorers of the Canadian West. They crossed the Rockies to build forts on the Pacific Coast and they struck out to the Arctic Ocean.

From the ranks of the Nor'westers,



## CLOSING QUOTES

Maclean's Quiz  
by Gordon Duxton

IF YOU save up a smart crack or a gleaming sentence until your dying breath you might become famous. Of course, you have to keep a Dictaphone at the ready. When you hear the last trump (be sure it isn't a taxi klaxon) whip off your gem, and remember not to gum it up by asking what's for supper. If you can put names alongside 10 of these 12 famous sets of last words you stand a rough chance of hitting the jackpot yourself. Some are fact, some fiction, and only one is female.

1. "Et tu, Brute"
2. "Kiss me, Hardy."
3. "You shall see the lovely Madeline upon the barroom floor."
4. "Excelsior!"
5. "But I done her wrong!"
6. "Oh! love—joy—peace."
7. "There are (the) two other roads I would like to ride . . . the Rio Grande and the old S.P."
8. "I 'ope you liked your drink."
9. "What, do they run already? Then I die happy."
10. "Crito, we owe a cock to Aesculapius."
11. "It is a far, far better rest that I go to than I have ever known."
12. "The rest is silence."

Answers on page 58

## How to Save Your Husband's Life

Continued from page 23

interests that also find favor with men. Sports are good, politics is good, intellectual pursuits are also good. One woman client of mine took a course in Japanese and in calculus at a university; she was the only woman in these classes.

Finding a job which brings one in contact with men is a help. I know one older woman who switched from an office job entirely staffed by women to a job in a travel agency; another became a clerk at the transportation desk of a big hotel; a third sold a service which involved calling on men in their offices.

I had a lonesome client one summer and suggested, in a moment of inspiration, that she try becoming a cashier at a golf course. She took eagerly to the notion. What kind of men did she meet as she rang up the cash register? All kinds—married, permanent bachelors, mama's boys, wolves and jerks.

She told me she had a job of weeding out and doing some fast side-stepping—as all women have. But at least she had a fighting chance to get a man.

Some women are alone because they are not emotionally ready for a man; other women are alone because they do not meet men. The problem then is one of social mechanics rather than psychology and complexes.

### Married Couples Can Help

If the unattached 30-plus woman cannot meet men in her daily work she must try other ways. One way is eating alone in restaurants frequented mostly by men. Keeping a list of choice vacation spots and cruises popular with men and using them during her own vacations has been known to bring results. In this respect let me give you a tip. Women have told me that the very worst thing a woman alone seeking to alter her state can do is to have another woman tagging along for company.

How women can meet men easily without seeming "easy" is certainly a problem. In some cases it cannot be solved by the woman herself. Here is where the community should step in. Although there are clubs and recreation centres for older men and women in several large cities, they are usually designed for the lower-income group of 60-plus population. For the 35-50 lower-income group, and for both age groups in the middle-income bracket there is nothing.

Clubs and recreation centres are good ways for men and women to meet. The ideal is to pursue interests that will bring one in contact with people, but with the emphasis on the interests.

Of course the normal way in which unattached women, and men, should meet members of the opposite sex is in social gatherings at the homes of friends. But here a rather deplorable situation exists.

Most married people—and they are the ones who do the most entertaining—rarely invite unattached men and women to their gatherings. I have heard many reasons for this: persons living alone are not geared to entertaining in return; when you invite married couples you get two birds with one stone; married women, who do the actual inviting, like to have other married women around—it's a proof of their success; if the single woman is attractive, the married woman is afraid her husband will find her too interesting; if the single woman is not very attractive, the husband will be


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border controversy between Britain and the States, the company was asked by the British Government to found a Crown colony on Vancouver Island to forestall a possible rush of American settlers.

The company was made trustee of the natural resources and was allowed a profit of 10% on the sale of land. But the effort to colonize was half-hearted. Five years later there were fewer than 500 settlers.

Finally, in 1857 the agitation for settlement of the West resulted in the company being hauled before a British parliamentary committee for the second time.

The committee's report made it plain that the days of the royal charter though not ended were definitely numbered.

### A Killing for Speculators

The committee recommended that, if she wished, Canada be allowed to take over lands suitable for settlement in the Red and Saskatchewan Valleys and that the company's rule over Vancouver Island be terminated and the colony be extended to the Rockies.

In areas where there was no prospect of immediate settlement the company was still to hold sway. But this concession was no unqualified reaffirmation of its charter rights. It was made, rather, to protect the Indians against the evils of competitive trade and to conserve the fur-bearing animals.

Only one of the recommendations was acted upon at once. The company surrendered Vancouver Island and a Crown colony was established over all British Columbia in 1858.

In England speculators saw a golden chance. In the summer of 1863 the International Finance Society captured the H.B.C. This syndicate, formed for the express purpose, bought the stock of the company for £1,500,000.

Six years later, in 1869, the company's new owners made their deal with the infant Dominion of Canada. At last the royal charter was surrendered. The company gave up its ownership of Rupert's Land, as it called the territory granted it in 1670 by Charles II.

The company was paid £300,000 cash and given more than 7 million acres most of it in the fertile prairie provinces. In the great land booms of the early part of this century it made millions out of this gift land. Even today it has oil rights to 4½ million acres.

Now the barriers were gone and the great flood of migrants began sweeping over the West. And as tent towns and then young cities began springing up around company forts the Bay found itself gradually evolving into a modern merchandising concern.

The evolution of the storied Fort Garry, at the junction of the Red and Assiniboine, into the huge department store that stands today on Winnipeg's Portage Avenue typifies the modern development of the ancient company of adventurers.

Fifty-nine years before the city of Winnipeg was incorporated in 1873 the Hudson's Bay had been operating a fort—or store—at one location or another. At the time of Winnipeg's incorporation most everyone shopped at Fort Garry, including Lady Dufferin, wife of the Governor-General of Canada, who picked up a hat and a jacket there in 1877.

The company kept pace with the development of Winnipeg by erecting a fine new store in 1881 on Main Street. There it stopped and for 45 years it stayed in the Main Street store, tacking on additions every now and then. It was not until 1926 that

it moved into the modern Portage Avenue store.

Meanwhile Eaton's had moved into one of the choicest locations on Portage and when the Bay built it had to settle for second choice.

In the first 10 years of this century the Bay had squandered its initial mercantile leadership. Its absentee proprietors were lulled into inaction by the lush profits from land sales. The idea of cities mushrooming from tent towns was beyond their comprehension. As for their then Governor, Lord Strathcona, he was hitting the jackpot himself in land, politics and the CPR.

Rival merchants jeered at the H.B.C.'s old-fashioned methods and the public began to resent its failure to keep up with the progress of their fine new cities.

At last, the company stirred, just as it had when the Nor'westers challenged it a century before. Great department stores were planned and built, in Vancouver and Calgary in 1913 and in Victoria in 1914.

Today, with Chester showing the way, the company is constantly sprucing up its stores with escalators and new wings and revamping its merchandising methods with every gimmick it can lay a hand on.

### This Would Rock Rupert

An extra floor has been tacked on the Edmonton store and the Vancouver building is sprouting a large addition. In Winnipeg a sales system is being tried out which will actually make it possible for a shopper to find, say, a size 15 dress without rummaging through a stack of assorted sizes. The system is simple but downright revolutionary.

The Bay dress department used to be like any other dress department: the dresses were on racks by price and not by size. Now, dresses of one size are all on the same rack, regardless of price. This switch is saving shoppers time and trouble but what the Bay likes most about it is that it's making more sales.

Prince Rupert and his original 18 Adventurers never guessed it would all come to this when they touched their good friend Charles for that original charter. Likewise, Philip Chester has no idea of the final destiny of the world's oldest company and, furthermore, he won't even hazard a guess.

"We're not a large company," he says (though the firm grosses \$100 millions a year) "but we are the oldest. It's nice to know that." ★

Answers to

### CLOSING QUOTES

(See Quiz on page 56)

1. Julius Caesar.
2. Lord Nelson.
3. The Vagabond in Hugh A. D'Arcy's tear-jerker, "The Face on the Barroom Floor."
4. The mountain climber in Longfellow's poem "Excelsior."
5. Johnny (Frankie's beloved).
6. Little Eva ("Uncle Tom's Cabin").
7. Casey Jones.
8. Gunga Din (Kipling).
9. General James Wolfe at Quebec, 1759.
10. Socrates.
11. Sydney Carton ("A Tale of Two Cities").
12. Hamlet.

front opening long enough so the child can get into it herself. Buttons, that are flat, round and large also help youngsters dress themselves. Instead of annoyingly bulky collars, specialists recommend a flat facing.

Bright colors are recommended; they help motorists see children crossing the street.

Don't feel you do your boy an injustice if you buy him the trousers the salesman admits have a little cotton mixed in with the wool. You'll notice they won't be as soft as the more expensive all wool, and will wrinkle a little more readily, but actually a little cotton makes the garment more durable.

Some men find they can buy things for less in a boy's department. When shirts were especially expensive a couple of years ago, the manager of a boys' department told me he had never seen so many small men.

**5: Buy Useful Colors:** Another policy that helps families dress better is to build wardrobes around one or two basic colors. You'll need fewer accessories and you'll be better able to mix and match.

Of any suit a man or woman might buy, one in a shade of grey will team up with more colors and can be worn more seasons and places.

Brown, black or navy are other good basic colors. It's smart to avoid very light shades. Men's and women's summer clothes are available now in dark colors; they are practical because they don't soil as readily and can be worn into other seasons.

**6: Avoid High-Fashion Fabrics:** You can also save by by-passing those fabrics and patterns particularly in the fashion spotlight each year. There's a world shortage of the fine wools required to make hard-finish worsted. But fashion emphasis currently is centred on just such scarce worsteds as gabardine, and fancy patterns like Glen Plaid and sharkskin.

Result is, many Canadians overlook the fine wearability and lower cost of tweeds. You could buy a tweed topcoat for less than \$30 in Ontario stores last spring, but had to pay \$40 and more for wool gabardine.

#### Corduroy at Inflation Level

The recent vogue among women for rayon tissue faille confirms the wisdom of this technique of buying clothes. Faille has many virtues, but none so compelling to make a skirt of it worth twice as much money as rayon shantung or rayon linen; this was actually the price difference last spring in some stores.

Another example is the fashion every so often for linen shoes and handbags. At such times they'll be just as expensive as fine calf.

Because corduroy has become fashionable for young women, it's now ultra-expensive for children's clothes, but replaceable by other sturdy garments like jeans.

**7: Buy For Use:** A more satisfactory guide than fashion for choosing a type of suit or coat is the use you intend for it, and your special needs. Broadly speaking, there are two types of wool fabric: hard-finish worsteds and soft-finish woolens (tweeds, shetlands, flannel, etc.). Worsteds wear well; in fact they'll give you as much as 70% more wear than some soft-finish woolens depending how hard you are on clothes. (A heavy man ought to consider worsteds.) They also hold their crease well and save pressing.

Least expensive worsteds are the solid-color serge, twills and worsted cheviot. Worsteds cheviots wear as well as the other worsteds, and the jacket can double as a sports jacket. Serge,

too, is durable, but poorer grades soon shine. It's wise to avoid any serge that has a lustre to start with—the bar sinister of poor-grade wool.

The soft-finish woolens are warmer, more comfortable, and generally more versatile and wearable more seasons than some worsteds. And at times such as now, the abnormal price difference may compensate for their lower durability. However, closely woven tweeds, coverts and homespun are pretty nearly as rugged as worsteds.

Flannel and shetland make luxurious suits but good flannel is costly, moderate qualities wear poorly and lose their nap quickly. Shetland loses shape and wears through quickly.

Woolens make warmer coats than worsteds. But those with very soft finishes, like wool suede, look shabby before their time.

#### And Here's a Trade Secret

It's especially important to buy rayons according to intended use. There are two types, acetate and viscose, and they differ in usefulness. Acetate washes easier, dries quicker, is less affected by perspiration. So experts prefer it for lingerie, bathing suits, raincoats and summer clothing. But viscose is stronger. It's the rayon used in tires. Where durability is called for, as in a pair of slacks, the vote is for viscose. Also, viscose isn't as subject to the mysterious gas fading that sometimes causes a dress to turn weird hues merely while hanging up.

There are two simple policies you might follow: plain flat weaves, such as rayon chiffon, wear well, wash easily, and don't soil as readily as crepey fabrics; where toughness is required, as in the lining of a man's jacket, look for a twill weave (distinguishable by a diagonal rib).

**8. Be An Opportunist:** You not only buy more efficiently by knowing which styles and fabrics give you most for your money, but you'll gain by comparison-shopping, and by opportunity buying. All stores do not necessarily charge the same price at the same time.

Count up your family's needs in advance, and then grasp the opportunities offered by special sales. Buy a winter coat at the midwinter clearances at a sharp saving instead of waiting until the first snow next fall when coats are at their peak prices.

I can hear a voice wailing: "But do I have to wait until late in the season to buy my clothes?" The answer is, "That's just the time to buy them." The seasons will turn around again before you know it. And if it's the classic hat you select, it will be wearable for seasons to come.

Another opportunity showing up more frequently is cut prices on seconds or irregulars. Those with no break in the fabric itself, but only barely perceptible misweaves or misprints, are good buys.

If you want to know a trade secret, in a time of declining prices manufacturers sometimes label some perfects as irregulars to move goods without irrevocably reducing their official prices.

**9: Master Quality Clues:** It's not difficult to compare quality if you're wise to a few clues which can be applied to almost all clothing.

Hold a garment up to the light to see if the fabric is closely woven. Pull it both ways to make sure it's firm. With wool, squeeze a handful to judge its resiliency. Note whether it sheds its wrinkles when released.

You've seen broadcloth shirts called "2x1" or "2x2." The 2x1 has double strands in one direction, single in the other. The 2x2 is, of course, the finer—it has two-ply yarns both ways.



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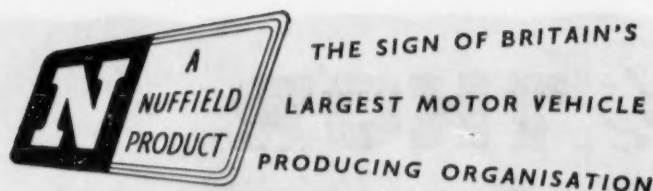
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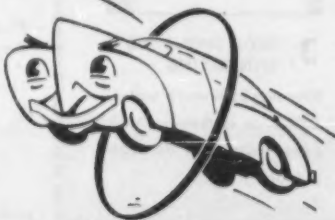
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bored; single women seem to be so envious of the married bliss of their hosts, that it is embarrassing to have them up.

These are not very good reasons. They show lack of understanding, lack of feeling, and above all, lack of foresight. For what happily married woman knows when her own double status will change, and she will be a woman alone? She will then know how it feels to be "poor Mildred," and will bitterly resent her former married friends when they neglect her.

I recommend that all married couples should make nonattached men and women part of their social life. You will be doing your single friends a very great favor and will be indirectly providing insurance for yourself if the day when you are alone should come.

You may not be one of those girls who believes that man is God's gift to women. You may have other adjectives for men. You think you can live alone and love it. You insist unattached women can be just as happy or even happier than married ones. You may be that kind of woman. But you are very much in the minority.

Most women want to share their lives with a man. For such women, who are alone, I have one last word. You have a real problem. Part of it is how to live alone and not show it.

Whatever your circumstances do your own entertaining. Invite anyone and everyone you know—even married folks. Get into active circulation. Go to every gathering, lecture, party, meeting to which you are invited.

Don't ask whether your hostess is boring or not. A bore may be the unwitting link between you and the person you want to meet.

Make a note of the name and address of every unattached man you meet. He may not be a romantic possibility, but he will be an important ingredient in your social life.

Remember—if you want to meet men, you will never meet them sitting alone in your room or apartment waiting for them to come to you. Enlarge your interests, circulate, become active, use your head—and the chances are you will meet an unattached man who will want to join forces with you for life—at least for his life.

Most women, whether married or single, will sooner or later face the problem of being a woman alone. You women married now, give a sympathetic thought to the problems of the woman now alone.

And when you remember you may not see that husband of yours for the last eight years of your life perhaps you will look at him with new and loving eyes at dinner tonight. ★

## Ten Ways to Save Money on Clothes

Continued from page 31

outfit is the topped-dress, an ensemble of dress with tuxedo coat lined with the same material.

Canadians get a break on woolsens because of the preferential tariff on British woolsens but the new rayon worsteds are high in versatility. First developed for men's summer suits, they are more wrinkle-resistant than usual rayons. They look and feel like lightweight wool worsteds except they seem crisper. A woman can wear a rayon suit four seasons a year and forget about summer mothproofing.

A plain cloth coat is more versatile than a fur-trimmed one. Certainly if you can't spend much, it's better to put your money in a good cloth body and glamorize it yourself with accessories, or even a separate fur piece that can be worn with other outfits. The versatile topcoat with detachable lining is increasingly popular for both men and women.

2: *Match Your Own Ensembles:* Ensembles that can be mixed or matched give you most use. One young woman I know saw the versatility of the bolero costume—short wool jacket with a print dress—found the least expensive she could get in a large Ontario store was \$45. She finally bought a fairly good dress for \$15 and found a wool shortie coat that harmonized with it nicely for \$20.

The secret of contriving your own ensemble is to pick a color in the pattern of the dress and find a jacket or coat to match that color. Alertness and ingenuity in building outfits very often are what enables one girl to look trim on less money than another might spend to still be dowdy.

It often works that way in children's clothes. Separate jacket and trousers frequently cost less than a complete suit for a little boy.

3: *Buy Classics:* The most frequently worn dress in my wife's wardrobe is an untrimmed shirtwaist frock. It cost her less than most of her other dresses, but it's in style year after year; and she can

dress it down with a gay belt for a walk in the country or dress it up with scarves and a piece of costume jewelry for a party.

The truth is that women who buy dresses with excessive trimming succeed only in impressing other women. As an experiment, I once sent a reporter out with two young soldiers to let them pick at random women they considered well-dressed. In every instance they chose women wearing simple clothes that didn't distract from their own silhouettes.

Some women's styles considered classic are the fitted reefer, the Chesterfield coat, the man-tailored suit, the tailored felt hat, the shirtwaist, the tailored handbag.

The advantages of simplicity don't apply only to women. A man who buys highly perforated shoes pays more for the same quality than for less decorated styles, and finds their use more limited.

### Help Kids to Dress Themselves

Upkeep costs less with simple clothes. A pleated skirt costs almost twice as much to have cleaned as a flared skirt. Dresses with nondetachable collars, cuffs and bows, or side-drapes, tiers, or metallic trim, are similarly hard to clean.

4: *Don't Overspend on the Children:* Overtrimmed clothing reaches an expensive height in children's things. Cuteness is a poor guide to selecting suitable clothes. Pinched waists, longer skirts, other frills may appeal to parents, but often actually detract from a child's appearance and are inconvenient.

Children need clothes that are comfortable, durable, simple, that encourage them to dress themselves, that are easy for the mother to wash and iron, and simple to alter as the child grows.

In buying snowsuits especially, favor the one-piece sets over the two-piecers. The former are warmer because they avoid heat leaks at the waist, and they're less bulky and easier for the child to put on.

Little girls' dresses should hang straight from the shoulders, be loose for movement, and have roomy armholes and sleeves. Best is a dress with a

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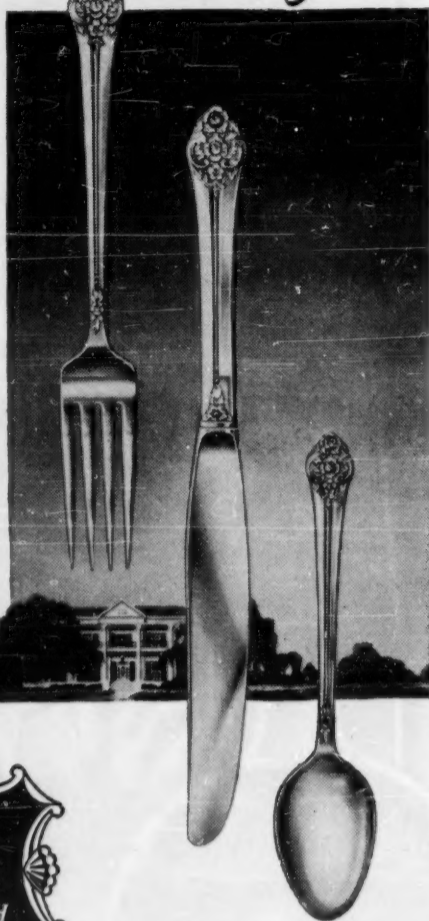
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Similarly two-ply worsteds are stronger than single-ply. Pull a yarn out of the cuff of your trousers and unravel it to see if there are two strands twisted together or just one.

A fabric that has about the same number of threads crosswise as lengthwise is stronger than one closely woven in just one direction. That's why 80-square percale, with 80 threads to the inch in both directions, is standard for good house dresses. Other "balanced" fabrics, very good for shirts and dresses, are poplin and chainbray.

Another point is that "combed" cotton fabrics which have the short fibres combed out are stronger than merely carded cottons.

In men's underwear, experts rate knitted types warmer, more comfortable and easier to wash than such woven goods as broadcloth. And ribbed knits keep their shape better.

In shirts as with suits you'll find solid colors cost less than stripes and fancy patterns. One must be careful of fancies at low prices. Always look at the reverse side of a shirt. In printed shirts the pattern will be barely visible, and you risk fading. In a shirt printed with the superior vat dyes the pattern will show more clearly on the reverse, but it will be most visible in the top-quality "yarn-dyed" materials. The yarns themselves are dyed and then woven.

But good fabric is small help unless the garment is cut correctly. An expert can glance at a dress, shirt or suit, and predict accurately whether it's going to look well on you six months from now. You can too, if you know where to look. Let your arm hang down straight. The lengthwise grain of your sleeve should hang exactly vertical.

Very often on the street I notice a

man wearing a suit that seems to be good fabric but somehow he doesn't quite seem to belong to that suit. If I can get within a foot of him, I can see it is largely machine-made. Now machine-made clothing is durable and fine for a work suit that has to take hard wear. But the long, loose stitches of hand tailoring at strategic points give a ready-made suit resiliency that helps shape it to your individual form, and recover its shape between wearings.

Here are some of the ways you can tell a suit has at least some handwork: Lapels roll and don't lie flat. Buttonholes have the crude stitches of hand tailoring instead of even machine stitches. The front of the jacket hangs smoothly. The sleeve lining is joined to the cuffs and to the body lining with long, loose stitches.

Fulness is an important clue to quality. Hold together a good and a poor shirt marked the same size and you'll see the difference.

10: *Buy for Greatest Return:* One man swears that in the long run you save by buying the best socks. Another man says no, it doesn't pay to spend much, he'd rather buy cheap ones even if he has to buy them more often.

The truth is in the middle. It doesn't pay to buy substandard quality. But on the other hand, the most expensive articles do not necessarily give you the most usefulness although they may supply extra style features. It's the middle-price merchandise that offers basic quality at least cost.

You learn to be a sophisticated buyer gradually. More and more you'll be able to pick the well-made suit or the versatile dress. And you can bet that the more you go by these 10 rules, the more you'll save. ★

## Music, Machines But No Novels

Continued on page 16

in a palace and wore a golden crown where all the politicians were great men, where there was a perpetual fog, except when it rained, where Shakespeare and Dickens lay buried and where Soccer football was played as the only game in the world requiring the use of the outside of the head.

Cockney emigrants would arrive in Toronto and tell us how much better everything was done in Britain. The occasional placard outside shops and factories, "No Englishman need apply," was not entirely the fault of the Canadians.

The continent of Europe was just a geography and history lesson in which we had as little interest as the teachers who tried to fill our unresponsive skulls. France we liked because the Revolution was exciting and Napoleon was almost the first film star soldier.

But who cared if Italy was a peninsula or that Serbia was an unwilling component of the Austro-Hungarian Empire? Even when an assassin's shot in the Serbian town of Sarajevo altered the world for ever more we could not get excited at there being one archduke the less.

It was good to be young in Toronto those days, though not so good to be middle-aged. A few men of 45 or over, mostly Scottish-Canadian bankers, used to curl in the winter and bowl in the summer but, broadly speaking, men over 40 played no games. As for women over 40 they sat by the fire in their bonnets and waited peacefully for the end.

The Church was the centre of social as well as religious activity, especially

the Methodist Church. There was the Epworth League on Monday night, the men's Bible class on Wednesday night, choir practice on Friday night and all sorts of other special activities.

The annual choir picnic across on Toronto Island was not only great fun but by no means lacking in romance. There were sleigh rides too when we hurled conversation lozenges at each other and drove home to jingling bells and the winter moonlight above our heads.

When we went to parties we took our music with us for we had not yet degenerated into a race of disc jockeys or nob twiddlers. Some of the singing (of the others) was pretty bad and many a wrong note was hit on the piano but at least we made our own music.

Another thing we did was read books. We had no Walter Winchell to woo us with his dulcet voice, no unctuous commercial radio announcer to give us Beethoven and a dandruff cure together, no talkies to standardize our speech, our slang, our thoughts and our customs. We read Dickens or Thackeray (never both) and when we grew up we read Shaw and Wilde and even Russian novelists. We liked reading. We still do.

The other day I found my 16-year-old daughter gazing at a copy of Nicholas Nickleby and I was naturally delighted. But she explained that she had to read it for an exam, implying that she would prefer to read the telephone book or the Encyclopaedia Britannica.

So I persuaded her to read me bits aloud and I found myself once more under the spell of that gigantic genius who, despite his sentimentality and exaggeration, will live for ever. "But Daddy," said my daughter, "it never gets anywhere."

Continued on page 65

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Continued from page 62

"Why should it?" I answered. "It is a book not a train."

My generation never heard of war except in history books. We had a dim memory of a few heroes leaving Toronto to fight some awful beasts called the Boers who were threatening to conquer Britain, but that had faded to nothing. It is true that my brother and I joined the Queen's Own Rifles but for the sole purpose of going to the Tercentenary Celebrations at Quebec when the Prince of Wales (afterward George V) and "Bobs" (Lord Roberts) were to review the assembled military might of Canada. "Bap" Johnston (now the King's Printer) was in our section, and Reg Pellatt was our officer.

But war was out-of-date. It belonged to history. Canada was growing before our very eyes, trains of emigrants roared their way across the continent to build up the last grey West.

Toronto was growing so fast that the city council revived the prospect of my grandfather, Alderman Baxter, to widen Yonge Street. (It was thrilling to learn on my visit in 1947 that the local council was still considering it.)

Life was vibrant; a nation was on the move; hardship and opportunity offered their ageless appeal. As for the Government at Ottawa it was no concern of ours for we wanted nothing but freedom to make our way, taking our rewards and our losses and never wanting the Government dollar. In other words Canada was young and so were we.

Then came the war, and youth had to pay the price that war exacts from the young. Unknown to us an era had died.

My son Clive has listened to this story with what might be called modified rapture. Canada is his other country even if England is his birthplace and his home. And as we talk I am deeply impressed by the difference between his generation and those of us who had our youth before World War I. To Clive the world is a small place in which oceans are telescoped by air travel into mere lakes, and mountains reduced to a tiny range of little hills. Each day's newspaper is a lesson to him in geography and history.

When the Chinese Communists were sweeping through China he told me the exact route which they would take. He has a good grasp of the tactical advantages and the weaknesses of Western Union.

If you ask him he will give a technical description of Russian, British and American planes. He has no hatred for any man or any country but, like all his friends, he assumes that there will be war.

That he should be called up for military service seems no more strange to him than if he had been told he had to go to college.

At his school in Buckinghamshire he took the officers' training course and went to camp so that he would know something about the job when he joined the services.

At the time that the Government was faltering over the period of training Clive wrote to me from school and urged that the period should be at least two years. "If we have to be soldiers," he said, "let us be properly trained."

This attitude is not inspired by flag waving or patriotism or jingoism. There is a fatalism about these young fellows that does not degenerate into pessimism, a realization that the world is divided into two military and ideological camps, and that each side must be prepared for war. There is no bitterness in their souls and no undue excitement.

On the whole they have an immense

zeal for life and live each day to the full. What is interesting to watch is their self-reliance. If they can get enough foreign currency for absolute essentials they will think nothing of hiking their way through Europe. Boarding school and military training combined have made the English boy a pretty tough, resolute fellow.

We older men do not patronize them or treat their opinions as immature, as was the case 30 years ago. The British boy of 18 is no longer dumb in the presence of his elders.

Another change is in their artistic perception. At my son's school there were regular concerts by London symphonic orchestras, and singing played a big part in Sunday chapel. The result is that during the holidays these lads, providing there was no air station which had offered to "take them for a flip," and also providing that Danny Kaye was not at the Palladium, would set out for the Albert Hall to hear Beecham or Sargeant.

They don't read Dickens. In fact they don't read novels at all, which is a great pity. But they devour magazine articles, especially those that describe events in some theatre of the last war. Strangely enough, many of them take a personal interest in politics. It is a fact that the Young Conservative Movement has made the lives of many of us Conservative M.P.'s a far more lively experience than we had intended.

#### Life Before the Machine

In some strange way this postwar generation of young men has lost a part, a big part, of its very soul to the internal combustion engine. When my wife and I traveled to Ireland by train and ship, Clive regarded us with the interest of an explorer, finding in our philosophy something even more remote than the Tomb of Tutankhamen. How could we be content to remain earth-bound for long dreary hours when there were wings to let us ride the sky?

When I said that I liked trains because they had no telephones and it was nice looking at the English countryside—and what was wrong with a whiff of salt sea air crossing to Belfast—Clive looked at me with the interest of an antiquarian having discovered the bones of a Brontosaurus.

I still think that we who grew up with the present century were lucky. We knew life before the machine age had mechanized the world, we knew humanity before it had divided itself into ideological camps, we knew existence when individualism was the very law, and we moved in a world that was in the making and where opportunity beckoned to all those willing to adventure. Above all we had our youth free from the despair and blasphemy of war.

But the eternal optimism of the human race bravely refuses to be cowed. Therefore I salute the younger generation of today with something of the deference that a former cavalryman of World War I saw the young aristocracy of the air riding their machines into battle in the golden September skies of 1940.

\* \* \*

MY DAUGHTER Meribah is struggling hard with algebra and mathematics and her maiden's brow is furrowed with care. The examination is approaching with the relentlessness of fate.

"Why don't you chuck it?" I asked. "Take up the piano instead."

With the patience of a 16-year-old she explained. "I wouldn't be able to get a commission without this exam."

This strange, strange world . . . ★

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*the wrist*

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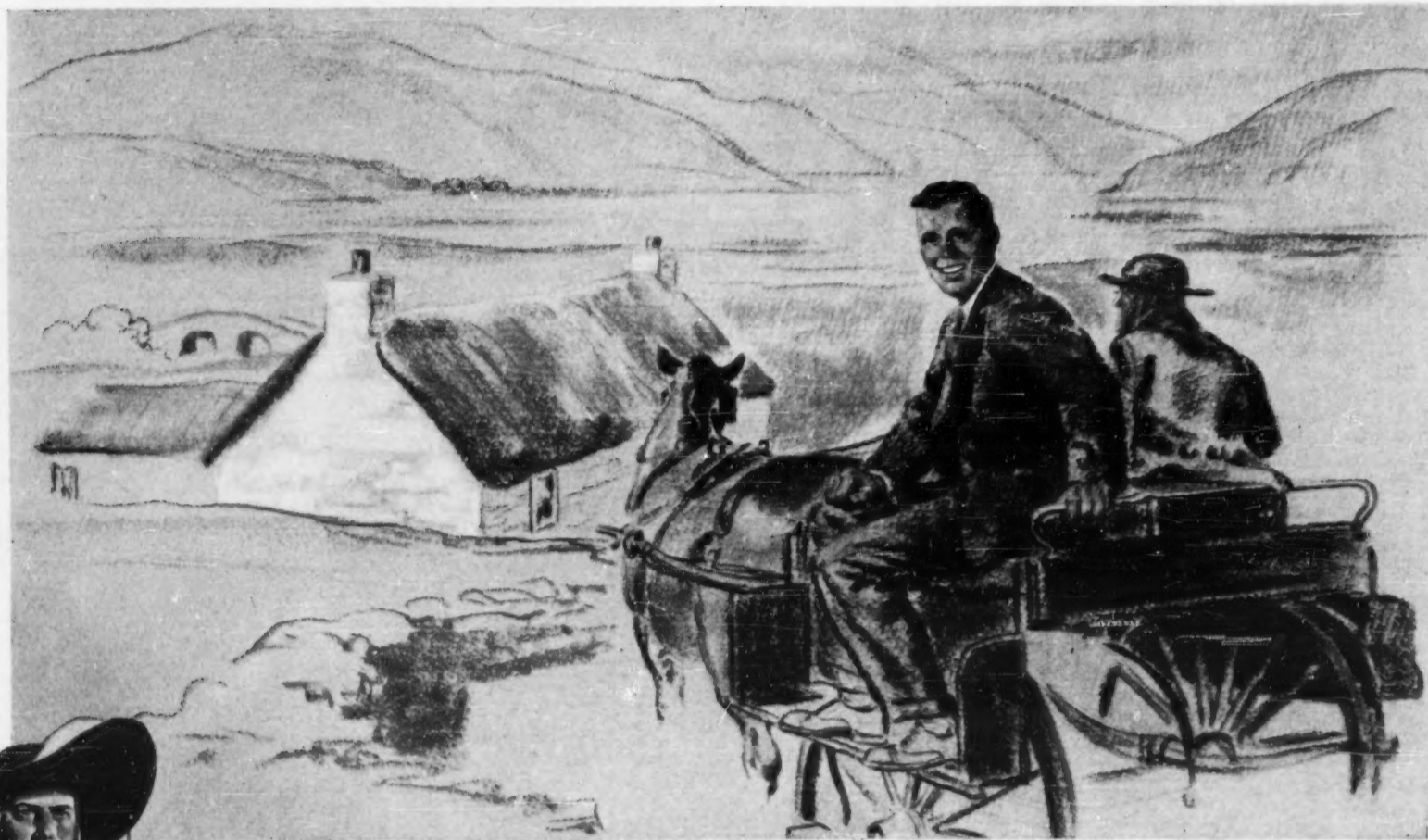
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TORONTO CHATHAM MONTREAL

## The Canadian Family owes much to... Ireland



MUCH OF THE STRENGTH and vitality of Canadian life and the rich quality of its democracy stems from the blending of racial and cultural heritages from many lands. Few countries draw more strength from more nations than does Canada.

Canadians are justifiably proud that so many races, without sacrificing their national characteristics, have united themselves into one great citizenship — the Canadian Family.

Probably no race has produced more

emigrants than the Irish. A century ago, the Irish formed half the population of Canada and today, in every town and village from Newfoundland to Vancouver Island, one can find a son of the Emerald Isle. The Irish brogue echoes through all of Canada's history.

Blessed with the "gift of the gab", their industry and ambition, coupled with an imaginative humour, are qualities which have won friends and enabled them to contribute much to Canada's progress.

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Calvert, Secretary of State to King James I, and head of the famous Calvert family, founded one of Canada's first colonies in Newfoundland in 1622. Calvert and his descendants fostered the principles of religious tolerance and democratic freedom and thus helped sow the fertile seed of democracy in the New World.

An experienced maître d'hôtel can tell at a glance whether he should give you a ringside table or put you upstairs behind the spare linen. I have become resigned to being allotted the new waitress who is just learning to carry things. She regards me with undisguised horror, runs away and hides for long intervals, presumably in the hope that I'll go away, and has found that the quickest way to unburden a tray is to trip over a chair leg. I have had several harrowing escapes from sudden volleys of sauerkraut.

Yet I do not complain because the maître has singled me out as barely solvent. After all I am barely solvent.

In Paris you wear out your pockets faster reaching for small change than in any other major capital. Say you're going to the theatre. If you take a taxi the driver expects a 15% tip on top of what the meter shows. (Life is much simpler in France if you're a wizard at figures.)

At the box office, in case you don't speak French, there hovers a Negro general who will buy your ticket for you. He doesn't do it because you remind him of his mother.

In the lobby, after you've tipped the wardens of the cloakroom, you can buy a program, but don't forget to tip the seller.

Another way to do this is to squat in the middle of the lobby, deal all your money into 10 equal piles and fire a gun so that everybody jumps together.

You hand your ticket to an usherette who shows you to your seat and you sit down happy to let your hand cool off. But, looking up to see who's doing all the coughing, you see that the usherette is still standing by with a snarl on her lips. She isn't collecting stamps.

Maybe you think you're in the clear

now, but wait. If during the show you visit the washroom you find the plumbing presided over by an antique harpy who will be happy to let you linger at the door while she waddles off in search of change. This is known as Old World charm.

Theoretically, one way to slip through these shoals of tip-tappers is to walk to the theatre, wear no overclothes, buy no program, find your own seat and wash your hands before you leave the house. In practice, however, these evasions rarely add to the evening's pleasure, especially if you're with friends who don't understand broken-field running.

Besides, even including all the tips, your evening at the theatre will have cost you much less than the ticket for a Broadway show.

Our only legitimate complaint is that tipping is a humbug. So much nibbling gives us the gibbering meemies. But to the European, accustomed to the system, nothing is more natural or, in many ways, more satisfactory.

No, everything considered, tipping seems the best way to preserve the dignity of the individual who is a public utility, provided he hasn't already lost it. Tipping is a nuisance for the tipper, but until human beings can be turned out possessing the insensibility of the automat we'll have to go on finding scratch for the old itch.

That's my theory, anyhow, developed from the fact that in Paris I've had more waitresses smile graciously for me, refill my water carafe and help me on with my coat than I ever had back home. And if that can happen to a tightwad, first-class, imagine what life must be like for people who have money to spend! ★

## Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 16

policy was adopted on the advice of the "Security Panel," an interdepartmental committee which began 2½ years ago to study the problem of weeding potential Communist spies out of the Civil Service. The actual leg work was assigned to the RCMP.

For one type of check the RCMP was admirably equipped. This is the "file check," a comparison of Government personnel lists with the Mounties' secret files of suspected Communist agents. RCMP intelligence from inside the Communist Party is pretty good. They have been able to spot several unreliable people in the Government service simply by reference to their own files—men who had been known Communists before the war, who had broken all open connection with the party on entering the armed services after Russia was attacked, and who on demobilization had used their veterans' preference to get Civil Service jobs. The Mounties hadn't even known they were working for the Government, but they knew them as Communist agents. The identified men have not been dismissed, but they have been permanently diverted from any job involving secret information.

For the more intensive "field check," however, the Mounties' machinery seems to be less adequate. They could probably investigate dozens, perhaps even hundreds of individuals without resorting to the technique of door-to-door salesman. But to prepare reports on huge lists of total strangers, dumped in their laps by department heads who want an "independent check" on particularly trusted men, the RCMP has been able to devise no more subtle method than ringing back door bells to

gather up gossip of the neighborhood.

Security Panel spokesmen claim that they have got some useful information by this means—just what it is, they won't say. They are rather red-faced about the whole business, though, and hint broadly that the RCMP has been stupid in its way of handling the job. The RCMP, equally red-faced, retorts that if anyone can suggest a better way of doing it, with their present staff and funds, they'll be happy to accept the suggestion.

Whether or not it's doing any good, the investigation is doing some harm to Civil Service morale. Security Panel spokesmen will tell you that the civil servants offer no objection, accept the probe as a disagreeable necessity. Deputy ministers and department heads tell a different story. They say the resentment, though concealed, is profound.

Regardless of its effect, however, the "field check" is likely to go on. The Government doesn't want to have to say, either to Parliament or to its U. S. friends, that nothing is being done to detect Communists in its ranks. Meanwhile, it consoles itself with the reflection that at least the Red hunt in Ottawa hasn't reached the hysterical pitch of Washington's.

\* \* \*

Another question is raised by the "field check" enquiries: What are these organizations to which it's dangerous for a civil servant to belong?

The RCMP has a list, it admits, "as long as your arm." But the list they are willing to identify publicly is no longer than your finger. They're willing to label the Labor Progressive Party, the National Federation of Labor Youth, and a group of organizations of the foreign-born as Communist-controlled. But there are many other



## BRENDA YORK'S "Here's How" COOKERY COLUMN

**HELLO NEIGHBOURS:** Readers who were absent last month will find a change in the Brenda York Column. We've got a new heading—and we're going to school! It's a beginners' class in elementary cooking methods and, during the months to come, we'll learn, not only the basic rules of good cooking, but some time-and-work-saving tips which I'm sure all of you will find of interest. I'd like to have your comments on our new "Here's How" Column—won't you write? Possibly you have a cooking problem or a trick or two with food which would interest our readers and could be discussed in a future column. Let's hear from you!

It's no secret that the dry ingredients, the liquids and the fats used in cooking must be measured *accurately* to assure consistently good results. "Margene"—that newcomer to the culinary field—is no exception. So our lesson this month gives you three tested ways to measure this fine margarine for your recipes. Here they are:

1. To measure small amounts, press "Margene" into a measuring spoon and level off with the dull side of a table knife.
2. "Margene" may be measured quickly by simply cutting the pound print in the required amount, as follows:

1 pound Margene equals 2 cups  
½ pound Margene equals 1 cup  
¼ pound Margene equals ½ cup  
⅛ pound Margene equals ¼ cup

3. The most accurate method for measuring "Margene" is by water displacement, as follows:

- a. To measure ¾ cup Margene, have water at ¼ cup level in measuring cup and add Margene until water reaches 1 cup level.
- b. To measure ½ cup Margene, have water at ½ cup level in measuring cup and add Margene until water reaches 1 cup level.
- c. To measure ¼ cup Margene, have water at ¾ cup level in measuring cup and add Margene until water reaches 1 cup level.

"MARGENE" was the first margarine sold in Canada. We believe it to be the finest margarine money can buy. Research work to improve "Margene" never stops. Recently, we have succeeded in making "Margene" easy to spread at temperatures as low as 50°, and yet keep its shape at as high as 80° without melting away on the dish. I know all you good housewives will appreciate the importance of this development.

Now a few words about colouring. "Margene" is excellent for baking and cooking just as you buy it—but for table use, do use the colour wafer enclosed in each "Margene" carton. It's as easy as A B C to do. Illustrated directions are printed on every wrapper—and the attractive results will more than justify the few minutes time it takes.

Have you sent for your copy of the new "Margene" Cook Book with its 60 recipes—all of them tested—all of them made with wholesome, economical "Margene"? This attractive book is yours FREE—simply clip the coupon from the front of a "Margene" carton and send it with your name and address to:

**BRENDA YORK,**

"Good-Things-To-Eat" Reporter, c/o Canada Packers Limited,  
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Toronto, Canada

Winner will be announced in my December Column

As the sale of margarine is not permitted in Prince Edward Island, we regret that our Islander readers will be unable to participate this month.

### CONGRATULATIONS AND \$100.00 TO:

MRS. ERNEST MacEACHERN, 56 Rosewyn St., Truro, N.S.,  
for this festive salad that would add a gay touch to any buffet luncheon or supper.

#### KLIK CARNIVAL JELLY

**GREEN LAYER**  
1 package lime jelly powder 3 tablespoons vinegar  
1 teaspoon salt ¼ cup diced green pepper  
1½ cups boiling water 1 cucumber, medium-thin slices  
1 cup ice water ½ cup diced celery

Dissolve the jelly powder and salt in the boiling water. Add ice water and vinegar, then chill until partially set. Add the vegetables and pour into an 8" x 8" loaf pan, that has been rinsed with cold water. Let stand in a cool place until set, then make the following:

**RED LAYER**  
1½ tablespoons gelatine 1 teaspoon onion juice  
½ cup water 1 teaspoon salt  
½ cup condensed tomato soup 1 tin of KLIK or KAM, diluted with ½ cup water diced

Soak the gelatine in water for five minutes. Heat the diluted tomato soup and add with the onion juice and salt to the gelatine. Stir until gelatine is dissolved. Chill until partially set. Add the KLIK. Pour over the set lime jelly. When set, turn out on a lettuce-garnished platter, top with hard-cooked egg and pimiento-stuffed olive slices.

I'll be waiting for your "Margene" recipes, so don't disappoint me, will you?

Your "Good-Things-To-Eat" Reporter,

*Brenda York*

# What's ahead...



## ...for you?

No man can see what the future has in store for him. But every man can take practical steps now to provide a new source of income for his later years and build up his future independence.

There is a Mutual Life of Canada policy that enables you to safeguard your future and at the same time provide for your family. Your best plan is to consult our local representative and explain your circumstances and wishes to him. He will then outline a programme, within your means, that will take care of your own future needs as well as those of your family.

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## Tips for Tightwads

By ERIC NICOL

THE porter for the Cherbourg-Paris Express straddled the aisle and glared at the U. S. sergeant whose baggage he had just lugged into the coach.

"Du papier," he demanded, waving the quarter tip the sergeant had given him. "Donnez-moi du papier."

"Beat it," said the sergeant, opening a newspaper.

The porter froze, his whole body tense with outrage, the red bulb of his nose vibrating above inaudible invective. Evidently failing to recognize the sergeant's rank, he was trying to give him a dirty look. It ricocheted off the sergeant and splanged into the rest of the coach's passengers, including me. We sank redly in our seats.



For several minutes the porter stood there, radiating revulsion, never taking his eyes off the sergeant. Only after the sergeant had finished the sports page and turned to the editorials did the porter move slowly off, still mouthing something that didn't sound too much like "God Bless America."

The effect of this on me, fresh off the boat, was such that when my porter puffed up with my valises I thrust a fistful of franc notes at him and was delighted when he let me off with a grunt.

The sergeant looked at me quizzically. "That was a half day's pay you gave him. Over here you'll find it's cheaper to have a scene."

He was right, of course. The French love making scenes, can't make enough of them. Seems to aid their digestion.

All the same the episode heightened my anxiety about France's celebrated tipping fever. Before I left Canada I had heard that I could be prepared to cross more palms than a date breeder. Now I had visions of a long series of noisy melodramas starring me as the cheap skate and various members of the French proletariat as voluble accusers.

I pulled into the Gare St. Lazare with my valises clutched firmly in my hands, ready to run like a spavined musk ox at the approach of a peaked cap.

Yet, after six months in Paris, I'm prepared to go to bat for tipping. This doesn't mean that I'm now a porter. It means that I think the Old World has evolved tipping as the best answer to a certain type of labor, and the Old World often knows best.

Where the worker has nothing to sell but service—waitresses, taxi drivers porters and so on—the tip represents the difference between apathy and special effort. Prohibition of tipping solves the problem in much the same way that decapitation cures a headache. Man can live by bread alone but he soon gets awfully crusty.

Consider the restaurant, for example. In Paris you pay a minimum 10% tip, even if your waiter gets his foot in the soup. In some restaurants this 10% for *le service* is included in the bill. But when the reward is left to the patron's discretion the incentive to give better service is greater.

Needless to say, the service is better than that offered by the impassive, cud-chomping waitresses of most North American restaurants, the mistresses of slow motion who work on salary and consider the discovery of a tip as an Act of God.

Somebody objects that tipping is undemocratic, leads to discrimination.

## The Wind in the Juniper

Continued from page 29

Absently, through the attic's unceiled flooring, he heard the back door close, the faint swish and knock as the Captain brushed wet snow from his feet.

It was a little while before the indistinct words began to penetrate.

Johnny began to tremble with the shaking sadness that always caught him when conflict flared between people he loved.

He lay down on the attic floor, straining to hear. There was no shame in this. He had to know.

He heard the Captain's voice then, accompanying the upward squeak of the windlass-chain, and hoarse with the outrage of a man misunderstood: "—listen to me. You know—not let him be tied to the kind of work we do for a living—in a couple of years, away to school—telling you this—hanging onto what money we get—be some use when the time comes." The Captain's voice stopped and changed and lowered. There was a kind of irritable apology in it. Johnny could catch only a word or two. "—don't want to talk about it—him leaving—more than I have to."

The back door closed. Johnny lay shaking on the attic floor. When he heard Mam setting the supper table he climbed quietly down the ladder and went out the back way to the woodpile, and began to split kindling in the gathering dark. His heart was still vibrating with the shock of relief, of faith confirmed, of knowing there was nothing mean in the Captain, only a forward-looking generosity.

He hacked at the kindling to work off the queer excitement that surged inside him. It was only gradually that the real meaning of the Captain's words took form.

"In a couple of years—away to school."

ON A MAY morning Johnny Forester, university senior, walked down College Street in the town of Cardinal, beset by problems.

It was too fine a morning to be worrying about sups, and trying to decide between life in a trust company looking after money, and life in a lab fooling with atoms. But Johnny was worrying.

The immediate thing was the supplementary. In three days the lists were due to go up on the bulletin board; honors in physics wouldn't mean much to the Captain and Mam if he didn't graduate, if he had to come back to summer school to take another crack at a thing like Latin II.

The first man he met outside Tudor Hall was Dr. Watson, Cardinal's one-man department of classics.

"Morning Dr. Watson," Johnny said, and hesitated.

Dr. Watson was noted for his personal courtesy. "Good morning Johnny." Despite the fact that he had delayed writing the sup for more than a year Forester was one of the few students Dr. Watson called by his first name. Johnny remembered that with liking, even while his heart was thumping.

He said, "Doctor, I'm in kind of a funny position. There's a—there's someone I've asked up for Convocation. I—well, there's no point in it, him coming, unless I passed that sup—"

Dr. Watson smiled diffidently. "I'm not permitted to tell you anything Johnny; not till the lists are posted." He glanced down and then away studying the turrets of Centennial Hall and spoke impersonally, "I'd stop

worrying if I were you, Mr. Forester."

Johnny walked on downtown, laughing inside; and mixed with the laughter were four years in a small-town college; they were warm and active in the mind—

He thought of that first fall and winter, when he had learned you could be lonesome in the middle of a crowd, that knowing how to swing a scythe and peel pulpwood didn't qualify you for dancing in the gym. He thought of the first spring, and sunlight thin and winelike as it was today, and Convocation coming. And Larry Caldwell, big and handsome and Bostonian, alone on the tennis courts at chapel time.

He thought of the second fall and all the strangeness gone. Seniors who hadn't bothered to nod the year before, calling "Hi Johnny," as the trains pulled in. And Larry with his Harris tweeds and pigskin bags and the manner; Larry getting back to school two days late and saying casually, "Hello, John. Look—I haven't bothered trying for a roommate. Would you mind?"

Johnny grinned now as he walked downtown, thinking about it. They'd had three good years in that room.

That was how he had come to see Boston. Boston to Johnny, was a big stone house on Chestnut Street, and Larry's father who was president of the Saddler's Trust Company, and Larry, and the girls who flocked around him. By that year the Charleston and the Black Bottom were out of fashion; dancing was in one of its conservative periods and Johnny got along all right.

There was no reason why he shouldn't belong to that crowd, if the Saddler's Trust was the star he should hitch a ride with. There had been Larry's assurance: "You've made a hit with Dad; it's the contrast, a fellow who knows what work is—You're coming back with me next spring—Horatio A. Forester himself."

Well, it was next spring now; and what Larry wanted him to do was very nice, if it were not for Professor Willie McInnes and his ideas about fission.

Johnny had had no special interest in physics; no special passion for any of it, math or chemistry or history or lit, except for the path they blazed to the future, and the knowledge that a backwoods boy had to hit the books to justify the sacrifice that took him past high school.

Out of the three subjects in which he led the freshman class he had chosen physics as the one to ride, mainly because Professor Willie McInnes, a Rhodes man, had been a miler at Oxford. It must have taken guts for a little stooped guy, too near-sighted for rugby, cricket or boxing to go out and make his blue at the one thing left to him; and this appealed to Johnny.

Willie was small, religious, a bit pot-bellied and profane; he whined when he talked. "We don't know a thing Forester. Not a thing. If you ever think you've got something worked out, think of a couple of simple questions: where does space end, and when did time begin? That'll cut you down to size Forester."

He talked that way, but the lab was his passion, a place he seemed to love and in an odd way to fear. "Fission," he said to Johnny. "It's a word you'll hear, common as gravitation—We don't know a thing. But the more we get to realize it—You've got a capacity for knowing you don't know. I'm getting you a scholarship at Columbia."

So he wasn't sure, as he walked downtown in the early sunshine, which it was going to be—the Saddler's Trust or fission. The question bothered him, nagged at the back of his mind, and

# harmony



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organizations which are heavily infiltrated by Communists, but which the RCMP won't label publicly because it wouldn't be able to prove its accusation.

It is common knowledge, for example, that Communists are powerful in organizations like the Fellowship for a Christian Social Order, some branches of the Civil Liberties Association, the Civil Rights Organization, and certain among the many consumers' groups through which housewives protest the rising cost of living. But there are also many non-Communists in such groups, many of whom are consciously and valiantly fighting to prevent the Communists from getting complete control. The RCMP takes the attitude that any public denunciation of such groups would not only injure many innocent people, but would even be a betrayal of friends and allies in the fight against Communism.

However, this is not much comfort to the civil servant who learns that membership in certain organizations will put his job or his future in jeopardy, but who can't find out what these organizations are.

One job the Government hopes to do this fall is the removal of the constitutional obstacles to a broad, national scheme for old-age pensions.

This does not mean the actual introduction of an Old-Age Pension Bill at the coming session—that's still possible, but not believed to be likely. Departments like Finance and Health and Welfare, which have been working for years at compiling facts and figures about various pension schemes were, in August, still without any instructions to prepare legislation.

The first job is to get the responsibility and jurisdiction clearly defined by the British North America Act. According to the advance hints that leaked out of the Government's deliberations, Prime Minister St. Laurent would like to clarify the federal government's right to legislate in all fields of social welfare. He would add the welfare field, not to the exclusive federal fields set forth in Section 91, but to the divided fields listed in Section 95.

Section 95 gives each province the right to legislate on agriculture and immigration; it gives the same power to the federal Parliament, with the added proviso that federal legislation shall prevail over provincial in the event of conflict.

Ottawa is expected in the near future to write to the ten provincial premiers, asking their consent to this constitutional amendment. That's what was done about unemployment insurance—it took several years, but the letters of consent finally came through from all provincial capitals.

This time, Ottawa would count on

immediate agreement from all provinces except Quebec. Premier Duplessis, they think, might hedge a bit. However, federal Liberals feel quite happy about the alternatives they are setting before him. Either he would fall in line with everyone else, in which case the old-age pension bill could be prepared without a hitch. Or—and this they'd like even better, in some ways—Duplessis would refuse, and the Liberals could start a deafening campaign in Quebec against "the man who won't let us give you old-age pensions." Liberals can't think of a better war cry for a new leader trying to rebuild the Quebec Liberal Party.

\* \* \*

Another constitutional change is expected at the same time—amendment of Section 133, the clause that guarantees the official status of both French and English languages in Canada.

For the past two years, Prime Minister St. Laurent has been under constant fire for having said that the official status of French could, theoretically, be abolished by simple vote of the federal Parliament. This of course is the simple truth. Amendments to the British North America Act are made by the British Parliament at the Canadian Parliament's request. It is equally true that no Canadian Parliament would request the abolition of French as an official language, but Mr. St. Laurent's enemies didn't quote what he said on that point. They represented him as "the man who would let Ottawa abolish our language."

Before the election, Cabinet considered the advisability of passing an amendment to Section 133 which would silence this nonsense for good. The amendment would write it into the B.N.A. Act that Section 133 could not, hereafter, be amended except with the unanimous consent of the Canadian provinces.

After watching public reaction to this particular bit of Progressive Conservative artillery, the Government decided it wasn't worth bothering with for the moment. However, they intend to fix it for the future.

When these two amendments are suggested to the provincial governments, the Government may also announce a conference for a much broader purpose—to devise a method whereby Canada can amend her own Constitution, without reference to Westminster. The present system is humiliating to us—a relic of colonialism—but even more humiliating to the British Parliament. They are obliged to go through the motions of passing legislation over which they have no control whatever. They can't amend it by so much as a transposed comma—they are told what Ottawa wants, and they meekly do it.

But they don't like doing it. ★

### NEXT ISSUE

Now It Can Be Told—

## How Nazi Spies Landed By U-Boat in Canada

For the first time, Col. W. W. Murray, Canada's war-time cloak and dagger chief, tells the gripping story of the Canadian Intelligence Corps during World War II.

READ IT IN MACLEAN'S, SEPT. 15.

ON SALE SEPT. 9

mornings and summers, she had written a single novel. The critics linked her name with Rumer Godden's. The public didn't care.

They had lunch together, and dinner together, and when Johnny went back to 103rd Street, it was going on from there.

THEY had a lot of fun that summer. At first Johnny was a boy putting on a show for his girl. They dined at places like La Rue on 58th Street; they went to the Diamond Horseshoe and one or two of the gaudy spots on 52nd, and a couple of times ran out to Connecticut to look in on the summer theatres.

With Joyce you didn't have to talk; she had a tranquillity that turned silence into communication, and she didn't mind being looked at. Whenever she turned to find Johnny's eyes on her, she laughed as if she were pleased; as if he were being childish and she liked and understood childish people.

Johnny looked long and often. While he looked, he might even be thinking of something else, something in the colored past or the hard and factual present or the vague future. Whatever he was thinking of, he liked to feel that his eyes could find her. Joyce was a small person, with warm brown eyes and hair, and faintly flushed skin. She lacked the angularity you associate with women novelists. He supposed she was the most intelligent woman he had known, but they didn't try to match intellects. It was something else that caused the blood to pound.

For the first time in years he found himself walking in the morning to a sense of eagerness.

A time came then, in early August, when for three days he could not leave the laboratory day or night. During that period there was only Sumner's voice, and Sumner's scribbled diagrams, and his own cold concentration on the gadgets of his trade.

In the park the Sunday after that he was both thoughtful and querulous.

Joyce said, "Don't look so baffled, Johnny. You've known it all along. That's the way it is for you, for people like us—If it'll make you feel any better, I'm the same way. I couldn't let anything—oh, you, for instance—interfere with what I have to do." She smiled.

What she said made him feel better in one way and worse in another. He wasn't sure he believed her view of herself for instance. When he started talking again, it was about the Captain.

"He used to say it didn't matter much what kind of work you did, as long as it was useful," Johnny said, "But there was something else—it was too involved to make clear. The important thing to the Captain and Mam had been himself, Johnny. The important thing to anyone you bumped into was another person. This feeling—it was not something you could satisfy by telling yourself that thousands of unknown people would benefit from a physical process you were working on, or a book you wrote. The personal contact wasn't there.

Joyce said she knew all about it. "Look, Johnny, let it lie," she said. "When there isn't something else we have to do—because that's the way we are—we can still have fun. We can keep on having a share of what most people always have."

THAT was the way it was and it had a special value for them, because it was rare. And Johnny began to ask himself why it couldn't always be that way. There were people like himself and Joyce who made compromises. With Joyce and himself it would work; each understood the de-

mands of the other's working life; each could bring a special eagerness to the hours of living that were theirs to share.

He was thinking about this one morning in the early fall as he climbed the stairway to his office in the lab building. His mind moved in a kind of unbelieving excitement. You could divide your life into separate sections, one for work, one for warmth and kindness, a person—he admitted to his mind the soft word "love."

Sumner was waiting in the office, striding up and down, hands deep in his pockets, an unruly lock of white hair falling over the left eyebrow.

Sumner brushed his hair back and said, "We're through here, Forester. We're packing up. They need me. We leave for the southwest tomorrow."

Not a question. Not, "How would you like to go?" or, "You'll come? I can count on you?" No, it was just, "We leave for the southwest tomorrow."

Johnny found himself possessed by something that was new in his emotions, a hard resentful stubbornness.

All through dinner with Joyce he was the courtier; between the ice and the coffee, he rose and smiled. Earlier in the summer they had danced a little. Johnny, with no ear for music, had a passable sense of rhythm, and Joyce liked to dance. But later on, in the more companionable phase of friendship, they had rarely dined at places that ran to orchestras.

The piece was "Stardust," one that always made Johnny feel tall in the saddle. They danced with perfect ease, as if an understanding that wasn't quite translatable in words communicated itself through this conventional but strongly physical contact. When they returned to the table, Joyce looked across at him; and in her glance he saw it all; the look she had given him, often and often, in the apartment, the shared amusement, the understanding and the love.

He felt the moment's meaning, then; felt it lift the tension. At last he relaxed and sure. With another woman, perhaps, he could have shared the knowledge of a "No" given to Sumner, of turning away from the thing he had to do.

From another woman, perhaps, he could have hidden it, and taken what he wanted, and lived with its shadow in his mind alone. But not with Joyce.

He saw now, of course, that this was simply confirmation of something he had known. It wasn't the kind of decision, depending on a sharp and living recognition, that had hurried him across the campus years ago to give his "Yes" to Willie McInnes. It was the sum of that decision and a hundred others; the sum of the Captain and Mam and Willie and Joyce; not as individuals but as people whose qualities were woven in the fabric of himself. It wasn't a decision at all. It was knowing what you had to do.

The trouble was, he couldn't tell her. He couldn't talk about it. To the bitterness of parting was added the ache of secrecy. He couldn't tell her; he could only tell himself.

And so he found himself talking again about Forester's Pond and the Captain. When they walked back to the apartment, Joyce stopped him at the street door with a knowing smile. "Don't come up darling," she said. She put her hands up and drew his face down and kissed him, and said, "Good-by. Good-by, Johnny Forester."

THROUGHOUT the six years that Forester had worked with Sumner in New York, he had never got to feel that he knew his superior. It was the cold brilliance in Sumner that had wakened his enthusiasm in the first

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took the pleasure out of other things—the way he felt physically, as if he could go ten rounds with Barney Ross; and the soft May wind; and the ridges of the mud ruts in the dirt street, drying on top and crumbling in little puffs of dust when a car passed.

A choice had to be made. He thought a little wryly, "the fleshpots or the grindstone," and laughed, chiding himself for the movie-caption turn of phrase in which he had couched the alternatives.

AND suddenly Johnny grinned. In less than a week he would have the Captain here for Convocation. That was the solution of course. He would explain the situation about the Saddler's Trust and fission to the Captain; and just as always the Captain would tell him to make his own mind up; and Johnny would look at him and know. He put the worry away.

Some of the college crowd were hanging around the corner of Bridge and Main, and some of them were in the drugstore lapping up cokes with the girls. Johnny halted there, looking in, and the telegraph operator came out of his office next door. The operator knew all the upper classmen in Cardinal; he looked embarrassed and anxious as he handed the yellow slip to Johnny.

JOHNNY YOUR GRANDFATHER PASSED AWAY QUIETLY LAST NIGHT STOP HIS WISH YOU REMAIN TAKE PART CONVOCATION LOVE AND LUCK

MAM

He said "thanks," automatically, and stood there for a little while, shifting from one foot to the other. He was feeling only an endless emptiness. But as he walked back up the hill toward the college buildings the lonely emptiness changed to a kind of wonder; for in his mind, he found he was seeing the Captain still. Not here, where he had hoped to have him for a day or two; not here at Cardinal, awkward in a blue serge suit, but down at Forester's Pond, leaning on his scythe in a fence-corner, taking a breather. He could see the straps of the blue overalls crossed over stooped shoulders in a faded gray shirt.

If he listened back, he could hear the words: "Well, now, Johnny, what do you think?"

The ache was in his throat now. It began to pulse painfully and the taste in a corner of his mouth was salt. And yet back of it all, back of the pain that now was fully realized, he could feel the pull of something else, something stronger than sorrow.

He let it flow through him as he crossed the campus to Faculty House to take his decision to Willie McInnes.

DR. JOHN FORESTER glanced in the mirror one morning in the little hotel where he stayed on West 103rd Street, and took a look at the stranger he'd been living with.

Thirty-four years old. The last time he had considered the matter of age was when he had quit the instructorship that followed his doctorate at Columbia to go into commercial research with a scientist named Harrison Sumner, six years ago. He had been twenty-eight then: Thirty-four now. He had to put his glasses on to really size things up.

The frown-line between his eyes ran at an angle. The brown floppy hair retreated along the temples. The shoulders stooped. Dr. Forester ran his hands over the belly, melon-shaped below his pyjama-belt. Not really a stranger; he grinned and said to the mirror, "Well, well, if it isn't Willie McInnes!"

But he didn't feel so good, after coffee, as he walked down Broadway. He

ought to have been feeling good, because it was May. And as he thought of former days it was with sadness.

There had been sadness in some of those days, but they were all forward-looking things, those. What Johnny realized now was that he hadn't looked up, hadn't looked ahead, in God knows how long. Not since the spring he had quit the instructorship, because he didn't know enough to satisfy himself, and gone with Sumner for the sake of what he could learn.

A good many people were walking and sitting around in the sun on the Central Park west side that morning. Johnny began to feel better; it was a long time since he had paid much attention to people. He began to get a hint of the feeling again—something new.

The girl was sitting on a bench under a tree and he didn't see her at first because his attention was caught by the tree, its outline flowing and changing in the wind. It made him think: "Everything has form." He went up

to it to put a hand on its bark, and while he was standing there, looking up into the green lacework, he saw her out of the corner of his eye. At the moment she was looking at him.

It was a quite impersonal regard, a glance of curiosity. He said, nodding sideways at the tree, "Do you know what breed it is?"

She shook her head, "No."

He dusted off his hands and came over and sat down.

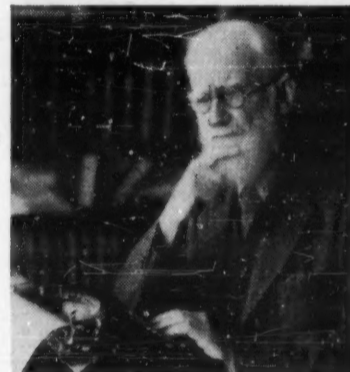
"It's a queer thing; I can't learn trees. I know spruce and fir and white pine and rock maple and yellow birch—and juniper—because I was brought up with them. But darned if I can tell an oak from an elm."

She said, on a little note of amusement, "Neither can I—when I need detail about trees and flowers I have to ask people, and when I'm through with it I forget it again."

Her name was Joyce. Joyce Barnard. She turned out to be an English teacher from a little town in New England; in five years, working nights,

## FOOTNOTES ON THE FAMOUS

### "I Was Not a Flop" — G. B. S.



IN 1880 George Bernard Shaw was employed by the Edison Company in London, England. I read this in a biography of Edison. If I could get this confirmed by Shaw himself, I thought, I'd have his own comment on an interesting sidelight of his career. And, last but not least, his autograph.

"Dear Mr. Shaw," I wrote, "is the following information I just read entirely correct? In 1880 a young man was employed by the English Edison Company to assist in the demonstration of the loud-speaking telephone to prospective clients. As a salesman and technical assistant he was a flop. However, under the impact of Edison's personality he created the character of Edward Connelly, an American electrician, in his novel 'The Irrational Knot.' The book is little known because his plays overshadow it. He is George Bernard Shaw."

Dropping the letter in the nearest mailbox I felt a tiny bit uneasy about calling the irascible Irishman so purposely "a flop."

Three weeks later I received a strange-looking envelope postmarked "Welwyn, Hertfordshire." Instead of writing or typing my address the sender had

pasted on the envelope the top portion of my own stationery that gives my name and address.

Inside was my original letter to Shaw, minus the top portion. In the margin, typed in red, was the following Shavian reaction:

"I never met Edison. Connelly was not modeled on his personality, of which I knew nothing."

"My post in the Edison Telephone Company was in the wayleave department. Far from being a flop in commercial employment, which I loathed, I was made manager of the department a few days after I joined, just as in Dublin I was promoted to the post held by a man of 40 when I was only 16."

"To escape from office life I had to burn my boats and force my way out in spite of every effort to retain me in it."

So G.B.S., no matter how much he loathed office employment, even at 93 is human enough to contradict anybody who calls him a flop—commercially or otherwise.

And the autograph I want so much? Mr. Shaw closed his letter with his famous initials, written . . . with a typewriter. —Ernest Maass.

Do you know any humorous or revealing anecdotes about notable people? For authenticated incidents, Maclean's will pay \$50. Mail to Footnotes on the Famous, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.

## George Young, Yesterday's Hero

Continued from page 27

who came closest to Young's feat, succumbed to the cold a mile and a half from the mainland. Charles Toth and Henry Sullivan, both of whom had swum the English Channel, were forced to give up. Mrs. Martha Stager of Portland, Oregon, and Margaret Hauser of Long Beach, California, got within a few miles from shore but were defeated by the cold and tides. Clarabelle Barrett, a Pelham N.Y. schoolteacher was taken out at 1.11 a.m.

Radio reports began to come through that a 17-year-old Canadian lad was still in there and looked as if he was going to finish. Crowds gathered at Miramont Club beach and lit beacons. A mile from shore, in view of the beacons, George began to fight the out-flowing tide. He fought it until the flow eased, just holding his position for more than an hour, while the crowd tried to make him hear their shouts of "Come on, George!" He made shore at 3.41 a.m.

Mention George Young to teen-agers today and you get nothing but a blank stare. Yet few news stories about an individual have ever approached the George Young story. Chicago, Boston, New York, San Francisco and Los Angeles papers carried his story on the front page, most of them in screaming eight-column headlines. Editorials said that he had inspired hope in the sick and compared him with heroes of Greece. A Chicago Journal editorial stated flatly, "His picture should hang in every boys' club in North America."

Prime Minister Mackenzie King wired that all Canada was rejoicing in the honor he had brought to his mother and to his country. The Assembly of the Legislature of California, in session, offered its congratulations.

Back in Toronto the excitement approached mass hysteria. Controller Wemp wired: "Toronto is proud of George Young and every encouragement should be put forth to have him return here instead of being gobbled up for the honor and the glory of the United States."

The idea of George not only being a Canadian, but the best of all possible Canadians, a Torontonion, made the citizens nearly swoon with pride. Women practically wept at the thought of him.

But George was only 17. Girls, to him, were something that weren't to be compared to mothers. When Associated Press reporters asked him the routine questions, he said, quite honestly, "I put everything I had into this race for my mother." He became Mother's Boy No. 1 of North America.

He was offered a private railway car and a private yacht. San Francisco offered to hold a "George Young" day, and the city of Los Angeles lent him a canary-colored Rolls Royce and two traffic cops. He was given a screen test. He caused such a riot of admirers on a downtown Los Angeles street that there was serious concern that it would be misinterpreted as a run on a nearby bank.

George Young became the big news and the big attraction of North America, and he stood to make a pile of money on top of his \$25,000.

Yet, at the peak of his fame, things were happening which were fated to turn his brilliant success into a personal tragedy.

On the night of the swim, Bill Hastings had dived fully clad into the sea to welcome his pal ashore, had watched George being whipped away in

an ambulance, and had suddenly found himself standing around San Pedro alone in a wet suit. From then on, he found himself on the outside looking in.

Whenever he tried to see George at his hotel he couldn't seem to get past Doc. O'Byrne. Bill shrugged his shoulders and prepared to sit the situation out.

But a Los Angeles newspaper reporter, in search of fresh angles, but-tonholed Bill and started asking innocent-sounding questions. The next edition of the paper carried a story about George living in luxury while his pal roamed the streets with \$7.50 in his pockets. It caused a bitter misunderstanding between the two boys.

In the hotel room to which Bill was now urgently invited, everybody got mad. The meeting ended with Bill nearly knocking O'Byrne out of the room.

### Then Came "Aunt Bella"

From then on it was open warfare. Bill was convinced that O'Byrne was mulling the whole deal and that if he could pry George away from him and Ralph Levy, the two of them could make real dough. (Levy was an advance publicity man whom Sid Grauman of Grauman's Chinese Theatre had sent to George to help him get around. Two days later, he became Young's manager. O'Byrne remained as trainer and Levy got his cut from O'Byrne.)

Bill Hastings had good reason to believe that there was big money available for himself and George. He had already lined up a contract, dependent on George and himself getting together, for 48 weeks on the Keith-Albee circuit at \$5,000 a week.

Back in Toronto, Mrs. Young decided her place was with her boy. She headed for Los Angeles with Johnny Walker and her sister, Miss Isabella Young, the allegedly interfering "Aunt Bella" who became such a well-known figure to newspaper readers during the disputes to follow that "So's your Aunt Bella" was added to the list of catch-phrases of the day.

Although George was making appearances at Grauman's Egyptian theatre and the Paramount, the sports writers warned O'Byrne that he was losing thousands of dollars every day by not lining up some really fat contract for George while he was hot.

O'Byrne turned down one offer of a \$250,000 movie contract from Carl Laemmle Jr. because he wanted \$300,000. C. C. Fyle, noted for the big cheques he'd obtained for footballer "Red" Grange and tennis star Suzanne Lenglen, said that the Young party had already missed the boat.

Wm. Wrigley Jr., acting on his own initiative, clapped George's \$25,000 into trust for him until he was 29, set a lawyer to the task of trying to straighten things out, then washed his hands of the affair.

When the battle reached its height there were three clearly defined teams in this incredible scramble. Bill Hastings had acquired a manager of his own, a movie bit player called Townsend-Paul, and a lawyer. Opposing this trio were O'Byrne, Ralph Levy and Young himself. In the middle were Mrs. Young, Aunt Bella and Johnny Walker.

The key to the whole situation was Mrs. Young. And it now appeared that she had not known what 40% meant when she signed George away to O'Byrne in the days before the Catalina Marathon.

When the Mrs. Young group approached Los Angeles, George was sent to San Francisco. A lawyer was dispatched to the town of Barstow to intercept her, but she went on to Los Angeles.



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place, but always he had kept his heart alert for the touch of human warmth that never came.

A week after Hiroshima, Sumner picked Johnny up one morning and drove out through the brown, baking country to a little town miles from the sprawling piles and laboratories. They stopped at a restaurant for coffee. Johnny's face must have shown its puzzlement, for Sumner ran his fingers through his white hair in a small gesture of deprecation.

He said, "I thought we ought to get away from the place for a while," and added, irrelevantly, "What did you want to do John, when you were a kid?"

Johnny said, "I wanted to lick Benny Leonard."

Sumner laughed. "Benny was tough." He set his coffee cup down, flexed his fingers, and looked at the backs of his hands. "I wanted to be a surgeon; there wasn't enough money for that. Not then." He let it go unexplained. "John, I have something in mind. Now that we've got this blasting done, we'll see what the juice can do."

That was the way Sumner talked. Any kind of radiant energy was The Juice. And he was unconsciously arrogant. When he said "we" he meant himself and two or three others.

He spoke in an off-hand manner, as though he were outlining a routine program for a day's experimentation. "I want you to go back to school. Biology, and as much anatomy and pathology as you can stand. A medical degree, if you like. I've got a hunch—but these things take time. I've got a hunch; I want to try combining divided knowledge in a close, self-contained unit. That's why I want you to study medicine. With you on the detail, and me—" Sumner waved his hands.

Johnny drove back with Sumner under the spell of a new excitement. And oddly, he didn't know which was uppermost in his mind—the long chance they would hit on something of value to the whole mass of living people, or the chance to work with Sumner in a partnership that at last had a bit of warmth.

**THIS** inner excitement, this sense of something new to look ahead to, grew steadily in his mind in those last days at The Hill. Around the edge of it little tantalizing thoughts flickered and curled and added to the warmth of it. There would be time, perhaps, apart from the necessary absorption in work and study, to see whether Joyce were still around. Time even, to look up Willie McInnes. And make a trip back to Forester's Pond; Mam was gone now too; but neighbors had the place, and he'd be welcomed. Forester had a wish to climb the hill to the horse pasture and look out over the boyhood world he'd known—the road, the pond, the house with the tall juniper at the gate.

He was aware of these things, alive in his mind, as he entered the concrete-walled laboratory where his work was almost finished, six days before he was due to leave The Hill.

The half dozen physicists who were there ahead of him, to take his instruction, were already grouped around the reactor that was Forester's special gadget. For some reason, perhaps because he was so soon to leave, Forester consciously noticed individuals—squat, dark Petelka, from New York's East Side; Swanson, an Ann Arbor boy; Fraser, O'Brien—

He gestured them back to their precise positions, away from the reactor; in any demonstration involving radiation, distance is protection. Forester moved a transparent screen between

himself and the potential atomic pile in front of him, and glanced at the clock. Then, carefully, he cleared his mind of the future and turned to the demonstration he was to carry out.

It was nothing new. All you had to do was measure the increase in radiation when two bodies of fissionable material were moved toward each other, to a proximity rigidly controlled. To prove, in an approach limited by a safety block, the certainty of uncontrolled hell in a meeting of their mass.

Nothing new. Inwardly, Forester was annoyed with himself. Nothing new—and yet every time he faced this blank machine, loaded with forces you could measure and still not fully understand, his stomach tightened; his nerves sang like a sensitive fighter's before the bell.

In all these years he had never entirely escaped a sense of the sinister in disproportion; the chunks of uranium in the reactor's arms were no bigger than the inkstands on Sumner's desk.

He pressed the switch and they began to move. Slowly—stop. His eyes followed the climbing needle on the counter's dial. Slowly—stop. Slowly—stop—start. The inkstands moved again.

There was no click, no grating. Nothing to tell you that the metal sinews of robots, too, can fail. Nothing at all in the slow, smooth operation of the mechanism to tell you the thing was wrong. That nothing stood between those moving fistfuls of oblivion but the ebbing breath of time.

Only, too late, the glow of neutrons. Too late for thought, too late for anything but instinct and the thing you had to do—

Forester kicked the screen aside, stepped into the blue glow, and swept the metal from the gadget's closing arms.

The thing in his mind, when there was time for thought, was a kind of wonder. Almost an irritation at a fact long known and now experienced, that when you took into your flesh a thousand times as much radiation as life could stand, you felt no pain.

Absent-mindedly, he realized that someone behind him was softly swearing; it sounded like O'Brien.

**SO, THOUGHT** Johnny Forester in his hospital room, it was all here, from first to last; from a tumble down the back steps and the smell of Mam's housedress, to this moment, this room, this patch of dust far up the road of time.

Forester was not quite sure about time any more; it might have been four days, or five, or six, since they had brought him here. He wasn't sure whether it was days or hours ago that he had wakened with the sense of having seen the juniper. He had made his journey of exploration, and except for that nagging sense of tomorrow missing, he felt a certain satisfaction.

The door opened quietly; it was

Sally, the nurse assigned to him.

"Hello, Sally."

"Hello, Dr. Forester."

He accepted the thermometer and grinned around it. They had to chart the course of this business, but the statistics were something about which he, personally, had no curiosity.

And when she had gone, he experienced a feeling of lassitude, a not unpleasant creeping weariness. The little spells of startling clarity were less frequent now. Sally had gone, minutes or hours or days ago; he didn't remember her going. All he remembered was looking into a face that was not disfigured with pity at all, but had a kind of laughter in it. He had thought it was Mam, tucking in the corners of his bed; and it was mixed up also with the smile on Joyce's face, the knowing smile, even though he hadn't told her of his going, and the tone of her voice when she said, "Good-by, Johnny Forester."

He had had his time. It would have been nice, he thought now, if there had been something heroic in his mind, back there in the laboratory. But as a matter of fact it had been simple instinct, followed by that sense of wonder. It was only later that he had found a kind of ironic satisfaction. In the end there had been human contact, there had been something you could do for people, directly and for specific people, in the details of the job. Joyce would like that.

Johnny smiled a little. The lassitude was coming on in waves, like sleep; like waves rolling in on the beach, tossing a dark spray across the humped rocks, to fall in a fine rain on Forester's Pond.

He had the illusion of voices. "—some use to people—a couple of years, away to school—there's someone I've asked—we don't know a damned thing—I'd stop worrying if I were you, Mr. Forester—Good-by, Johnny—see what the juice can do—"

It was strange that you could be hurrying along a street in the Broadway toward the park, and batting back tennis balls, and lying in bed, down home at The Pond, on a Sunday morning, all at the same time.

Find the equation for that one—Where does space end, and when did time begin?

He glanced at the window. It was there all right, the juniper, graceful and feathery against the blue.

Slowly, as darkness came, the irritation in Forester's mind dissolved. It was complete now, the identification of this present feeling with the things he had felt on those boyhood mornings. Now, again, there was something more than yesterday's harrowing, and the birch logs and the sawhorse. Now, again, the worm fence, the jumping ewe, the muskrat dens, the gleaming road of time.

Forester closed his eyes and felt the darkness. He was thinking of all the things he must do tomorrow. ★

## NEXT ISSUE

## Meet the Woman who wrote "Kitty"

She's Rosamund Marshall and she lives in a quiet village on Vancouver Island, the woman who wrote the sexy paper-back novel that was as popular with the Canadian troops as leave. Read Eva-Lis Wuorio's story of her visit with this remarkable author.

IN MACLEAN'S OF SEPT. 15.

ON SALE SEPT. 9

The honeymoon couple who had given Young and Hastings a lift to Los Angeles threatened to sue George for \$1,000. Everyone seemed to be clamoring for money from him.

He couldn't touch his \$25,000, and in the meantime he couldn't get a decent job. As fast as he got one, someone complained to the management that they were giving a "wealthy" man a job and keeping some poor guy out.

He was told by Toronto's West End YMCA that \$25 a week as a swimming instructor was too much. In 1938 visitors to the C.N.E. automotive building were startled to see the famous Catalina Kid sweeping up Wrigley chewing gum wrappers and cigarette butts.

By the time the Catalina prize money came through there were assignments against it. When the trust was terminated in 1939, Young's mother and his wife, Margaret, to whom he'd assigned his interests, collected about \$14,000, out of which they spent \$3,000 to fix up the gift house where they were all living. (It was later sold.)

George bought Margaret a \$1,000 ring.

George often found himself doing mental arithmetic when he should have had his whole heart and soul geared to the six or seven miles of bitter-cold water ahead.

And here was something else, something abstract but very important.

Young was affected more than the fans will ever realize by his failure to live up to their impossible demands to win all the swims for them. In spite of his deceptive size, he had always been very sensitive.

Tommy Walker, son of the famous coach, tells of the time when George, as a boy, had beaten him across the bay at Toronto. Walker still remembers George's acute unhappiness when they came out of the water. He was about as miserable as he could get because he had beaten a good friend.

Because of all these things swimming had ceased to be fun for George Young. It had become a grim, sordid, desperate business.

#### Socks in Swimming Cups

Today, at 39, George is a hefty, rather awkward-moving man 5 feet 8½ inches tall, weighing 218 pounds, with a paunch and enough grey hair to show. He doesn't smoke or drink and, in spite of a bit of extra beef which could soon be worked off, he's in good shape.

And the man who was once offered a \$250,000 movie contract hasn't got a dime.

Sober George didn't hit it off with Margaret, his fun-loving first wife, and they were divorced. Margaret has custody of their 11-year-old son whom George supports.

Young now lives in the top three-room flat of a frame house in northeast Philadelphia's pleasant Pennypark district and is happier than he's been for a good many years, partly because he has no money to worry about, but chiefly because of his second wife, Glay, a friendly and vivacious English girl whom he met in Kirkland Lake, Ont., soon after the Catalina swim. She can't swim a stroke.

Glay is George's staunch champion. She occasionally writes peppery letters to sports writers who get too ecstatic over some swimmer that George has beaten. She keeps his undarned socks in one of his old swimming cups.

George still walks around with his hands cupped and his wife has a picture of him sleeping in the position of the crawl, breathing to one side.

He reads a bit and plays golf. The neighbors get him going now and then

about the time he stood the world on its ear, but he's not particularly anxious to talk about it.

He's seen a lot of suffering, physical and mental, and it shows in his eyes. He gets migraine headaches.

Looking back on the Catalina marathon, George says: "I was in wonderful shape. All my amateur swimming had built up a reserve. There was only one prize. The first one in got it. And there were no pushovers out there that day. When the race was over, I felt fine. But I found out later that it took plenty out of me. Months later, a loginess came over me that I wasn't able to shake for a long time."

Did he enjoy being a hero? It was pretty wonderful feeling, he says, all that money and excitement, especially for a 17-year-old kid in his circumstances.

"I found out, when the returns were in, that the financial side of it wasn't as glorious as I thought," he adds now "but all that acclaim made me feel like a million dollars anyway."

"Sometimes now, when I'm going down the street, strangers stop me and say: 'Aren't you George Young?' It's good to be remembered. That's something money can't buy."

"The trouble is"—George has a habit at times like this of resting his head on the back of the chair and closing his eyes—"you've got to win all the time. It's funny, how the public can be."

In spite of its many unhappy moments, he'd do the same thing all over if he had his life to live again. His only regret is that he couldn't have won oftener. "I tried too hard to live up to the expectations of my friends, and I guess I let my emotions run away with me. You can't be 'on' every day."

#### He Can't Afford the Pools

"I've no desire to go back to Toronto. The only things I miss are a few good friends and the Toronto waterfront. But I tried to get work in Toronto for too many years and got turned down too often to want to go back."

"For years I swam and competed at the Exhibition swims. I was partly responsible for their large crowds, but to this day they've never said thanks in any form."

"They're like a lot of Toronto business people: they get as much out of you as they can for nothing, then the old brush-off."

(Comments C.N.E. sports director Duthie: "We would have liked to have helped George. But, if we were to be fair, to do it for one would have meant doing it for everyone; and that would have called for a budget that we simply couldn't meet. We are sorry if George feels any bitterness toward the Exhibition. He was most co-operative to work with and, irrespective of his feelings toward us, we will look back upon him as the greatest swimmer the world has ever seen.")

George never goes swimming now because Pennypark is a long way from water and he feels he can't afford the admission to the tanks. But he says he'd still like to go into the big swims.

"If I were to take time off from work to get into shape," he says sadly "my bills would be somewhere around \$500 and what working man can afford that?"

So George Young is going to work at the roundhouse at 2 p.m. every day and getting home around midnight and telling himself to forget about swimming. He does, too, except for just one lingering ambition. He'd like to swim the 29 miles from Niagara-on-the-Lake to Toronto.

"I think," he says, and his eyes are far away, "I could do it." ★

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Long-distance calls between the cities were arranged for George and his mother by the Los Angeles and San Francisco papers. And George, the Mother's Boy No. 1, was accused in print of refusing to see his own mother.

But eventually the long-awaited meeting did take place only to be broken up by O'Byrne and Levy who wrapped their arms around Mrs. Young, cried "Don't let them take your boy away from you," and carried the day.

Bill Hastings threw in the towel and left for Toronto.

### Two Banquets in Toronto

Seventeen-year-old George came out of the whole thing a bit dizzy. He got bad publicity out of the verbal brawling. The Granada Theatre, in San Francisco, where he had been making personal appearances, canceled his contract. George headed for home.

He was given the greatest reception Toronto had ever accorded a celebrity. About 150,000 people jammed Queen Street to see him ride from Sunnyside station to downtown Toronto. At the city hall there was such a frenzied mob of worshippers that all nurses and doctors from the public health department were called to help fainting and trampled women and children. George was finally asked to leave the hall to prevent a panic.

The city had formed a George Young Advisory Committee; and the George Young Trust Committee had already collected from Sir Edward Kemp \$5,000 toward the \$5,200 house with which George was later presented.

Outside of one small incident everything went off fine. He was invited to a civic banquet in his honor, but when he found that Bill Hastings was going to be there George refused to go. Then, to patch things up, he gave his own banquet and invited Mayor Foster, but Mayor Foster refused to go. For all that, it was a royal and happy homecoming.

But George's real troubles were only starting. The Canadian National Exhibition decided to stage another Wrigley marathon in Toronto that same year, 1927, so that Canada could watch its favorite son make the other swimmers look silly. The distance was set at 21 miles, the prize at \$30,000.

George went into training. Toronto began to talk of little else than the coming swim. By exhibition time excitement had reached fever pitch. The day of the swim, thousands jammed the exhibition waterfront to see George do his stuff.

Torontonians will never forget the shock which hit the city when it was learned that George had been taken out. He had folded at five miles. It seemed impossible.

When it became apparent later in the day that the swim was going to be won by Ernst Vierkoetter, the "Black Shark of Germany," a great swimmer who was unfortunate enough to look like a Prussian officer in a grade C movie, the agony became even greater.

When Toronto recuperated it began to wonder about George Young. Several things began to be believed by some sections of the population. First, that he had never swum the Catalina; he had been towed or carried in a boat. Second, he had no guts, the boys said. As long as he was winning he was fine, but let anyone pass him and he folded up.

No hero has ever dropped farther and faster.

Young and O'Byrne split up and George went back with Johnny Walker. The next year no one finished the C.N.E. swim because of the extremely cold water. Young was pulled out in three hours.

It became almost an annual tradition in Toronto to hear, "George is out." It became a sardonic catch-phrase. Although, in between the big swims, he swam and won match races with Norman Ross, Vierkoetter and Marvin Nelson, the edge had been taken off. When he finally won a big swim in 1931 it was too late for the public who want their winners to win everything, every time.

In 1932 George married Margaret Ravior, a Philadelphia girl who had won three C.N.E. women's swims, and, in 1935, went to Philadelphia to live. As far as the public was concerned, the story of George Young was finished.

That still is the end of the story as a stark recital of facts. But what was the inside story? What really happened to crack the pedestal of Canada's boy wonder?

Certainly Young had taken terrible punishment in some of the marathons—yet he'd kept on swimming. G. N. Duthie, C.N.E. sports director, has seen Young fight agonizing cramps for three quarters of an hour. When he won at the Ex in 1931 George passed out the minute he crossed the finishing line. Duthie caught him and was prevented from going in himself only by someone holding onto his feet. He held on, keeping George from going to the bottom, until the lifeguards arrived.

### A Mile With Paralyzed Legs

O. P. Sullivan, official doctor at all C.N.E. swims, says he doesn't know to this day how, in many swims, George kept going at all. In a three-mile swim with Marvin Nelson, Young swam the last mile with both legs paralyzed.

But there's no question that in many swims George's heart just wasn't in it. He frequently had to be prodded and browbeaten to stay in. Johnny Walker used to threaten to brain him with bottles and oars if he so much as touched the boat.

Why had George lost some of his will to win?

Part of the reason lies in a heavy correspondence file in the office of a Toronto legal firm. The bottom letters of that file are dated 1927 and cover the disbursements of George's earnings after Catalina.

### Honeymooners: \$1,000 Please

The record is tangled, but a few facts emerge.

Young's earnings, according to a statement of the Los Angeles First National Trust and Savings Bank, apart from his prize money, came to \$26,740.78. Young says he saw about \$400 of this in cash. When expenditures were added up he had nothing left and owed O'Byrne \$2,472.75. His bills totaled more than he had made.

O'Byrne had publicly dropped his claim on 40% of the prize money and entered into an alternative contract with George and Mrs. Young whereby he got 25% of all Young's earnings for the next five years. This led to a court case which ended nine years later with O'Byrne collecting about \$3,500.

George, like most people who excel in any one thing, hadn't paid much attention to anything else. School to him had always been just something to keep him out of the water. He was about the world's worst businessman. He proceeded to get into worse tangles.

He got mixed up in a business deal and found that a company called Radio Advertising Service had got judgment against him for \$750. He found that he owed the Los Angeles First National Trust and Savings Bank \$500 for looking after his accounts. He forgot the U. S. income tax department and found that he owed them \$1,300. He was told that he owed an "extraordinary fee" of \$500 to the Security-First National Bank of Los Angeles.

At Sunnyside Pavilion on August 15, 1934, just before plunging into a race, he was served with a summons in the case of O'Byrne vs. Young and promptly lost it. O'Byrne won his case by default.



Canadians look like those people on your cover? How about our parliament buildings from coast to coast and our universities, CPR hotels, etc. They would advertise Canada . . . — Mrs. Anna Brander Gray, Beacon St., Boston.

● I wish to congratulate you on your July 1 cover (Rex Wood's girl on a rained-out holiday) . . . I think you have struck an all-time high in this one. — Nick Carney, Toronto.

● We like the July 15 cover very much. The oxen in their head-yoke and the shipyard both appealed to us. If the driver had been standing beside his



team with an alder switch used solely for the purpose of flicking the flies off his oxen, it would have looked more natural. — Eunice J. Gilbert, Up Rawdon, Hants Co., N.S.

● Our land was all cleared with oxen. Never did I see a yoke fastened to the horns as depicted on the cover of July 15 Maclean's. We used a bow which went around the neck, up through the yoke, fastened at the top with a key . . . I have wondered if the artist ever saw oxen at work or if the excellent painting was purely from imagination. — A. J. Leach, Duntroon, Ont.

Artist Arbuckle doesn't work from imagination, but made detailed sketches and took color photos of the oxen at work hauling timbers in the shipyard at Lunenburg, N.S., before starting his painting. — The Editors.

#### Those Profits

Re your July 15 editorial ("Where Your Money Goes"): The facts and figures in C.M.A.'s report on profits are distorted. If their admitted profit was based on investment instead of sales it would jump from 6.2% to 8.7%. Further, as union director Pat Conroy commented: "The income tax department does not accept that kind of arithmetic. Neither does the investor. Neither did the Minister of Finance in his 1947 budget speech, when he referred to profits as 'abnormally high'—whereupon they promptly went higher." — J. R. Nystrom, Kandahar, Sask.

#### Report from Edmonton

I would like to draw your attention to the spelling of Chief Factor John Rowand's name . . . Also, it was John Peter Pruden who named Fort Edmonton after his home town in England. I have read many articles on the history of Edmonton. If the names get changed it will lose all authenticity.

Pruden very often is written Prudham. — A Pruden Descendent, Edmonton.

Rowand is correct; Maclean's pleads guilty to a typographical error. But the Hudson's Bay Co. Beaver, September 1945, says founder Tomison named Fort Edmonton. — The Editors.

● Pierre Berton must be touched in the head or has been maliciously misinformed regarding Hal Straight and Jehovah's Witnesses. Had (Straight) wanted such an antic performed I know that he could never have gotten one of Jehovah's Witnesses to perform that as a gag or for hire. (The article said Edmonton Bulletin publisher Straight hired a Jehovah's Witness to walk through his composing room carrying a sign, "It is later than you think.")

This article was a slur on Mr. Straight, an injustice to Jehovah's Witnesses, a black mark on Maclean's. — One of Jehovah's Witnesses, Arnold Nuhn, R.R. No. 2, Petersburg, Ont.

● Very good and a sensible article. Thank you. — Ernest Hainsworth, Prince George, B.C.

#### The Bismarck Epic

"What Happened in the Bismarck" (July 15) was exceptionally well written and this epic of the sea most intriguingly told. I wondered why the good that is in most men—their courage and fortitude . . . their capacity for genius, their ability to die if needs be for others—could possibly find a release only in murder (and) slaughter . . . Over 1300 valuable lives were lost with the Hood, and with the Bismarck all of her crew but 103. Is this a way of life, or death, or what, I'd like to know? . . . Thanking you for your fine and unique articles. — May Croft - Preston, New Westminster, B.C.

● The sloppy sentimentality . . . is sickening. It is far too soon to start being pally with any of our former enemies. I do not deny the possibility that Keune may honestly repent his past Nazi affiliations . . . However this does not entitle him to Canadian citizenship . . . If he has really changed let him prove it by returning to Germany to work for a similar change in his countrymen. — Vera J. Davis, Montreal.

● For pity sake—if you're going to print foreign words get someone to tell you how to spell them! Schrieber-Hauptgefrierer is not and cannot be German . . . Look it up in a dictionary and find out what the German is for writer! I'm shocked at you.

Otherwise not a bad issue—Mrs. Velyien E. Henderson, Toronto.

Kamerad! It should have been ei in both cases. — The Editors.

#### Election Echo

You state in "Backstage at Ottawa," July 15, that "neither party was telling the truth about the trade outlook." You completely ignore the leader who told the truth about it through the length and breadth of the land — Mr. Coldwell of the CCF . . . — G. A. McKay, Regina.

#### Inspiring Finns

The article on Finland ("They Live Next Door to the Russians," July 15) by Eva-Lis Wuorio was not only interesting but inspiring. When one sees what the Finns are accomplishing under most unfavorable conditions, our own difficulties seem to shrink. — W. R. Lindsay, Port Colborne, Ont.



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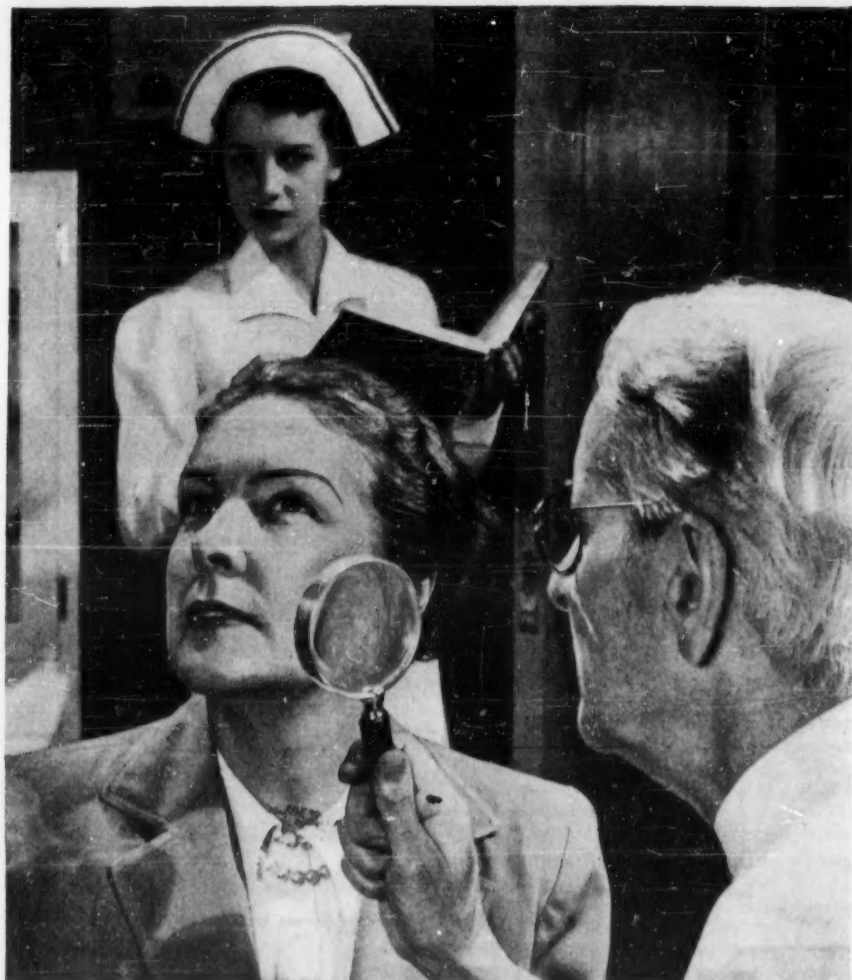
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## Skin specialist develops new Home Beauty Routine!

### Clinical Tests Show Amazing Results! 4 out of 5 Gain Softer, Smoother, Lovelier Skin

● If your skin gets dry or rough, if ugly, unattractive blemishes sometimes mar its loveliness . . . here's some real news for you.

After many years of experimenting with various preparations—lotions, creams, and special applications, a noted skin specialist has successfully developed a simple home beauty routine using just one cream—a greaseless, medicated cream—Noxzema. The specialist selected Noxzema because it provides "balanced lubrication"—supplies both oil and moisture needed by your skin—plus Noxzema's wonderful medication. Hundreds of women used this beauty routine in clinical tests under his supervision with remarkable results.

#### New Beauty Routine

Here are the 4 simple steps the women followed:

1. **Morning**—bathe face with warm water, cream-wash your face with Noxzema on a wet cloth.
2. Apply Noxzema as a powder base.
3. **Evening**—before retiring, repeat morning cream-wash cleansing.
4. Massage face lightly with Noxzema, pat on extra cream over any blemishes.

#### Amazing Results

The test was conducted for two weeks. At the end of that time, 4 out of 5

women showed softer, smoother, lovelier skin. Yes, 4 out of 5 were thrilled to discover the marked improvement Noxzema helped bring to their skin.

### Read how 2 women helped solve their skin problems



**Lovely Pat Bernard** always looks 'just right.' "Noxzema is part of my regular morning and evening beauty routine," says Pat. "It certainly helped improve my complexion."

**Bettie George**, glamorous beauty, says: "My skin used to be dry and dead-looking. But Noxzema helped improve it so quickly. I use it every day to help keep my skin fresh and young-looking."



Try this simple 4-step beauty routine yourself—right in your own home. See if you aren't amazed at the results Noxzema can bring to your skin. Unlike most beauty creams, it's a greaseless, medicated formula designed to aid in healing blemishes, and to help soothe and soften rough dry skin. Noxzema leaves no greasy film. See why over 25,000,000 jars of Noxzema are sold each year. See why it's the favorite beauty cream of so many thousands of models, actresses and professional women. At all drug and cosmetic counters. 21¢, 49¢, 69¢, and \$1.39. Get your jar of Noxzema today.

## MAILBAG

### Kids, Collectors, Covers and Kings

After reading "Doesn't Anybody Like Kids?" (July 15) . . . I think the reason people do not like children is because in this day children are smarter than the average parent . . . We have friends with one son Freddy, aged 10. If we go for an evening of cards he will ask to take the place of one or the other, "for just 15 minutes," which will terminate one hour later . . . Even at age two, he had them buffaloed . . . —Mrs. Jeanne Williams, Horse-shoe Bay, B.C.

● I would like to congratulate author John Bedford. I know from past experience that in our larger towns and cities people with pets can rent apartments but no children are allowed . . . If in another 20 years or less there should be another war who has to fight it? These young kids playing cowboys and Indians today. Why then can't they enjoy their childhood like their parents and grandparents before them? Thank God for small towns like ours where kids are liked and wanted. —Mrs. Lou Dolson, Grand Valley, Ont.

● We have four kids of our own, and I not only like them, but love them dearly . . . Our kids were not permitted to make ugly marks on walls, wallpaper, furniture or do damage to neighboring garden patches . . . yet our home was the Mecca of small fry of all kinds. Now that our kids are beyond the childhood stage, we are plagued beyond endurance by a horde of neighborhood boys who . . . play softball, football and hand-ball uninvited in our back garden, making an arid desert where grass once grew. Perhaps we are beginning to reap the reward of the senseless "self-expression" cult of recent years. . . . —Mrs. H. S. Wright, Fredericton, N.B.

● I think a telling answer to "Doesn't Anybody Like Kids?" can be found in Wit and Wisdom in the same issue. If I may be permitted to change the joke somewhat . . .

"Mummy, why do some people object to having other people's children on their property?" asked little Elsie. "I don't know," mother answered sharply, "and I can't be bothered with such things now. Go and stop the baby from picking the Jones' tulips, tell

Billy to stop aiming that catapult at the Robinson's window, make Betty and Alec stop playing baseball on the Smith's front lawn and tell Willie . . ." —L. Luce, Winnipeg.

● Congratulations! I hope all the neighbors will be green with envy when the children and grandchildren are making the Bedfords' later years happy and they themselves are lonely and would like someone young around. —Thelma Booman, Hamilton, Ont.

#### Bill Collectors

Re "Debt Detectives" (July 1). I would say the article is very tame . . . The underlying idea seems to be missed: The commission is sufficiently high that all this chasing, long-distance telephones, and other expensive procedures are paid by the fellow whose bills are in the process of collection. And it has been my experience the tough ones are left and the easy ones collected. I find I can collect more and with less friction than any agency I ever employed. —(Dr.) J. P. Johnston, Edmonton, Alta.

#### God Bless

Re London Letter, July 1—"The Threat to the Throne." I still am wondering why Canadians have to look at some other country's flag on official buildings and have to listen to another country's hymn in theatres. —Mrs. G. Grimsend, Edmonton.

● Above Beverley Baxter's letter you show a picture of the King in which his hair seems to be parted on the right side of his head. On the new one-dollar silver coin issued to commemorate the entry of Newfoundland the king's hair is parted on the left. How come? —G. F. Burnett, Victoria, B.C.

Lost in a London fog, Maclean's art department "reversed" the King's photo, transferred his part from left to right. —The Editors.

#### Voters, Gal and Oxen

The June 15 cover (Bill Winter's election meeting) is disgusting. I wonder if (my American friends) think





**What's in a Name?**—A fellow was arrested and then taken to the police station.

"What's your name?" asked the desk sergeant.

"Six-Six McFadden," replied the man.

"That's a funny name, 'Six-Six,'" remarked the sergeant.

"That really isn't my name," declared the prisoner. "As a matter of fact, it's 'Six-and-Seven-Eighths.'"

"I don't get you," said the somewhat bewildered desk man.

"Well, you see, when I was born, my parents didn't know what to call me," he explained, "so they put a lot of names in a hat, and by mistake my father pulled out the size of the hat."—*Calgary Albertan*.

**Heckler Hushed**—A candidate for election addressing his constituency was surprised by a voice which, calling from the back of the hall, said:

"Well, I don't care what you say. I wouldn't vote for you if you were the Angel Gabriel."

Quick as lightning came the reply: "If I were the Angel Gabriel you wouldn't be in my constituency."—*Victoria Colonist*.

**No Change**—Blythe—Much depends on the formation of early habits.

Smythe—I know it; when I was a baby my mother hired a woman to wheel me about, and I have been pushed for money ever since.—*Edmonton Bulletin*.

**Philistine?**—A wealthy Detroit, returning from his grand tour abroad, was asked by an artistic friend whether he had managed to pick up a Van Gogh or Picasso abroad.

"Naw," said the traveler. "They're all left-hand drive, and I got three Buicks anyway."—*Montreal Star*.

**Medium or Rare?**—A cow-puncher ordered a steak at a restaurant. The waiter brought it in rare—very rare. The cow-puncher

looked at it and demanded that it be returned to the kitchen and cooked.

"It is cooked," snapped the waiter. "Cooked—nothing," replied the cow-puncher, "I've seen cows hurt worse than that and get well."—*Chatham Daily News*.

**The Poor Dog**—The teacher was giving a health talk to her class and warned her pupils never to kiss animals or birds.

"Can you give me an instance of the danger of this Bobby?" she asked one boy.

"Yes, Miss. My Aunt Alice used to kiss her dog."

"And what happened?" asked the teacher.

"It died."—*Welland-Port Colborne Tribune*.

**That Breathless Moment** — I felt his breath on my cheek  
And the gentle touch of his hand;  
His very presence near me,  
Like a breeze on a desert sand  
He deftly sought my lips,  
And my head did gently hold;  
Then he broke the silence with:  
"Shall the filling be silver or gold?"  
—*Summerside Journal*.

**The Trend and the Bend**—"Has civilization," a psychiatrist is asked, "made old age more pleasant?" Can't say, but it doesn't appear to have done anything to make rheumatism more attractive.—*Toronto Star*.

**Hardly Cricket** — Two women were sitting at an open window. One was listening to a church choir practicing across the way. The other was listening to the noise of crickets. The first one said: "How loudly they sing tonight!"

And the other said: "Yes, and they tell me they do it with their hind legs."—*Quebec Chronicle-Telegraph*.

**Extinct Stinkers** — The Egyptians, according to a floating item, created perfume in the 4th dynasty, but human beings had been stinkers long before that.—*Toronto Telegram*.

# We have Interests in Common

**YOU** with your family, friends, neighbours, all share in the progress of your community. The shops, the grocery and drug stores you deal with, your local church, school, police and fire stations, contribute their share, too. So does the local branch of this Bank.



**WE** provide you with complete banking services. We cash your family allowance and pay-checks. We receive your deposits, safeguard your savings. We help you with a Personal or Business Loan when needed. Our local Manager enjoys a friendly business call. We have interests in common. Come in and see us any time.



## THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

# What changes to expect in Baby's Weight



● Is that tiny, helpless bundle getting enough to eat? Don't worry, mothers! If he isn't, he'll probably tell you so—and loudly. Babies seem to know how much food they need. When they get too much, they balk at taking it. When they get as much as they want, they fall asleep with groggy satisfaction. When they get too little, they yell for more. Baby's weight is the important thing.

But don't be alarmed if your baby differs a pound or so from the average weights given in the charts below. However, if the difference is too great, consult your physician.

WEIGHT — HEIGHT — AGE TABLE															
FOR BOYS								FOR GIRLS							
1 mo.	3 mo.	6 mo.	9 mo.	12 mo.	18 mo.	24 mo.	Height (in.)	1 mo.	3 mo.	6 mo.	9 mo.	12 mo.	18 mo.	24 mo.	
8							20	8							
9	10						21	9	10						
10	11						22	10	11						
11	12	13					23	11	12	13					
12	13	14					24	12	13	14	14				
13	14	15	16				25	13	14	15	15				
	15	17	17	18			26		15	16	17	17			
	16	18	18	19			27		16	17	18	18			
		19	19	20	20		28			19	19	19	19		
		20	21	21	21		29			19	20	20	20		
			22	22	22	22	30			21	21	21	21	21	
			23	23	23	23	31				22	22	23	23	
			24	24	24	25	32					23	24	24	
				26	26	26	33						25	25	
					27	27	34						26	26	
					29	29	35						29	29	
					30	30	36							30	
					32	32	37							31	

(Weight figures shown above are in pounds)

The first big change in baby's menu comes when the doctor says he's ready for solids—usually when baby is about four months old. Then both mother and baby will discover the joys of Heinz Strained Baby Foods—27 wholesome, tempting varieties made from choice vegetables, fruits and meats—strained to a smooth, even texture—easy for baby to swallow and digest.

The next big change in menu comes when baby approaches his first birthday and the doctor advises coarser-textured foods. When this happens, choose baby's meals from the 17 appetizing varieties of Heinz Junior Foods. Like Heinz Strained Baby Foods, Heinz Junior Foods are cooked—by the best available methods developed by food technologists.



Look for the complete line of Heinz Baby Foods (Blue Label), Heinz Junior Foods (Red Label) and two Heinz Pre-Cooked Baby Cereals at the sign of the smiling Heinz Baby when you are shopping.

## Heinz Baby Foods

HEADQUARTERS for all BABY FOODS

# WIT AND WISDOM

**Or Doesn't Wear**—A typically uninhibited California woman went for a drive à la nude recently. The police were indignantly notified by a number of ladies, but nary a man. Which all goes to show that men never notice what a woman wears. —*Edmonton Journal*.

correct way to lift an object is to bend the knees, keep the body upright, take a firm grip to the object to be lifted, and push upward with the leg muscles. The strain should be on the lifter's legs, not his back. Do not try to lift too much weight." —*Chatham Daily News*.

**Ataturk Knew Women**—Kemal Ataturk, the late ruler of Turkey, was determined to modernize his backward country. Among other things, he decreed that English letters be substituted for Arabic characters.

**Time Isn't That Heavy**—Those who find time hanging heavily on their hands—if there are such people—might be interested to know that if a person learned the names of 28 new insects each day, it would take him more than 60 years to memorize all those which scientists have described and catalogued.—*St. Thomas Times-Journal*.

This did not meet with favor among the older Turks. The women especially showed no desire to learn the new alphabet. It soon became apparent that the decree would be ineffective unless something were done.

**Hungry Dog Story**—Headline from Louisville, Ky., *Courier-Journal*: "Dog Bites Six Persons in West End." They were headed East, no doubt.—*Niagara Falls Review*.

Determined to have his way, Ataturk changed the decree to read: "All citizens must learn the new alphabet. Only those over 40 years of age will be excused."

**You Can't Have Everything**—FOR RENT—Desirable, good-sized, well-furnished room; almost private bath. 100, Maple Ave.—*Victoria Colonist*.

The following day, the schools were packed with Turkish women. —*Galt Evening Reporter*.

**Parliamentary Peck**—Canada's only woman M.P. was kissed by one of the male members, which probably explains why there is only one woman M.P.—*Brockville Recorder and Times*.

**Double Jeopardy**—A Texas man plays six musical instruments simultaneously. Our sympathies are with those who must hear him with two ears simultaneously. — *Victoria Colonist*.

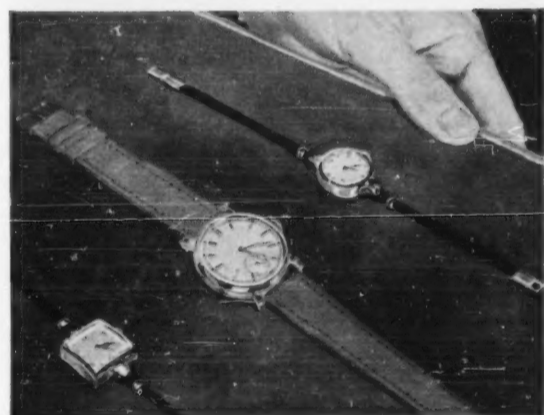
**Drop That Bride**—A bit late for most June bridegrooms, the New York Safety Council tells how to lift a bride across the threshold. "The

**Three Mix-ups**—There are three things a woman can make out of nothing—a hat, a salad, and a quarrel.—*The Calgary Herald*.

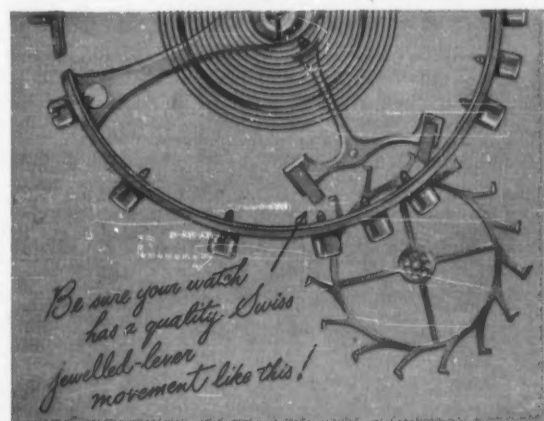
WILFIE

By Jay Work





**2.** Today's smart watches from Switzerland include automatic self-winding watches, water and shock-resistant watches, calendar watches, chronometers, chronographs—and movements combining several features. In every watch, it's the movement that counts—be sure your new watch has a quality Swiss jewelled-lever movement.



**3.** The jewelled-lever movement is a Swiss invention. For top value, make sure the watch you buy has this quality mechanism—with each jewel cut, polished and precision-set to reduce friction of constantly moving parts. Don't be fooled by so-called "watch bargains"—you usually get just about what you pay for.

**1.** For holidays, back-to-school, anniversaries—for all occasions—there's no more cherished gift in all Canada than a fine watch. When you buy a watch as a gift or for yourself, be sure you get a quality jewelled-lever Swiss

movement—your assurance of time-keeping dependability that has made the Swiss so famous for craftsmanship. No wonder more people in Canada, in the U.S.A., in Europe, own quality Swiss watches than any other kind.

## The wonderful gift of time...



**4.** The gift of timekeeping has been a Swiss tradition. For nearly 300 years, Swiss craftsmen have combined ingenuity with artistry to give the world its finest watches. That's why a smart Swiss jewelled-lever watch is a treasure of lasting pride—for you—or for the fortunate one who receives it from you.



**5.** Today your trusted Canadian jeweller is equipped to service quality Swiss watches economically and promptly. And remember—watches are his business. So, when you buy a new watch, rely on a jeweller in whom you have confidence—he'll show you the best jewelled-lever Swiss movements in your price range.

For the gifts you'll give with pride—let your jeweller be your guide

The WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND



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## PARADE

### THE GRIN AND BARE IT SECTION

**H**UNDREDS of Torontonians clapped hand to brow recently, convinced the hot summer sun had at last been too much for their sanity, when they spied a car driving north through town which actually bore U. S. markers and a pair of skis lashed to the roof. One fellow we know just managed to stave off complete collapse long enough to read the sign



also mounted atop the car: "We know it's summer up here. These are water skis."

That screamin' and ahollerin' that went ricocheting across Canadian skies long about midsummer was the folks back home in Macleod, Alta., celebrating the 75th anniversary of the town's founding by the Royal North West Mounted Police. Veterans of "the force" and prairie old-timers from all over the Dominion, as well as tenderfeet of subsequent and softer generations, saw a cracking good parade, a bang-up stampede (plus Indian dances), and stuffed themselves at a buffalo barbecue. Hadn't been such a time in Southern Alberta since the days of Fort Whoop Up. Well, the night before it all began the evening train down from Calgary was jammed with late arriving guests and one of these, a native son who had gone into the legal profession and ended up a judge in another part of the country, was expectantly discussing the reunion program with a young fellow from Macleod who knew all the details.

"Look at the mob," said the old-timer, shaking his head "—probably cost me every cent I've got to find a place to sleep tonight!" But the young chap told him to forget it—the billeting committee had free bed and board laid on for every fully qualified pioneer inhabitant.

"Splendid! Splendid!" boomed the white-haired judge. "Then I'll have all the more money to treat the boys!" Quite unnecessary, the young buck assured him again—the entertainment committee had taken over the largest rumpus room in town as a hangout for the old-timers and the drinks would be on the house. Upon hearing this the judge was

obviously impressed but just a bit testy. "Well then," he exclaimed, "Can't we do something to make this confounded train go any faster?"

This sunning season one young Toronto woman was particularly proud of her carefully acquired tan and the strapless sundress that permitted her to show it off even, say, while downtown shopping. Arms loaded with parcels, trolley ticket clenched in her teeth, she made a dash for a home-bound streetcar, stepping on the hem of her skirt as she stumbled up the front steps and almost dove headlong for the fare-box. The concerted gasp from the carful of passengers behind her struck her ears just as, ducking her head to drop the ticket into the box, she discovered that her dress was now not only strapless but topless. Blushing furiously she tried to grab at parcels and dress simultaneously even as she raised her eyes in horror to meet those of the motorman—a rather fatherly type who murmured, "Nice tan . . ." and drove off.

We missed announcement of the annual school examination results at Webster's Corners, B.C., but there's one manly little chap we are certain will find a seat reserved for him in Grade 5 when school opens in a few days. Just prior to vacation time the Grade 4 teacher gave her pupils an exercise on the airplane, consisting of a series of sentences in which blanks



had been left for the students to fill in the proper aviation terminology. Our man won the Webster's Corners Elementary Schools Rhodes Scholarship for turning in the information that "The fuselage on the stewardess shows the pilot things he should know while flying a plane."

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.



Painted by J. S. Hallam

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